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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WIN A TRIP
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IN OUR "MY
FAIR LADY"
CONTEST ...

Page 21

Audrey Hepburn
as Eliza Doolittle

16-page
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 30, 1964

Vol. 32, No. 18

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OUR COVER

● Enchanting Audrey Hepburn, who stars in the film version of "My Fair Lady" with Rex Harrison and Stanley Holloway. For news of our "My Fair Lady" contest, and for more color pictures of Audrey as Eliza Doolittle, see pages 21-23.

WORTH REPORTING

THE WONDERFUL clothes worn by Audrey Hepburn as "My Fair Lady" (our contest pages 21, 22, 23) are another triumph for artist Cecil Beaton.

It was Beaton's second-time-round "Fair Lady." He designed the costumes for the play, with Julie Andrews as Rex Harrison's Eliza.

Lavish though they were, they are eclipsed by the film costumes.

Beaton, a longtime fan of Audrey Hepburn, has draped on her impossibly slender height the most outlandish ensembles — dresses with tiered skirts that would cut a shorter figure into little bits, hats that would crush a lesser woman.

The designer (born at the beginning of this century) has always been at home in pre-1914 settings.

He explained in his "The Glass of Fashion," published in 1954, from which these sketches are taken, that his "grand, gaudy, gay" Aunt Jessie had given him his first glimpse of the world of fashion.



● Aunt Jessie

She was the wife of a Bolivian diplomat.

One of his greatest excitements as a child was watching Aunt Jessie spend four or five hours to get herself ready for court — make-up, sequin-embroidered magenta train, black pearls, swans-down, brick-red hair, kiss-curls — the Edwardian lot.

"I keep all these memories as my aunt kept her shoes, or her ostrich feathers, or her magenta train," he wrote. "After all, everything can be used in a lifetime, and Aunt Jessie was of such quality that she will see me through till the end."



● The races, Edwardian era, sketched by Beaton.

Olympians on holiday

IF you think that being in an Olympic team is a way to see the world, you should think again, according to Linda McGill, Ilsa Konrads, and Ruth Everuss.

The three have travelled thousands of miles and visited most of the world's glamor cities as members of Australian swimming teams.

"You really don't get a chance to see anything but swimming-pools," says Ilsa.

"If you're lucky, you have a trip in a tourist bus. But it just whets your appetite for travel."

All this is why Ilsa, Ruth, and Linda are heading off on a "see the world" trip after the Tokyo Olympics.

Ilsa and Ruth, members of the Rome Olympic team, aren't selected for Tokyo, but they'll be there to cheer on the Australian swimmers, who include Linda and Ilsa's brother, John.

From Tokyo Ilsa and Ruth go to India. There they'll be joined by Linda, who is bound by Olympic rules and regulations to return to Australia with the team after the Games.

The trio will spend Christmas in Egypt with friends before heading for Europe, England, and possibly America.

Linda, who hopes to swim for Australia at the 1966 Commonwealth Games in Jamaica and at the 1968 Mexico Olympics, will return to Sydney after a year or so to start training again.

For Ilsa and Ruth, however, the trip is of an indefinite period.

They hope to get jobs abroad.

"We won't mind what we do," said Ruth. "It's a case of anything we can get."

In Sydney Ilsa is a newspaper reporter and Ruth a swimming coach. Linda works at a travel agency.

STORY in our September

9 issue about three young cameramen who made a boat trip down the Darling River brought a letter from M. J. Trezise, Eudlo, Qld., who said the Trezise family made the trip in 1948-49 in three 18ft. Canadian-type canoes.

"The party consisted of six boys, ages ranging from 12 months to 16 years — also Mother," wrote Mr. Trezise.

"They began from the Yea River, Victoria, travelled along the Goulburn, Murray, and Darling — some 3000-odd miles — and finished at Musgindi, N.S.W."

★ ★ ★

THE refurbished 96ft.-long booking lounge at Sydney's Central railway station represents the first completed stage of a face-lift for the dowdy old place.

The station was built almost 60 years ago.

Among parquet flooring, carpeting, modern lounges, light-colored inquiry and sales counters, and air-conditioned coolness, travellers may be surprised by stained-glass windows lining the walls.

"It's an unexpected touch, I know," said supervising architect Mr. E. Duggin, who is in charge of the facelift.

"Many people would want to rip out the original arched windows and surrounding carved stone work and porticoes, but I felt they should all be retained to give a certain richness."

Workmen cleaned the sandstone surrounds and marble walls. Artist Robert Johnson cleaned the 60-year-old stained glass and made another ten windows for the opposite side of the hall.

"It is nice to see some of the lovelier things of our earlier history retained and incorporated with the modern decor," said Mr. Johnson.

LUXURY for men

● The cut, if not some of the costly materials, is prophetic in "The Best from Britain," a men's fashion forecast which Australians will see at a cocktail party preview in Sydney on September 28 at David Jones. Lord Baillieu will open the parade, and proceeds will go to the Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The collection, by the British Men's Wear Guild, coincides with the British Exhibition Fortnight and will be shown in parades at the Market Street store until October 2.



OVERCOAT is of cashmere, with a detachable lining of China silk. The price: about £375.



SPORTS COAT (above) is collarless (Beatles' influence) and worn with toning light-weight trousers. The coat will be available for about £30.

AT LEFT: More than 10,000 hand-sewn stitches have gone into the jacket alone of this superbly cut wool-worsted suit.

AT RIGHT: This sturdy cotton raincoat has a coney fur detachable lining for cooler days. It will sell for about £100. The hat weighs less than 2oz., may be curled or folded for packing.



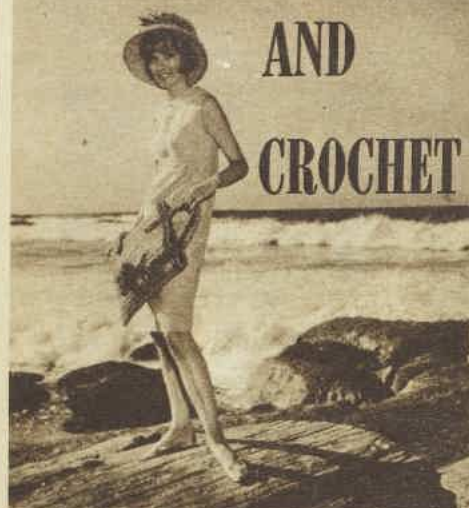
LIGHTWEIGHT dress-suit material is mohair and wool. It's worn with a matching opera cape lined with satin. Price for both? About £114.



NEXT WEEK

★ Eight-page lift-out book

SUMMER KNITTING



AND CROCHET

There are 18 marvellous designs to knit and to crochet: patterns for a shift and a suit, a jacket and some beach tops—and hats and handbags like the beauties here.

★ This train's name is Toot! And it's one of our . . .

NOVELTY CAKES



FOR CHILDREN

The cakes (there's a bus, a pram, and a doll, too) are fun to make, and the children will think they're wonderful.

★ It's the newest dance fashion in Paris. It's the . . .

YE YE DRESS

. . . and Betty Keep tells you all about it, shows pictures from Paris—and a pattern so you can go Ye Ye!



Plus:

★ The best way with annuals for your garden, and . . .

★ A granny who finds that life CAN begin at 50.

Olympics fever—

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● While Tokyo is suffering from pre-Olympic hysteria in a last-minute scramble to be ready for the 1964 Games, Australians are packing their bags to join in the fun.

IN the next few weeks an estimated 8000 of them will converge on Japan by air and sea in time for the Games, October 10-24.

They include men and women of all age groups and widely varied budgets. Some will spend small fortunes on their trips, and will sandwich Olympic events between other tourist attractions on travels lasting many months.

Many more will be there on economy trips for which they've been saving since the 1956 Melbourne Games.

These can make the round trip for as little as £273 (including accommodation and all meals, but excluding Games tickets and personal spending) by travelling tourist class on a ship.

Several ships, such as Oriana (with more than 2000 passengers), Fairsky (nearly 1000 passengers), Oriental Queen, and Kuala Lumpur will make round trips from Australia, and become "floating hotels" in Tokyo Harbor for all or much of the Games.

Others, including Oronsay and Iberia, will call there briefly during the Games, enabling passengers to see at least some of the Olympic events and excitement.

There'll also be plane-load after plane-load of Australians arriving at Tokyo

Airport, at return air fares of £403/15/- (economy class) and £553/8/- (first class).

Accommodation is a problem in any Olympic city, but it's many times greater in bustling, pulsating Tokyo, where the population of nearly 11 million crowd 500 to an acre.

New hotels have been mushrooming in recent months, and there is some private home and youth hostel accommodation.

But only a couple of months ago Olympic planners were worried that they'd be 10,000 beds short.

Thousands of visitors will be accommodated in Japanese-style inns, some in Tokyo, but many as far as 50 miles away.

"Super-luxury"

The traveller who tries to make the Tokyo trip at the last minute without booking accommodation is asking for trouble.

Many of Tokyo's new super-luxury hotels are not scheduled to open until a few weeks before the Games, but there's little danger that guests will be left without a pre-booked room to go to.

The Japanese are making it a matter of national pride that the 1964 Olympics

— the first ever staged in Asia — prove the biggest and best yet.

If they're not, it won't be for lack of spending.

Japan has spent the astronomical figure of 90,000 million yen (or £112,500,000 Australian) to guarantee success.

But it costs a stack of yen to eat and be merry in Tokyo — and as for drinking, the prices are so sky-high that only the rich can really afford to be other than teetotalers.

By the time the visitor has paid for all this, spent a minimum of 12/- per session for every Olympic ticket, and spent a further pile of yen on transistors, pearls, etc., it won't be a vacation "on the cheap." But it should certainly be memorable.

Who will be the crowd-pleasing sensations of this Australian team?

It's anyone's guess at this stage, but a likely "Golden Girl" is swimmer Dawn Fraser, who could become the first girl ever to win a gold medal at three successive Games.

But there'll be many other stars, too — athletes as well as swimmers.

Australia could also do well in the equestrian, modern pentathlon, fencing, and other events, and the yachtsmen could win a medal or two.

The oldest Olympian



MR. FRED LANE with his Olympic gold medal, won in 1900, and a replica. Games swimmers will have replicas for good luck.



● When Australia's "jet age" swimmers take to the water at the Tokyo Olympics each will have a charm wishing him or her "gold medal good luck" from Frederick Claude Vivian Lane, a champion of the "propeller age" of swimming.

MR. LANE, 84, who prefers to be called Freddie, won Australia's first gold medal at the 1900 Paris Games, and is believed to be the world's oldest living Olympian.

He's still a keen sportsman, and the good-luck charms the swimmers will have are replicas of his own first gold medal.

The medal was for the 200 metres freestyle event in Paris, and the replicas have been presented to the team by Freddie in conjunction with the Wakehurst Foundation, a group sponsoring sport in the area surrounding his Sydney beach home at Mona Vale.

"I hope they'll inspire some of these 1964 Olympians," said sprightly Mr. Lane as he fingered the original.

"Winning one of these things is the thrill of a lifetime, and you know," he added, with a well-pleased chuckle, "I had the good fortune to win two."

His second gold medal was

VETERAN Olympian
Lane with early picture of himself in a swallow dive.

for the 1900 obstacle event — a test of aquatic skill — which no longer appears on the Olympics programme.

Both races were swum in the River Seine, with spectators lining the banks.

"We mightn't have been quite as fast and scientific as the swimmers are today, but we weren't too bad in our way," he said.

Freddie Lane, who was born in Sydney in 1880, claims to have one distinction over the swimmers of 1964.

"They're amazing, the speeds they can do in this jet age of swimming," he said. "But they're coached, coached, coached all the way in the latest methods."

Fell in

"Beside theirs my times amount only to propeller speeds, but I got there without a single swimming lesson in my life."

Freddie had his first attempt at swimming when he wasn't much more than a toddler.

He fell from a punt into Sydney Harbor, and was just discovering that dog-paddling was a passport to survival when his brother came to his rescue.

He decided then to learn to swim properly.

and all aboard for Tokyo

● Next month's Tokyo Olympics will be quite a family affair for the Australian team, which includes in its ranks two father-and-son combinations, a brother and sister, and three sisters.



THREE SISTERS in the Olympic fencing team. From left: Johanna, Rickie, and Val Winter, of Brighton, Vic. They're thrilled.

of them all

Before long he'd taught himself and was going full speed ahead in the Ives' baths, which were near the site of today's Harbor Bridge pylons, and had stone walls covered in oysters.

"I learned to be accurate with my turns, because those oysters would have torn my hands to pieces," he said.

By the age of eight Freddie had started winning schoolboy races, and before many more years he'd captured just about every N.S.W. State championship from the 100 yards to the mile.

At 16 he became the first schoolboy to win an Australian open title.

Then in 1899, after winning the 100 and 200 yards Australasian titles in New Zealand, he went overseas under the sponsorship of Mr. Mark Foy, a Sydney businessman, and there he began winning one British championship after another.

In 1902 he broke the minute for the 100 yards, and this effort placed him among the sporting champions who have won a place of honor in America's Helms Museum of Sport.

"That wasn't a bad race, either," Mr. Lane said. He has a recorded version of it, and as the disc spins his face relives the excitement and triumph.

Mr. Lane, who after his swimming career became a successful businessman as a partner in a Sydney printing and stationery firm, still has a personal fitness programme.

Winter and summer he has a morning cold shower, and he enjoys long walks,

swims, and never goes to bed without doing his exercises.

His recipe for a healthy old age is threefold:

Be particular about eating wholesome foods throughout life; enjoy fresh air and sunlight as much as possible; don't indulge in alcohol or "Lady Nicotine".

Freddie Lane has collected more than 400 swimming trophies.

His valuable collection of autographs (which he keeps in a bank) includes scores of names as incongruous together as Queen Victoria and J. B. Hobbs; Winston Churchill and Charlie Chaplin; Dame Nellie Melba and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

"I'm very proud of my collection of Royal signatures," he said. "You can't get them now."

He also has a great collection of posters, some of which date back to his early swimming in England.

On them are messages such as: "Tonight at Manchester Baths. See the All-England championships... See amazing Australian swimmer Fred Lane... The baths will be lighted by electricity."

Big party

Mr. Lane has a son and daughter, three grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

His wife died a few years ago, after 49½ years of marriage.

He recalls happily that his wife went with him to the 1956 Melbourne Games when he was a guest of the Olympic Organising Committee.

"Ah, that was a millionaires' party for me," he said.

The families represented will be:

● **The Northams:** father Bill, who at 59 is the skipper of the 5.5-metre yacht crew and the oldest member of the team; and his 23-year-old son, Rod, who is the reserve for the rowing team.

● **The Roycrofts:** father Bill, who was the gold medallist hero of the 1960 Rome equestrian team and who will compete with the three-day-event squad in Tokyo; and his 20-year-old son, Barry, a member of the show-jumping team.

● **The Herfords:** brother Gary, who is a 24-year-old member of the Australian coxed-four rowing crew; and his sister, Kim, a 17-year-old swim star who will compete in the 400-metre freestyle event.

● **The Winters:** sisters Johanna (aged 21), Val (20), and Rickie (23), who are three pretty "musketeers" in the Australian fencing team.

An exceptionally large contingent of parents, wives, brothers, sisters, etc., of team members are also taking the chance to see "one of their own" competing in the Games.

For instance, 20-year-old Victorian cyclist Gordon Johnson, whose father, Tassie Johnson, competed in the cycling events at the 1936 Berlin Olympics, will have his parents there to see him aim at winning a gold medal.

Grandfather "has a go"

Sporting officials believe that the only other occasion on which more than one member of a family have scored an Australian blazer in the same Olympics was in 1960, when "The Konrads Kids" (swimmers John and Ilsa) made the team for Rome.

No one is more thrilled about their "family double" success than the Northams, of Sydney.

Mr. Northam — a grandfather, company chairman, and civic leader — expected to make the trip to Tokyo as a spectator and mainly for the thrill of seeing his son, Rod, compete.

"If anyone had told me I had a chance of making the grade myself I'd have laughed at them," he said.

But Mr. Northam decided that he'd "have a go" at making the yachting team.

He succeeded, but his son missed out on selection when his rowing crew was beaten by a fraction of a second in the Olympic trials.

"When this happened I thought old Dame Fortune had her cards mixed a little," said Mr. Northam. "But everything's worked out just fine — and away beyond my dreams."

"What father could ever ask for a greater thrill than to represent his country in the Olympics alongside his son?"

Rod Northam feels as elated as his father.

"It's really a swinging situation to be in the team and to have Dad there, too," he said.

Just as the Northams have chosen different sports in which to excel, so have the Herfords.

Gary and Kim, who live in Sydney, are the children of swimming-coach Sam Herford and his wife, Thora, a former N.S.W. swimming champion.

Wins selection

For years Sam, the coach of such world-beaters as Murray Rose and John Devitt, has dreamed of having an Olympian in his own family.

He'd almost given up hope when Gary hit top form as a rower and then suddenly Kim decided to try to get to Tokyo as a swimmer.

Her successful attempt — in which she was encouraged by her aunt, Claire Dennis, Australia's breaststroke gold-medallist at the 1932 Los Angeles Olympics, and her "pin-up," Murray Rose — was quite remarkable.

Eighteen months ago she didn't seem to have a hope.

Then, at the beginning of last summer, Kim, who learned to swim when she was two, decided to train seriously, and soon she'd won Olympic selection.

Watching their performances with more than an average interest will be their mother... and she'll be reporting in detail back to Sydney, where summer swimming classes will keep Sam Herford too busy to journey to Tokyo.

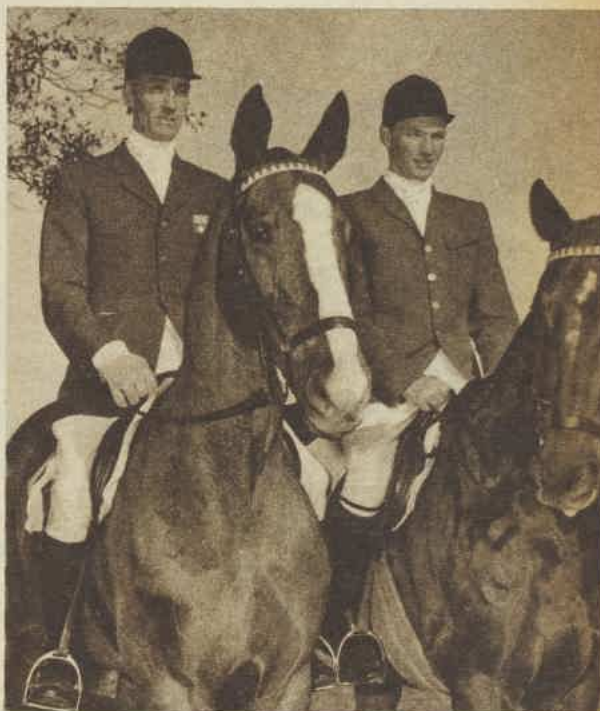
Equestrians Bill Roycroft and his son, Barry, who live on the land near Camperdown, Victoria, and the three fencing Winter sisters, of Melbourne, are just as excited about their family-style selection.

The Winters, who were born in Sudetenland, on the Czech border, and came to Australia in 1951, still can't believe that they've all three made the team.

"It would have been terrible if one of us had missed out," said the middle sister, Johanna, who represented Australia at the 1960 Rome Olympics, but is having family company at the Games for the first time.



JAPANESE DOLL was given to Olympians Gary and Kim Herford, brother and sister, by Murray Rose. Gary will row, Kim swim.



FATHER AND SON: 1960 gold medallist Bill Roycroft and son Barry, 20, are both in the Olympics team this time, bound for Tokyo.



BILL NORTHAM and his son ROD with model of Saskia, Bill's former yacht. Bill will skipper the yacht Barrenjoey at the Games.

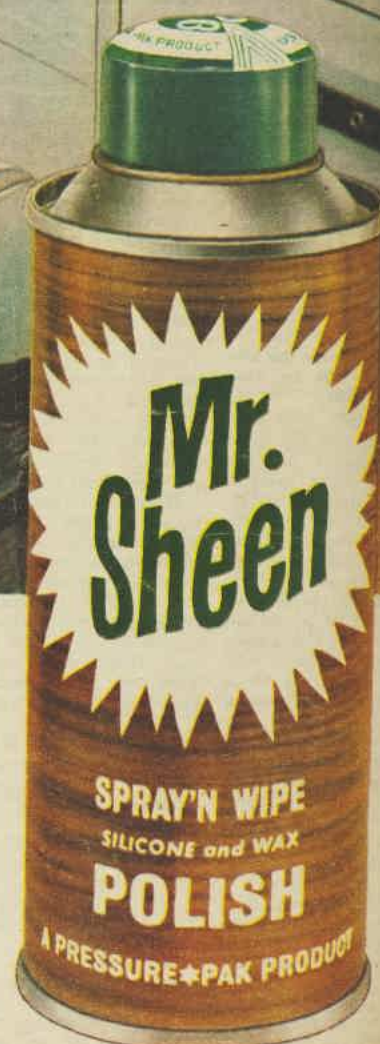


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Only
6/6

SPRAY ON MR SHEEN — WIPE OVER FOR A MIRROR SHINE



Schoolgirls' reunion -in couture clothes

By MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

● Two Australian schoolfriends, no more than a few years away from uniform, chalk, and blackboards, have made a name in the world of European modelling. One, Justine McCarthy, having conquered the London scene, is scoring in Paris. The other, Nike Arrighi, having conquered Paris, has forsaken fashion to learn to be an actress.

JUSTINE McCARTHY, 18, says that the Paris Collections was her most exciting job since she left Australia five months ago.

She has a contract with "Tatler" magazine in London, and has travelled to Ireland, Italy, Germany, and France on in-between assignments.

Nike Arrighi, 19, who has lived in Europe since 1962, was chosen by "Tatler" as their brunette model for pictures of the Paris Collections clothes.

"It was a surprise school

reunion for us," Justine wrote home.

"There was great excitement when we realised the coincidence, as it was the first time we had met since schooldays at Kincoppal Convent, in Sydney, three years ago.

"We couldn't help remembering how far modelling was from our thoughts then.

"In those days Nike was determined to be an artist or an actress. I was convinced I was born to be a nurse.

"We certainly never dreamed we would one day work together in Paris!

"But Nike is a veteran compared with me.

"She laughed at my astonishment at the chaos of the Collections — she had seen it all before.

"I was horrified at the way garments worth as much as £A500-£A600 were just thrown about and even walked on by frantic models and photographers — not to mention the distraught designers—all tearing about to be in time for parades or photographic appointments."

Paris spree

In order to keep themselves going through the arduous 18-hour working days, Justine (a staunch dieter from way back) said she and Nike "went mad with the calories."

"We drank wine like soft-drink," she said. "Numerous trips to the Paris Market or any available bistro for my favorite snack — French bread, Spanish sausage pate, onion soup, and cheese — were a necessary part of the day's work.

"Of course, I would never dream of it in London and

will have to starve there because of my Paris spree."

Justine may have gained a few pounds, but many English photographers feel her experience at the Collections will do much to strengthen her position in London as a close second to top-notch Jean Shrimpton in the "Pretty Stakes" (London's revolt against mods, beatniks, and all other unfeminine fads).

Sydney photographer Laurie Le Guay, who recently worked with Justine in Ireland, agrees.

"Not only is Justine the perfect 'pretty' foil, but she has taken on a new camera sophistication since working with London photographers," he said. "They like to use her because she is so refreshingly unpretentious and is such a worker.

"Even some of the shots I took in Ireland involved precarious posing with thoroughbred racehorses and enormous Irish hounds."

Christmas

She was terrified, but she persevered and the photographs were a great success.

Now Justine has moved into an elegant flat in Sloane Avenue (she had been sharing one in Chelsea with two debutantes) and will stay in London for an extra year before joining the Eileen Ford Agency in New York.

"But I couldn't imagine Christmas anywhere without my parents," she said. "I will definitely fly home."

Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Justin McCarthy, of Rose Bay.

Nike, second of the two daughters of Mrs. E. Arrighi, of Double Bay, will be one of only 20 new students chosen from 500 applicants to take a two-year course at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, London.

She starts next month.

"It will certainly be a change from the chaos of modelling in Paris," said Nike, "more like going back to school again. But studying drama there is what I've dreamed of all my life."

Friends who recall Nike's schooldays are not surprised.

"She was the school's 'actress,'" one recalled.

"She had us all spellbound by her end-of-term Lady Macbeth.

"She also had us all kept in after school for screaming with laughter at her corridor impressions of Charlie Chaplin being chased by policemen."



JUSTINE McCARTHY, mannequin (above) and (left) schoolgirl. From her pose and her prettiness, it seems obvious that she would have a fashion career, but in those days Justine wanted to be a nurse. Now 18, she is having great success in London and Paris as a model.



NIKE ARRIGHI, Dior mannequin (above) and (right) schoolgirl. Nike and Justine were at Kincoppal Convent, Sydney, together, but had not met until they modelled in Paris recently. Nike is now following her schoolgirl ambition to be an actress.



B.B.C. She is also learning to make films.

Both Nike and Luci are delighted that they will be able to live together in London — the first time since leaving Sydney.

Nike was in the middle of the Paris Collections frenzy when she heard of her acceptance by the Academy.

She rode her powered pushbike to Dieppe, shipped to Newhaven, and rode to London practically non-stop.

"It was worth the look on Luci's face when I arrived on her doorstep," she said.

Footlights baby



SINGING a music-hall song just before Jodie was born, Delore wears a concealing crinoline.



DELORE WHITEMAN (Mrs. Lindsay Wilson) with her businessman husband and daughter, Jodie.

The restaurant had not been completed when Delore agreed to star in the first stage show there.

When the place was finally finished, and Delore found that she was to have a baby, she still stuck to her agreement.

"However," she said, "I'll admit that I didn't quite bargain for being on stage right up until the very end."

Clever crinoline

According to Delore, her doctor thought the strange confinement "a grand idea."

Delore appeared during the last months of her show wearing a cleverly concealing crinoline—and very few of the patrons who joined her in singing the old-time songs guessed her secret.

— MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

FRIENDS of Sydney actress Delore Whiteman would not have been at all surprised if a baby girl born on August 31 had come into the world belting out a rag-time song.

The baby—8lb. 4oz. Jodie Wilson—is Delore's tiny daughter.

Jodie was born just two nights after her mother had concluded a season of music-hall songs and melodramas at a city restaurant.

Delore could see no reason in the world why she should not work right up until the very eve of her baby's birth.

"My other daughter, Tracey, who is two and a half, was born just a week after I concluded a season at a Sydney hotel," she said, "so it wasn't a strange situation."

NEW BRIDGE IS A GOOD-LOOKER

—And a Sydney traffic tangle
will be eased . . . for a time



PRINCESS MARINA

THE new Gladesville bridge, which Princess Marina will open on October 2, can't challenge the Harbor Bridge as Sydney's dominating landmark. But it is one of the most graceful bridges built anywhere, and has the longest (1000ft.) concrete arch in the world. It has cost £2,300,000.

Moreover, road engineers say that the new bridge, which has six lanes uninterrupted by toll-gates, will allow a peak-hour traffic flow of up to 12,000 vehicles an hour, about the same as the Harbor Bridge's road capacity.

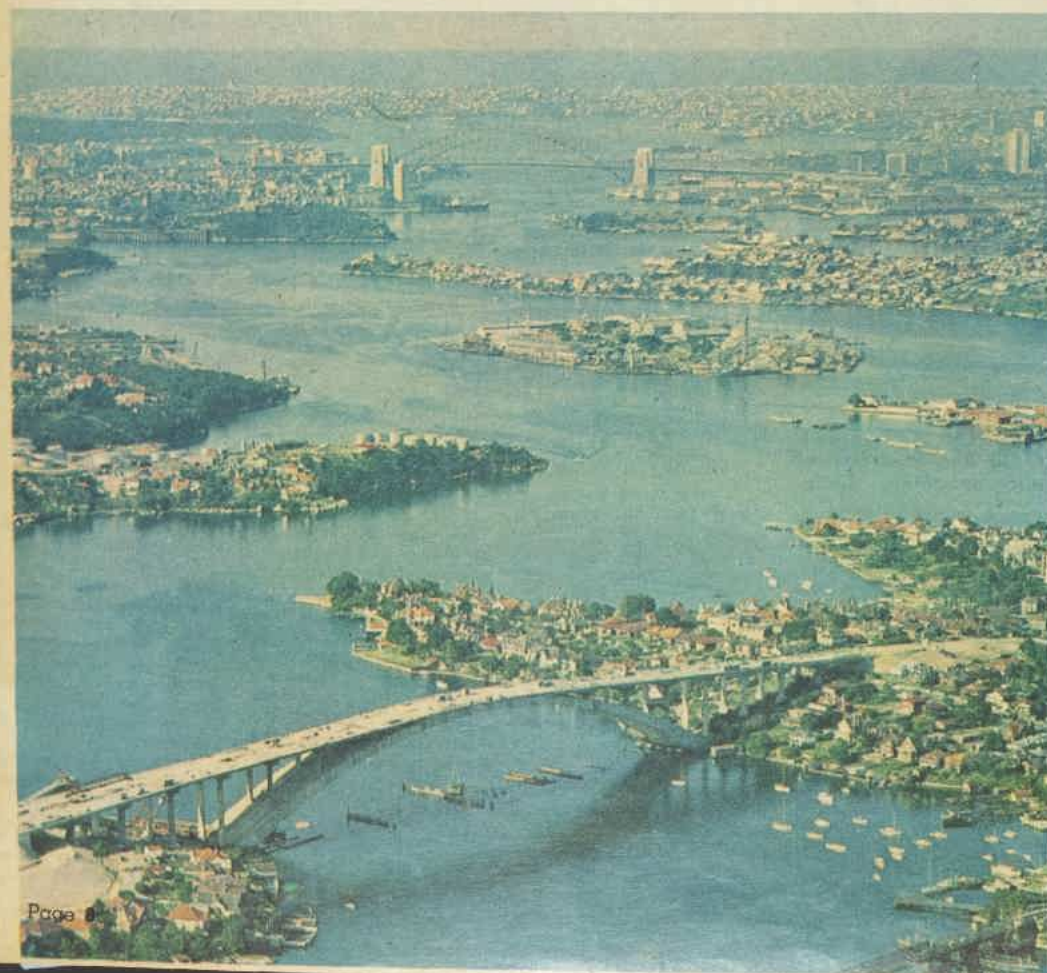
The old iron bridge at Gladesville, with its two narrow lanes, will be pulled down, and ships' captains will be glad to see it go. It was built 80 years ago, and many a collier and oil tanker has fouled the narrow opening when manoeuvring through in a difficult current. The new bridge rises high enough (120ft. above high tide) for ships to pass below.

It is a link in the North-Western Expressway, which will lead through Hunters Hill and Lane Cove to the Pacific Highway. The new bridge immediately eases congestion of traffic from the city to Gladesville and Ryde, but wider effects won't be felt until the Tarban Creek bridge is completed.

Even then Sydney's cross-Harbor transport problems will be far from solved. More north-siders are driving to work, and experts have been saying that a decision is urgently needed on the location of another big bridge . . . so that MORE north-siders can drive to work.

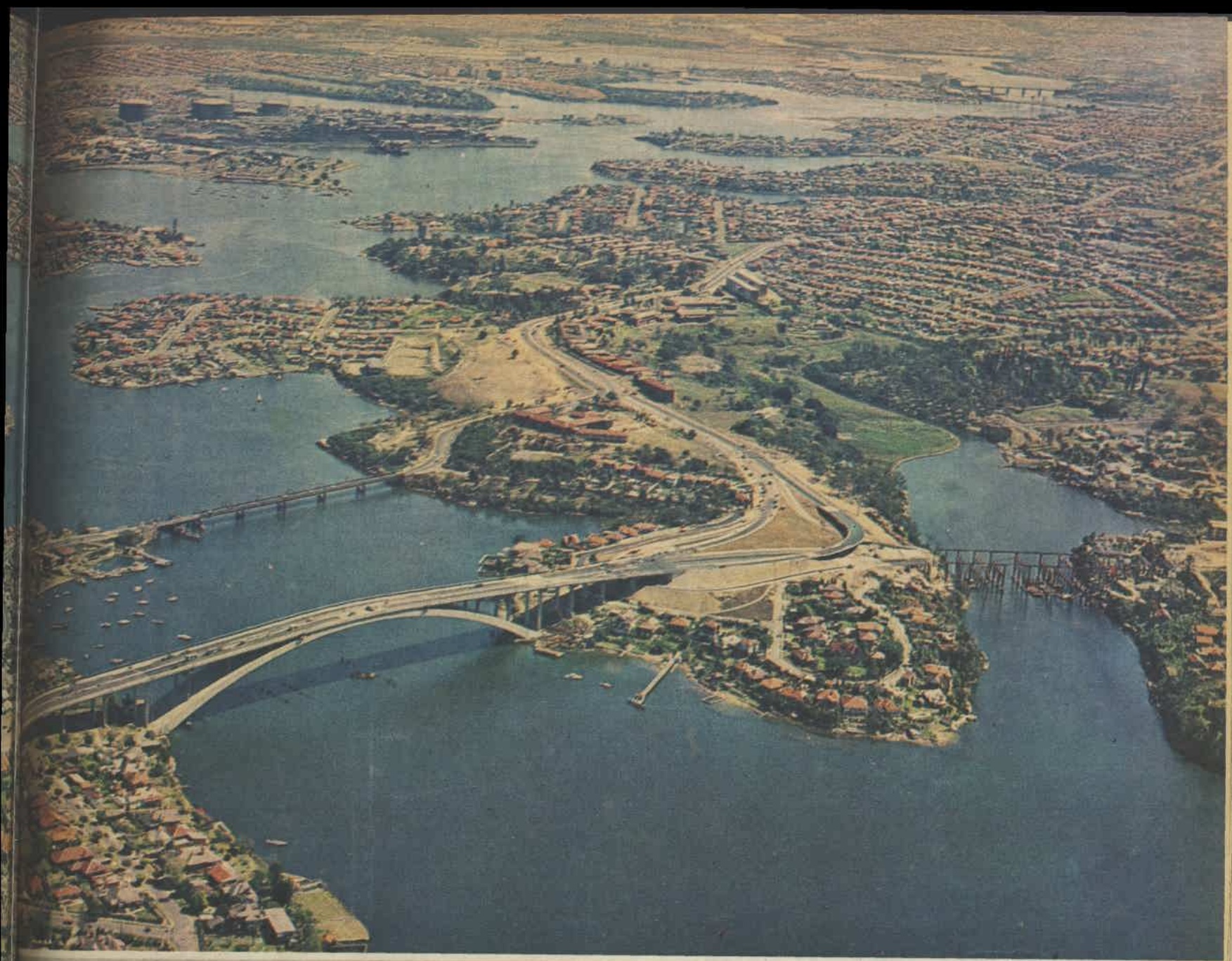


BELOW: Aerial picture from above Gladesville, looking down the Harbor toward the Harbor Bridge. KEY: 1, Old bridge. 2, Huntley's Point. 3, Wright's Point. 4, Pulpit Point. 5, Woolwich. 6, Greenwich Point. 7, Ball's Head. 8, Longnose Point. 9, Cockatoo Island. 10, North Sydney. 11, City. Aerial pictures by Douglass Baglin.



ABOVE: Aerial picture looking up the Parramatta River. KEY: 1, Drummoyne. 2, Five Dock Bay. 3, Chiswick. 4, Abbotsford. 5, Mortlake gasworks. 6, Henley. 7, Old Gladesville bridge. 8, Mental hospital. 9, Gladesville. 10, Ryde bridge. 11, Huntley's Point. 12, Tarban Creek bridge. 13, Hunters Hill.

AT RIGHT: View from the foreshore shows the arch's graceful curve. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.





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YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: ZERO NEVER MATTS OR SHRINKS WOOL!

E140

Ita Buttrose's SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

ONE of Sydney's busiest women in the next few weeks will be Mrs. Brian Crowley, wife of the chairman of the Australian Jockey Club, who'll act as hostess at official luncheons and afternoon teas during the Club's four-day Spring Race Carnival at Randwick.

Easily the biggest "V.I.P." lunch of the Carnival will be held in the Queen's Room on October 3, when Mrs. Crowley will help her husband and A.J.C. Committee members entertain Princess Marina. Other official guests will include the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, and his daughter, the Hon. Catherine Sidney, and the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward.

Many country people will be at the races, among them Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Helps, of "Te-Puke," Moss Vale, who will arrive here on October 2, and will attend the race-meeting the following day with Mrs. Helps' father and mother, Sir Michael and Lady Bruxner.

Another visitor, Mrs. Brian Fitzpatrick, of "Glenlea," Campbelltown, will make the Australia Hotel her headquarters during her stay here for the races. She will give a dinner at the hotel after the Ladies' Day Meeting on September 30.

Interstate racegoers will include Victorians Mrs. Geoffrey Whitehead, Mrs. Phyl Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gilder, Western Australians Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hassell and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowen, and from South Australia Miss Phyllis Malcolm Reid, who will spend a week with her brother, Mr. Peter Malcolm Reid, at Point Piper.

A FAMILIAR face missing from this year's Black and White Ball on September 29 will be Mrs. Dick Allen. She has been overseas for the past few months and had hoped to return just before the ball. However, business has delayed Mr. Allen in London, and now they will arrive home on October 1.

THE beautiful house and garden of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Burton Taylor's home at Warrawee will be the setting for a "Bring and Buy a Gift" morning tea party on October 1. Colorful umbrella-shaded stalls will be set up in the garden, which Mrs. Burton Taylor tells me will be in full spring bloom with wisteria and blossom trees. The morning will benefit the Children's Medical Research Foundation.

MR. and MRS. ROBERT MINTER, who have just returned after two and a half months overseas, had a reunion in England with Major Michael Hawkins and his wife, former Sydney girl Virginia Heath. The Minters stayed in the Hawkins' flat in St. James' Palace while they were in London, and also visited Major and Mrs. Hawkins at their lovely country home in Hampshire.



ENGLISH visitors Lord and Lady Kindersley will be welcomed to Australia at a buffet dinner party which Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Egerton will give at their Wahroonga home on September 26. Lord and Lady Kindersley will spend a month here visiting friends.

IT'S to be a restful country holiday for Mrs. Katie Galbraith, who will leave on October 1 for "Haddon Rig," Warren, the home of her sister, Mrs. George Falkiner. She will spend a week there while Mrs. Falkiner is in Western Australia visiting her two properties south of Perth.

WHEN Catherine Hayes and Desmond Perkins marry at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, on September 26, two of their attendants will be Nicky Tilbrook and her fiancé, Tom Sloane. They will change roles on December 10, the day Nicky and Tom have chosen for their marriage at Riverview College Chapel, with Catherine and Desmond as their attendants. Catherine, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hayes, of Bondi Junction, will also be attended by Mary Loneragan, and Desmond, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Perkins, of Orange, will have Patrick Goddard as groomsmen.

TWO dates for the diary . . . the Royal Naval Sailing Association (Australia) barbecue at H.M.A.S. Rushcutter on October 10 . . . and the annual Melbourne Cup Day lunch at Mrs. Roy Coote's Bellevue Hill home on November 3 to aid the Peter Pan Kindergarten, Paddington.

MR. and MRS. LENNOX BODE will be hosts at a cocktail party at their Point Piper home on September 26 to welcome home Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, who will return to Sydney on September 25 from overseas. The Dekyvers will also be guests of honor at a cocktail party which Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Parr will give at their Potts Point penthouse on October 1.



ABOVE. Mr. Bill Dangar, of "Woodbine," Tenterfield, and his bride, formerly Miss Helen McGlynn, who were married at St. Peter's Cathedral, Armidale. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. C. C. McGlynn, of Armidale, and of the late Major L. W. McGlynn. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dangar, of "Palmerston," Armidale, where the reception was held.

AT LEFT. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perrotet, who were married at St. Mary's Church, Mudgee. The bride was Miss Helen Loneragan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Loneragan, of "Bombira," Mudgee. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mick Perrotet, of "Killree," Coonamble.



PRESIDENT of the Cornucopia Committee, Mrs. I. A. Listwan, and Dr. Listwan (couple on left) with Sir Frank and Lady Berryman, who were guests of honor at the committee's dinner dance at Princes. Mrs. Listwan welcomed more than 120 guests to the dinner dance, which will aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation.



ELEGANT TRIO (from left), Mrs. Alex Morgan, Mrs. T. J. Daly, and Mrs. C. Edward Lloyd Jones, who were among guests at the Royal Commonwealth Society Women's Auxiliary "at home" held at the Society's rooms, Bligh Street. The chairman of the auxiliary, Mrs. George Colvin, welcomed Dame Pattie Menzies, who was guest of honor.



AT RIGHT. Mrs. Bob Stephen (left), Miss Dianne Klippel, and Miss Caroline Adams (right) at the Black and White Committee's Christmas Show held at Frances Jones' Studio, Woollahra. Printed silk scarves, hand-painted Christmas cards, flower arrangements, and paintings were sold at the show. Proceeds of the day will aid the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W.



FOURSOME (from left), Dr. and Mrs. Peter Allen and Dr. and Mrs. John Trenerry at the Rainbow Committee's dinner dance, which was held at the Pickwick Club, to aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation. Mrs. Trenerry, who is president of the committee, welcomed more than 100 guests to the dance.



STROLLING MUSICIANS serenaded Mrs. Alan Dempsey (left) and Mrs. Hal Johnston at the annual lunch, which the Golden Years Committee held at The Coachmen Restaurant. The committee president, Mrs. Des O'Shea, welcomed guests to the lunch, which will aid the Old People's Welfare Council of N.S.W.



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by Bernard Hammerman

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TREASURES IN SILVER

● These fine pieces, designed by leading silversmiths between 1660 and 1910, are from a priceless exhibition of 102 items to be shown in Sydney during British Fortnight (Sept. 25-Oct. 12), representing the collections of the Earl of Lonsdale, the Marquess of Ormonde, and the Wellington and Victoria and Albert Museums.



CHALICE, designed by the great Augustus Pugin in the mid-19th century. Pugin, also an architect and writer, was chief instigator of the "Gothic revival" movement.



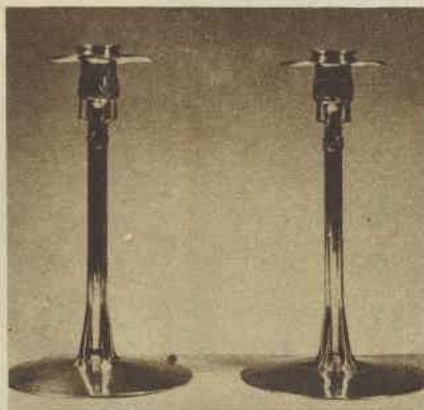
TEA-CADDY, by Paul de Lamerie, a Huguenot, and perhaps doyen of all silversmiths. By 1740, his asymmetrical Rococo style had ousted plain Queen Anne designs.



CELEBRATED Regency silversmith Paul Storr created the centre-piece (above) and dessert-stand (above right), both superb pieces. The centre-piece was presented to the Duke of Wellington by officers who served under him in Portugal in 1808. Dessert-stand also typifies a "status symbol" love of rich silver in the British upper classes of the time.



COFFEE POT by Richard Bayley dates from two years after Queen Anne died in 1714, but represents the functional style of her reign.



CANDLESTICKS — Designed in the Art Nouveau style of William Morris, this pair of candlesticks has a formalised plant design. Birmingham hallmark, 1906-7.



SILVER TANKARD presented by King Charles II to Sir Edward Berry Godfrey for services during the Great Plague, 1665, and Fire, 1666.

HOUSEWIVES with ornate silver to keep clean might shudder at the thought of keeping 102 pieces bright and shining for an exhibition.

But Mr. J. Tuckson, deputy director of the Art Gallery of N.S.W., where the

exhibition described here can be seen, said that the job is not as bad as it sounds.

"It is more a matter of cautious handling," he said.

"The four people who unpack it on arrival have thick cotton gloves to wear whenever they touch it.

"Then, before an item is

placed in the glass exhibition cases for display, it is carefully cleaned and lightly lacquered with special protective polish.

"It's not touched again until it is repacked."

The priceless collection from Britain gives the most comprehensive cross-section of silver ever seen in this country.

It includes world-famous pieces of the Queen Anne, Georgian, Regency, and Victorian periods.

The most famous of the

silversmiths represented are Paul de Lamerie, Paul Storr, and Augustus Pugin.

De Lamerie, fleeing to England from France to escape religious persecution, brought with him many continental ideas; Storr was the chief exponent of the somewhat heavy silver of the Regency period (1807-20), and created most of the huge pieces ordered by the Prince Regent; Pugin later revived medieval designs and techniques. — Mary Ellen Johnson.



SAUCE TUREEN AND COVER has the Birmingham hallmark 1776-7 and the maker's mark of Matthew Boulton and John Fothergill. From the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Designer's lectures

THE Hon. John Siddeley, Britain's leading interior decorator-designer, arrives with his wife this month for a lecture tour.

The tour is sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with David Jones Ltd.

Mr. Siddeley will give two lectures daily.

Here are the details of his lectures in N.S.W.:

SYDNEY LECTURES: October 19-23 inclusive "Living for Comfort, 1964" at 11 a.m., "Art and Architecture, in terms of interior design from then until now" at 2.45 p.m., Sixth Floor, Market Street store, David Jones Ltd. Tickets 10/-. Available at Booking Office, Ground Floor, David Jones Ltd., Market Street.

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fragrant as a sunny tropic isle.

TCN'S NEW TOWER IS QUITE AN EIFFEL!

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The third tallest tower in the world—TCN9's new TV tower—is already punctuating Sydney's cosmopolitan skyline north of the Harbor as it rears its elegant head.

THE highest tower in the world is Tokyo's TV tower, which stands 1088ft. above ground; the second highest is the Eiffel Tower in Paris, 984ft. above ground.

TCN9's new tower, a kind of giant palm-stand to house the small antenna which transmits your TV programmes, will be 765ft. above the ground, 1000ft. above sea-level.

Sydney's rich crop of TV towers all stand on the magic mile, some land at Gore Hill, designated by the Australian Broadcasting Control Board

as the best available ground for TV towers—high and within a reasonable distance of the centre of the residential area of Sydney and suburbs.

At this moment, Sydney has three tall towers all on the magic mile. Channel 2's and Channel 7's towers stand just off the Pacific Highway at Gore Hill.

TCN9's tower is across the North Shore railway line near Artarmon, and rises 561ft. into the air. Alongside it now, steadily growing and dwarfing the old one, is the new tower.

Conversationally, TV towers are "in" in Sydney at present. The questions most often asked are: Why is TCN9 building a new tower? Will all the other channels follow suit? Why weren't all the towers built as tall as the new one is in 1956?

TCN9 is building a new tower to give viewers from Barrenjoey to Cronulla better reception without ghosts or snow and so that viewers north to Newcastle and south to Wollongong will get a clear, strong picture.

Channel 2 won't build a new tower—it has no need to. As well as their present tower they have two others, one near Wollongong and one near Newcastle.

Channel 7 will have the use of a new mast. Next April, when Sydney's fourth TV channel, Channel 10, is expected to begin telecasting, a fourth tower will appear on the magic mile.

It will be on the opposite side of the railway line to Channel 9, to the north-west of the new TCN mast. This mast will be shared jointly by Channels 7 and 10.

TCN9's old tower will be dismantled when the new tower becomes operational.

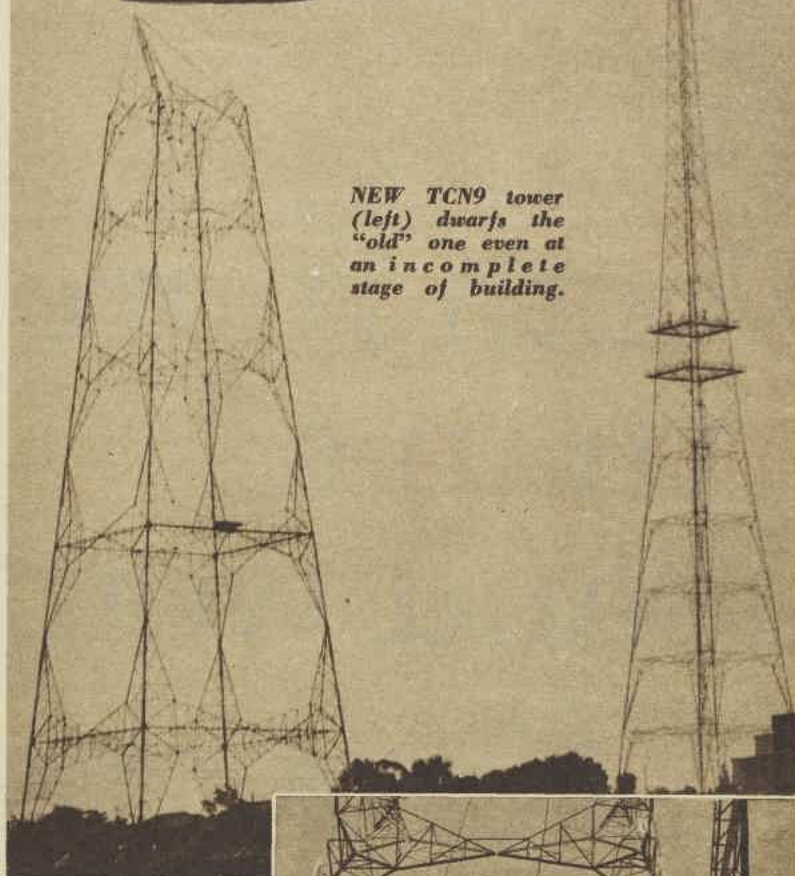
Other vital statistics of the new tower: Its base is 112ft. 6in. square; the old one was only 69ft. square. The new mast contains 347 tons of steel, is designed to withstand wind velocities up to 137 m.p.h.

The new tower will be painted in alternating bands of white and "international orange," specified by the international civil aviation organisation, to make them visible to aircraft in day-light.

It will carry identical bands of fixed red lights and a flashing red beacon on top.

The girdling lights will be affixed and lit as soon as the new tower reaches the height of the present one.

Television



NEW TCN9 tower (left) dwarfs the "old" one even at an incomplete stage of building.

The lights are all aviation warning lights, officially described by the Department of Civil Aviation.

This brings us to the third question: Why wasn't the tower built 1000ft. above sea-level in the first place?

Because, back in 1956, the Department of Civil Aviation set a safety height level for the towers of 850ft. above sea-level. This height is based on considerations related to the safety of aircraft, and this year the D.C.A. increased the height from 850ft. to 1000ft. above sea-level.

I DON'T know who it was that said that what goes up must come down, but it is for this reason that I intend to refuse an invitation to a champagne party on a most important TV occasion—the day the new mast is finished.

Andy Aterini, project engineer, of Electric Power Transmissions Pty. Ltd., a handsome Australian citizen who comes from Italy, asked me to join him and his 15 men at the top of the mast.

The invitation has everything: 16 handsome Italians, 15 of whom are bachelors, no other women, entertainment—they all sing divinely—champagne, not a chance of being stuck with a bore (there's no room to sit down, everyone would have to circulate).

The trouble is all that unenclosed fresh air.

All I would have to do is put my foot on the hook (see picture above) and be winched up that 765ft. to the tiny platform at the top. I have not replied definitely to the invitation yet, but I see myself on the big day, my two feet firmly on the ground by the winch, raising a glass to the 16 happy men up top.



Seeing a bunch of them come down from work the day I visited the site, singing gaily with barely a toehold on the hook, made me break out in a cold sweat, and at that stage the flying jib from which they came was swaying only 343ft. 4in. from the ground.

To get to be one of Andy Aterini's TV tower men is not easy.

He demands youth (the average age of the 16 tower men is 24), courage, good humor, iron nerves, nimble, quick feet. You also must be Italian or Australian-Italian, bachelors, and moderate drinkers.

A thick head after a night out does not go with building a TV tower, and wives are inclined to worry. (One of the bachelors married recently, so Andy expects this to be his last tower job.)

He employs one nationality only, so that there is the minimum chance of an order being misunderstood.

The project has its own radio station to transmit orders to the workmen swarming and swinging round the top of the tower. The winchman doubles as the disc jockey who operates the radio, but no music is played; the men provide the music. According to the engineers at TCN9, their favorite song is "Ave Maria."

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READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



TWENTIETH Century-Fox-TV is preparing a half-hour comedy series in which former child star Shirley Temple will have the principal role. This would be Miss Temple's first continuing TV series.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

DID YOU KNOW?

● American TV producers have commissioned some of the most popular modern composers, including Nelson Riddle, Dave Brubeck, and Paul Anka, to write theme music for television.

THE list of composers they have engaged reads like a Who's Who of American music.

Veteran film composer Lionel Newman is writing scores for three new shows, "Peyton Place," "Daniel Boone," and "Valentine's Day"; Howard Greenfield and

Helen Miller have completed a new theme for the "Hazel" series; Barry Mann and Cynthia Well are turning out a theme song for "The Farmer's Daughter."

Modern jazzman Dave Brubeck is the composer of a theme for the new Craig Stevens show, "Mr. Broadway"; Paul Anka, who made a million dollars from his teenage

tunes, has written a new theme for the N.B.C. programme "Tonight," and Nelson Riddle is at work for two shows — "The Rogues" and "Profiles in Courage," the TV adaptation of a book by President Kennedy.

"Not so many years ago," said Mr. Robert Burton, president of Broadcast Music Inc., which collects royalties, "the cowboys always seemed to be riding into town to the same old clip-clop background music. The argument seemed to be that the public would not know the difference."

★ ★ ★
PETER GRAVES, the handsome six-foot star of the "Whiplash" series, will next be seen on TV as a "khaki Perry Mason" in a new series, "Court Martial," to be filmed in Britain.

"The programme will be set essentially in World War II," said Graves, a brother of "Gunsmoke's" Jim Arness. "One week the story will take place in Rome, the next in London, and later Berlin."

As Major Frank Whittaker, of the Judge Advocate - General's office, Graves will spend as much time in the court-room as he will on the battlefield.

Television

MIKE CONNORS, hero of the former "Tightrope" series, filled in for Raymond Burr during an episode of "Perry Mason" when the star developed an infected tooth. Scriptwriters explained Burr's absence as an emergency business trip to Europe. And to make it all the more plausible, the following programme will have Burr in a European setting.

★ ★ ★
THE new TV role for Horace McMahon as a Press agent in "Mr. Broadway" will mean a bright change of scene, four new suits, and maybe a chance to kiss the heroine for the first time in 34 years. McMahon, now 57, has been given few opportunities to embrace the leading lady in his long acting career, which included three years as the gruff Lieut. Mike Parker in "Naked City."

Now, as Hank McClure, the public-relations associate of Craig Stevens in the forthcoming series "Mr. Broadway," the new McMahon will be dapper, debonair, even witty.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said: "Isn't it marvellous how communications have improved through the years: From jungle drums to smoke signals. From coaches to airmail. From carrier pigeons to the telephone. And for what? So women can call other women and say, 'Have you heard the latest about ... etc.?' Oh, they say women are terrible, they can't keep a secret, and they do nothing but gossip. Well, this may be true, and I'm as guilty as the next, but ..."

MOMMA'S MORAL: I don't like to spread gossip, but what else can you do with it?

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SWEET SOUND OF TV FAME

Television

• "Sound of Music," TCN9's top music show, has opened up a new channel of fame for its compere, Bobby Limb, and brought success to others.

VERSATILE musician Rosalind Keene is one to whom the show has fittingly brought TV success, for the sound of music has been her life ever since, as a tiny child, she began to learn to sing. At seven she stopped singing, started to learn the piano. She had more than ordinary talent, but found singing her true vocation when, at 15, she again began lessons.

Today she still has singing lessons—daily. Her days start with deep-breathing exercises and what she describes as "healing" singing lessons — "healing," she says, because they repair any damage that could have been done to her voice by using it badly — and ends in singing either before the TV cameras or on stage.

Before she arrived on TV, Rosalind had a successful career as a professional accompanist, as a concert singer, as a member of the National Opera Company, and as a soloist with the Sydney and Queensland Symphony Orchestras.

She had also spent more than a year in "Kismet," in which the lead was played by that other TV personality Hayes Gordon.

"It was Hayes who taught me acting and paved the way to my success in opera," she said. "He gave me lots of lessons in stagecraft, started me on the road to acting."

As well as being talented, Rosalind is shrewd, practical. She has a pretty figure, 36-26-36. "My shape helped me with my TV career," she said. "It is one of the reasons I am on TV."

Another reason she is there is her adaptability. She will do an aria from a famous opera, join in a popular-song production, sing a ballad, and look decorative, too.

— Nan Musgrove



ROSALIND KEENE ready for an operatic segment in "Sound of Music." Her constant companion at the studio is a suitcase, a treasure house of jewellery, gloves, fans, and other accessories carefully packed and arranged so that she can change speedily for her many parts on TV.

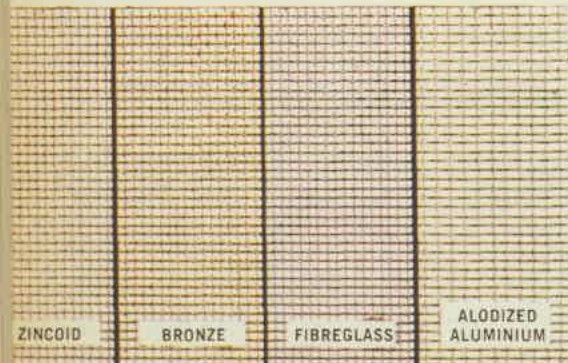


AT LEFT: Rosalind with Bill Newman, another "Sound of Music" star, and (above) with Bobby Limb, its popular compere. In these shots, Rosalind is wearing a modern wig, which she keeps ready to use after her own hair has taken a battering from a period wig. She has eight modern wigs, the full one she is wearing and seven wiglets, so that she can dress her own hair, shampooed and set twice weekly, in any style.

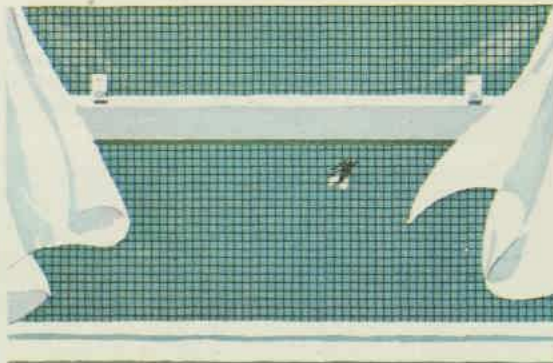


"Cooking's fun in summer now — no flies or moths to annoy with Cycloscreen on all the windows."

"How Cycloscreen put cool summer comfort into our home —and keeps us free from the worry of mosquitoes and flies"



"A completed screen, ready-made, cost us as low as £2/7/0 with Cycloscreen — and only Cycloscreen gave us the choice of every kind of screening material." Maybe it's Fibreglass screening you need for your weather conditions? Perhaps you need Alodized Aluminium; or Zincoid or Bronze? Whatever screening it is, Cycloscreen makes the best for the job. Tell your hardware man, or screen-maker, where your screen will be used — he'll tell you which Cycloscreen material you need.



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"It was so easy to get our screens made with Cycloscreen—the experts measured, chose the right material, made and fitted them. (Next door made their own, following Cycloscreen's booklet.)" You can make your own insect screens easily: Cycloscreen's free booklet tells you how. If you want your screens made, get Cycloscreen's "Screen Maker's Guide"; or ask a local carpenter; or get your hardware man's advice. Experts endorse Cycloscreen—the only screening made in a choice of 4 materials, for all conditions.

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To: Cyclone K-M Products Pty. Limited, P.O. Box 77, East Bentleigh, Vic.

PLEASE SEND US FREE—Your Cycloscreen Booklet...

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 - Which screening material we need for our type of weather.
 - What our family needs to know about fly and mosquito dangers.
- Your booklet "Living's a Breeze with Cycloscreen" puts us under no obligation and is a free service.

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PRACTISING at Sydney's Long Reef to perfect the difficult surf landings they will have to make in rubber floats on Heard Island are several expedition members and some reserves.



BIG BEN (above). Expedition must cross the BAUDISSIN GLACIER (below, with Mt. Olsen).

They'll try to climb Big Ben on Heard Is.

● Big Ben—a 9005ft. rumbling volcanic mountain on Heard Island in the Antarctic—is as yet unconquered by man. Only roaring blizzards, gales of over 100 m.p.h., and gigantic avalanches disturb the mountain's mighty solitude. But his days are numbered.

IN early November a team of men leave on a great adventure—they will sail to Heard Island and, with knowledge to match their enthusiasm, cross the deep crevasses at the base of Big Ben and try to climb the summit.

The team will be led by Major Warwick Deacock, explorer, mountaineer, and the well-known leader of Outward Bound.

This alone would be an adventure such as little (and big) boys dream of—full of the excitement and danger of man against the worst of nature.

But the team will also experience the thrill of being the first to land on the nearby Macdonald Islands, which, although part of Australian territory, have never been officially claimed by landing.

They will raise the Commonwealth flag there.

The expedition is an independent venture to be paid for by donations and funds raised privately.

The team hope to be away for about four months; less if they cannot raise their target of £20,000.

Scientists, led by Dr. Grahame Budd, of Sydney University, will carry on important research.

On the sea voyage, through a little-known part of the Indian Ocean, a programme of marine biology and meteorology is to be done for the Indian Ocean Biological Centre, the C.S.I.R.O., and the Commonwealth Bureau of Meteorology.

Incomplete studies by previous expeditions to Heard Island by A.N.A.R.E. (Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition) will be continued in the fields of volcanology, geology, botany, zoology, glaciology, topography, and physiology. Films will be made and, eventually, a book written.



MAJOR DEACOCK

They have chartered the "Patanela," a robust 63ft. Tasmanian crayfishing schooner, for the 9000-mile return journey.

Plans and fund-raising for the expedition have taken more than a year to complete, for the trip is no light-hearted venture, and Heard Island could not be called a picnic spot.

Several attempts to scale Big Ben have failed.

The oceanic weather, driving winds, and heavy snow and rain constantly buffet the island, where sudden whirlwinds can knock a man down and the blizzards drive the snow to plaster against men and equipment.

The A.N.A.R.E. base on Heard Island has been closed since 1955. The idea for the present trip was conceived late in 1963 after Dr. Grahame Budd and Major Deacock had returned from Heard Island with a visiting A.N.A.R.E. team.

"Spirit of adventure"

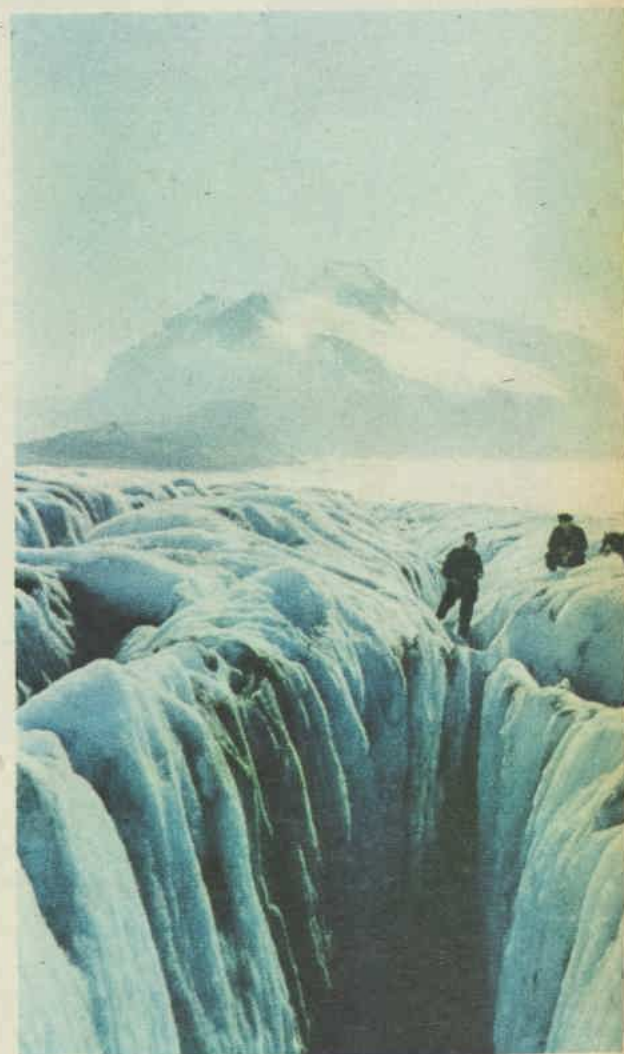
They had made an unsuccessful attempt to climb Big Ben, losing all their equipment and almost their lives.

Major Deacock decided then that another private attempt would encourage a spirit of adventure in Australian youth, and could have important other results.

The other eight members of the team are all men with the specialised skills necessary for such a venture, including climbing, seamanship, or Antarctic experience, etc.

They are John Crick (22), Colin Putt (37), Edwin Reid (27), Philip Temple (24), Dr. Russell Pardoe (30), Tony Hill (24), and (to come from England) Dr. Malcolm Hay and Major H. W. Tilman, O.B.E.

—By Kirsten Blanch



Picture of men in boat by staff photographer Ron Berg. Others from the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition.



CHICKS of the Black-browed Albatross are pictured at left in the nests of parent birds on Heard Island.

MACARONI penguins are seen in the foreground of picture at right, taken on Heard Island, and Rockhoppers farther back.





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(AND YOU NEEDN'T SAY A WORD!)

Not one! Now you're tempting — *without* words. And isn't it nice to be subtly inviting? Cutex Tempt colours on your lips say a million things. And if only fingertips could speak! They'd burst with sweet nothings, too. This is how *he* feels about the new Cutex Tempt colours . . . he can't resist them! Can you?



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The world's best selling nail polish

Tempt Peach, Tempt Tangerine Lipsticks — 5/6, 6/11
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Also Tempt Pink, Tempt Apricot in Creme Polish



MEN, tell us about your own FAIR LADY

**—and win a
world jaunt
for two!**

We have in the past run many contests in which our women readers have largely figured. But sit up and take notice, men, for here is a competition strictly for you, and with it a chance to take the trip of your dreams on a Qantas V-Jet round-the-world flight.

All you have to do, whether you are a bachelor, father, uncle, grandfather, brother, or son, is simply write and tell us in your own words "WHY SHE IS MY FAIR LADY."

You may be brief or take up to 500 words to describe either your sweetheart, fiancée, wife, mother, sister, aunt, or grandmother. Even if you haven't found HER yet, then we would still like to hear of your ideal imaginary woman.

The prize—return tickets for two on any Qantas route—is valued at £1200. As well, the Australian Record Company will give £350 to the lucky winner for accommodation and expenses on a ten-day stopover in London.

The winner may choose to fly via Singapore, Calcutta, Karachi, Cairo, Frankfurt, and then to London; or alternatively via Manila, Hong Kong, New Delhi, Tehran, Athens, London; or by a third route, Singapore, Bangkok, New Delhi, Tehran, Istanbul, Rome, London.

He may wish to return on any of these routes or perhaps via New York, San Francisco, Honolulu, Fiji, to Sydney.

The tickets are valid for 12 months and may be used for a longer stopover in any city, including London, if desired.

THERE WILL ALSO BE A PRIZE FOR THE WINNER IN EACH OF THE SIX STATES.

Male readers (there's no age limit) from all over Australia are eligible.

The "My Fair Lady" contest will coincide with the Australian premiere of Warner Bros.' exciting £8-million film production of "My Fair Lady."

The film stars Audrey Hepburn as Eliza Doolittle, the poor flowergirl, and Rex Harrison as Professor Henry Higgins.

With the original music by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, "My Fair Lady" has been filmed in color for the large screen with six-track stereophonic sound.

Based on George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," the stage production of "My Fair Lady" was the longest-running musical ever presented on Broadway. It ran for 2717 performances.

The film, with £700,000 invested in costumes and extravagant sets designed by Cecil Beaton and with its eight song hits, promises to give wonderful entertainment.

It will be shown at a gala charity premiere in Melbourne on December 9, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund, at the new Palladium Entertainment Centre, which is now being completed in Bourke Street.

This new Entertainment Centre will include two theatres seating a total of 1259 people. The larger of these will be called the "My Fair Lady" Theatre for the film's season. As well as incorporating six shops and a restaurant, the centre will have an inbuilt parking station for more than 700 cars, making it a unique Australian theatrical venture.

Guests arriving at the Australian premiere will use the "drive-up" for the first time. They will alight from their cars under cover, to step straight into the foyer and auditorium.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1964



TOP PICTURE: Audrey Hepburn as Eliza Doolittle in the film of "My Fair Lady."
LOWER: Rex Harrison as Professor Higgins.

OVERLEAF: Miss Hepburn poses in "My Fair Lady" costumes designed and photographed by Cecil Beaton.

PRIZES TO BE WON:

NATIONAL WINNER will receive Qantas V-Jet return tickets to London for two.

● Plus £350 spending money from the Australian Record Company.

STATE WINNERS will receive return tickets for two to Melbourne by Ansett-A.N.A.

● Plus overnight accommodation and meals for two at the luxury Southern Cross Hotel.

● Attend the gala charity Australian premiere of the Warner Bros. film "My Fair Lady" at the Palladium Entertainment Centre on December 9.

● Receive a 12in. LP soundtrack record from the film "My Fair Lady," by courtesy of the Australian Record Company.

HOW TO ENTER THE "MY FAIR LADY" CONTEST

- Men readers ONLY are eligible.
- Entries to be as brief as you like, but must not exceed 500 words.
- Address each entry to "My Fair Lady" Contest, C/- Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
- Entries close on October 28.
- Each entry automatically becomes the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, and will not be returned.
- The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Employees of Australian Consolidated Press, Qantas, Australian Record Company, Warner Bros., Ansett-A.N.A. or any other sponsors or their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

GOWNS BY CECIL BEATON

● Famous photographer Cecil Beaton (who had designed the dresses and settings for "My Fair Lady" on the Broadway stage) spent a year in Hollywood designing the dresses for all the cast in the film. He's a close friend of Audrey Hepburn, and when she saw her gorgeous gowns for Ascot, the Ball, and other scenes—to be used only on the set and then forgotten—she asked if she could spend an afternoon trying them on. So Beaton took these pictures of Miss Hepburn in a never-to-be-repeated one-woman fashion show.



MISS HEPBURN wears an exotic cloak of heavily embossed brocade. The large collar is of ostrich feathers, which also trim the hat.



DELICATELY draped white lace dress has the now-fashionable petal collar. The hat, so utterly Ascot, is adorned with Dior roses.



EVENING cloak, in embossed velvet, has enormous feathered cuffs. Audrey Hepburn wears with it a helmet trimmed with plumes.

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BALL GOWN, cut on the simplest lines, is superbly embroidered in a design calculated to make the tall star look even taller. Tiara and dog collar echo its glitter. Shoe is an exact copy of the pre-1914 style.



CLASSICALLY ASCOT tunic dress is in duchesse satin, trimmed with ermine tails. The black velvet hat is similarly adorned.



CASCADES of colored frills adorn the flowing gold lame evening coat, one of the most luxurious of all Cecil Beaton's creations.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1964

FOR THE FAIR LADY OF THE FILM

LACE GOWN has a fish-tail train and ruffled cuffs, like the bow-trimmed parasol. The hat is in the grandest Beaton manner.



your passport to

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BRING YOUR HAIR TO LIFE WITH COLOUR:

'COLOR-GLO' Semi-permanent hair colouring. Gives subtle colour and sunshiny highlights to dull, mousey hair. Makes it healthy, silky, shining, wonderfully easy to manage. Shampoo-simple to use, lasts for weeks. 7/10.

'COLORAL' Temporary colour rinse. Rinse-in, shampoo-out colour for all hair shades. Adds highlights to natural hair, gives ashen tonings to blonde or brown hair, sparkles bleached or white hair with soft silvery and pastel shades. 10/-.

BANISH TELL-TALE GREY HAIR:

'COLOR-MATCH' Self-lathering liquid colouring. Safe and easy to use as a shampoo, requires no skin test. Blends in grey and white hairs without changing natural hair colour, makes hair lively, lustrous, healthy. 9/6.

'TINETTE' Permanent liquid creme hair colouring. Simple, quick, everlasting colour to eliminate grey or make a complete colour change. Contains inbuilt colour control to prevent over-tinting, and vitalising ingredients to condition and beautify. 11/11.

BE BLONDE—AND BEAUTIFUL:

'FAIR AND COOLER' Blonding creme. Sensationally safe and simple secret to blonde loveliness. Cool and comfortable to use, never a sign of scalp tingle, softly natural results always—leaves hair silky, shining and healthy. 9/11.

BE GLAMOROUS AND WELL-GROOMED:

'ELNETT' Fine mist hairspray. Holds styles firmly, keeps hair beautifully resilient and responsive. Leaves it soft and tender-to-the-touch, clean and shining, no sticky build-up. Lasts for hours, brushes out in seconds. 15/6.

NOURISH YOUR HAIR FOR YOUTHFUL BEAUTY:

'KIRONE-R' Conditioner for damaged hair. Simple sixty-second hair treatment actually strengthens hair, restores body and bounce, youthful lustre and gloss. Easy to use, instant results—even straw-dry hair becomes silky-smooth and healthy. 3/6; 9/6.

'VITALISER' Revitalising cream. Cares for your hair, keeps it healthy and manageable. Simple after-shampoo application, no hot towels, no mess. Regular use prevents dryness, brittleness, split ends. 5/9.

'TRILL' Non-greasy hair dressing. Contains nourishing Vitacol, to smooth away roughness and dryness, give gloss and sheen. Light and creamy, absorbs completely into hair, with never a sign of greasiness or stickiness. Protects and beautifies. 7/3.

LATHER ONCE FOR HEALTHIEST HAIR:

'L'OREAL LATHER-ONCE' Soapless shampoo. Unique "lather-once" formula ensures thorough cleansing without danger of over-washing. Luxuriant lather leaves hair silkier, shinier, cleaner than ever before. So much more manageable, too. 5/10.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE:

For personal advice on hair beauty problems, or for individual guidance on shade selection or hair colouring, send a 2" snippet of hair to Anne Bryant, Nicholas Marigny Hair Beauty Advisory Service, 699 Warrigal Road, Chadstone, Victoria.

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L'Oréal of Paris products are brought to Australia by Nicholas Marigny Pty. Ltd.

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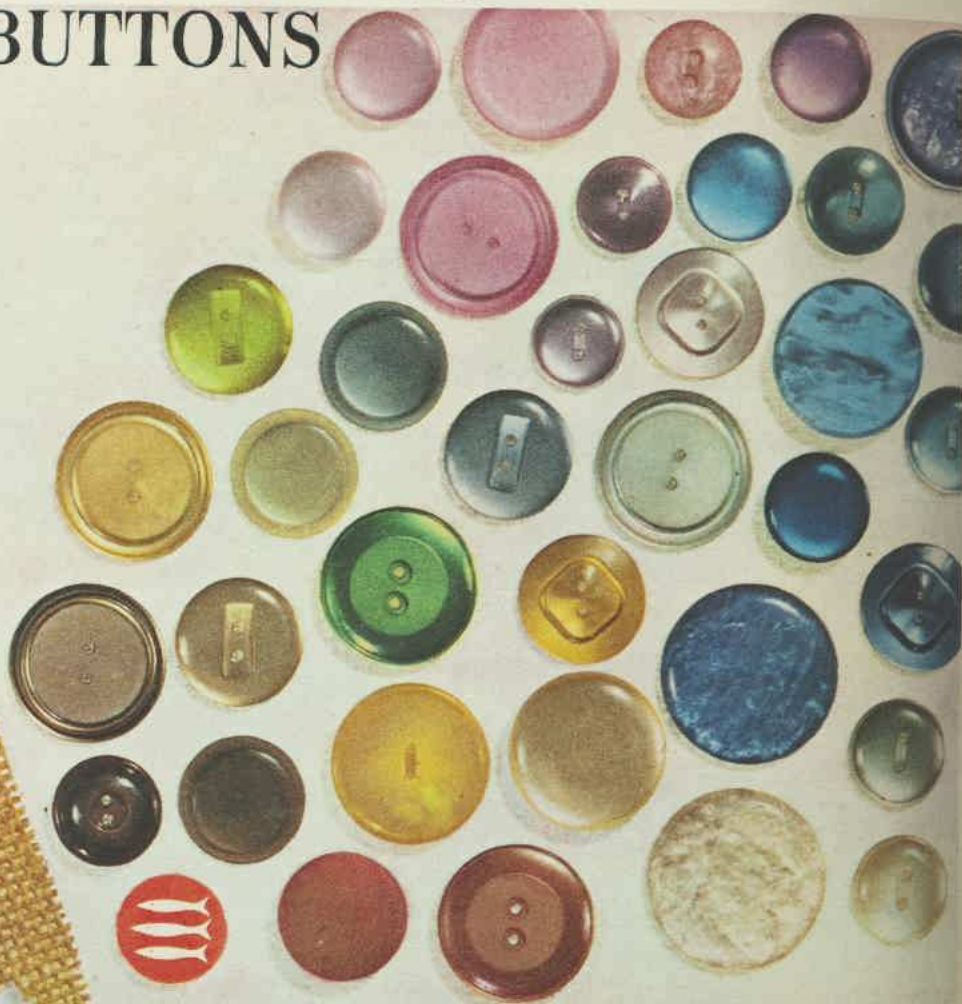
a world of hair beauty

RÉAL of PARIS



Turn fabric into fashion with **Beutron**

COLOUR MATCHED BUTTONS

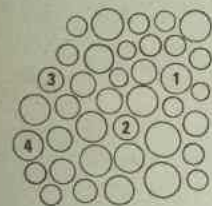


COLOUR MATCHED

Colour-matched to this season's exciting new fashion fabrics
It's more than just a button . . . a Beutron button is a colour-matched fashion accessory. Outstanding quality, too. That wonderful colour simply refuses to boil off, dry-clean off, or fade off. All the best-dressed fabrics are wearing Beutron colour-matched buttons. Are yours?

Vogue Pattern 6225. Beutron proves that a dramatic contrast button is sometimes more effective than a matched one. White Beutron buttons have matt centres, shiny rims. This easy Vogue pattern is now available at all fashion stores.

Beutron



Here are just four from the range of more than 1,600 Beutron buttons.

1. **Summer Sky.** 1 1/4". Curved shank button suitable for heavy fabrics. Rippled effect ideal for matching gay prints. 8 colours.
2. **Daisy Gold.** 3/4". The squared tailored look. 10 fashion colours.
3. **Liquid Lime.** 7/8". Basic square fish-eye buttons for simple shifts, blouses, cardigans. 8 colours.
4. **Nutty Brown.** 1 1/4". Pale matt centre and darker gloss rim perfectly matches tweeds and other fabric mixtures. Many colours including black and white.



CASCADE COUNTRY

● Malanda Falls, one of the scenic spots on the Atherton Tableland in North Queensland. The falls are just outside the town of Malanda, which is the centre of cascade country, where water surges over rock ledges into deep pools surrounded by dense tropical foliage. Malanda is aboriginal for waterfall.

Picture by Adelle Harley.

BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA

Paris autumn success— THE DRESS FOR GRAND OCCASIONS



● Exotic tunic from Dior (above) is worn with a floor-length skirt in smoke-grey silk. The tunic has all-over embroidery and is banded at neck, wrists, and tunic edge with fur.

● Emblazoned with intricate embroidery and glitter is the slender pink evening dress (left) from Maison Dior. The dress has a low-cut top and the long lines of the season.



● The dramatic in color and design is seen in the Jean Patou ball gown above. The dress is sleeveless and self-belted; the bodice is finished with a feather-lined hood.



● Guy Laroche has reintroduced the evening dress with a train. Example above in pink lace has a panel-like train. A swathing of ribbon is placed high on the bodice.



● Typical example of the grand ball-gown revival. The dress, in white lace, is worn with a long pink satin coat. A single rose nestles at the fur-trimmed neckline. The mannequin has one of the new smooth Paris coifs — a steal from the famous flapper bob of the 'twenties.

MONOPOLISING fresh attention in the Paris autumn collections is the floor-length evening dress. Every couture collection is loaded with these beautiful grand-occasion dresses.

The designs belong to all age groups. They portray a potpourri of fresh looks from pretty to seductive to exotic.

There is not a harsh line after the Paris sun goes down; everything is soft and lithe.

Details to note include the dress with a train and one with a Russian-inspired tunic.

Ostrich-feather trims fly free or are closely clipped. And don't forget embroidery. Not since the '30s has a season been so heaped with extravagant glitter.

—BETTY KEEP



● Glamorous white satin tunic-line evening dress (above) is from Jean Patou. The long lean tunic has a high-to-the-throat, collarless neckline and wrist-length cuffed sleeves. Embroidery outlines the tunic.

● Dior gown in deep glowing red crepe has a matching ostrich-feather-trimmed stole. A large fake jewel fastens the neckline.





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Plan your pleasure NOW — from sun-tan golden beaches; restful, relaxing Barrier Reef or tropic isles; cruise the northern coral seas; thrill to exhilarating healthful mountain country — or the timeless world of tropic jungle colour and excitement.

The first simple step towards the holiday of your life is to see the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau. Let them work out costs; make all your travel and accommodation bookings; plan an itinerary for you. This *complete* travel service is free!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1964

Roll over, Beethoven

Music charmed them both—a short story

By ROMA SHERRIS

PEOPLE differ enormously in their attitude toward animals. There's one group which believes they exist purely for human convenience. Another group endows them with all the human attributes and emotions — regarding them rather as if they were people, miraculously exempt from all tiresome responsibilities, such as earning a living and paying income tax.

There's a third group, which thinks of them as neither inferior to nor the same as ourselves, but as creatures endowed with a mysterious intuitive instinct which once belonged to man, and which he has lost in the process of becoming civilised.

I did not always think this way, but it is to the last group that I now belong. What I believe is, of course, impossible to prove. All I can do is to tell you about an extraordinary animal, who befriended me when I most needed it, and who made sure that I was not alone before he finally settled his own problems.

Here are the facts; you can draw your own conclusions.

It happened at a period of intense desolation in my life, when I suddenly found myself alone in a cottage for two, in a village where I had not yet made friends.

Had I allowed them, people would, I'm sure, have been more than kind. But I wanted to be alone, only to discover that my own company was as unacceptable as that of everyone else.

Wrapped in a cocoon of loneliness and despair, I stayed indoors, letters unopened, telephone unanswered, and tried to think of nothing at all.

One evening, I was sitting by the fire half-listening to Beethoven's "Leonora Overture" on the gramophone, when I heard the front door rattle. At first I thought it was the wind. Then it rattled again, this time more imperatively, so I went to open it and in walked one of the largest cats I have ever seen.

His tail was erect, like a spruce tree, and I had just time to notice that he was patent-leather black, spiced with white, as he stalked past me into the sitting-room.

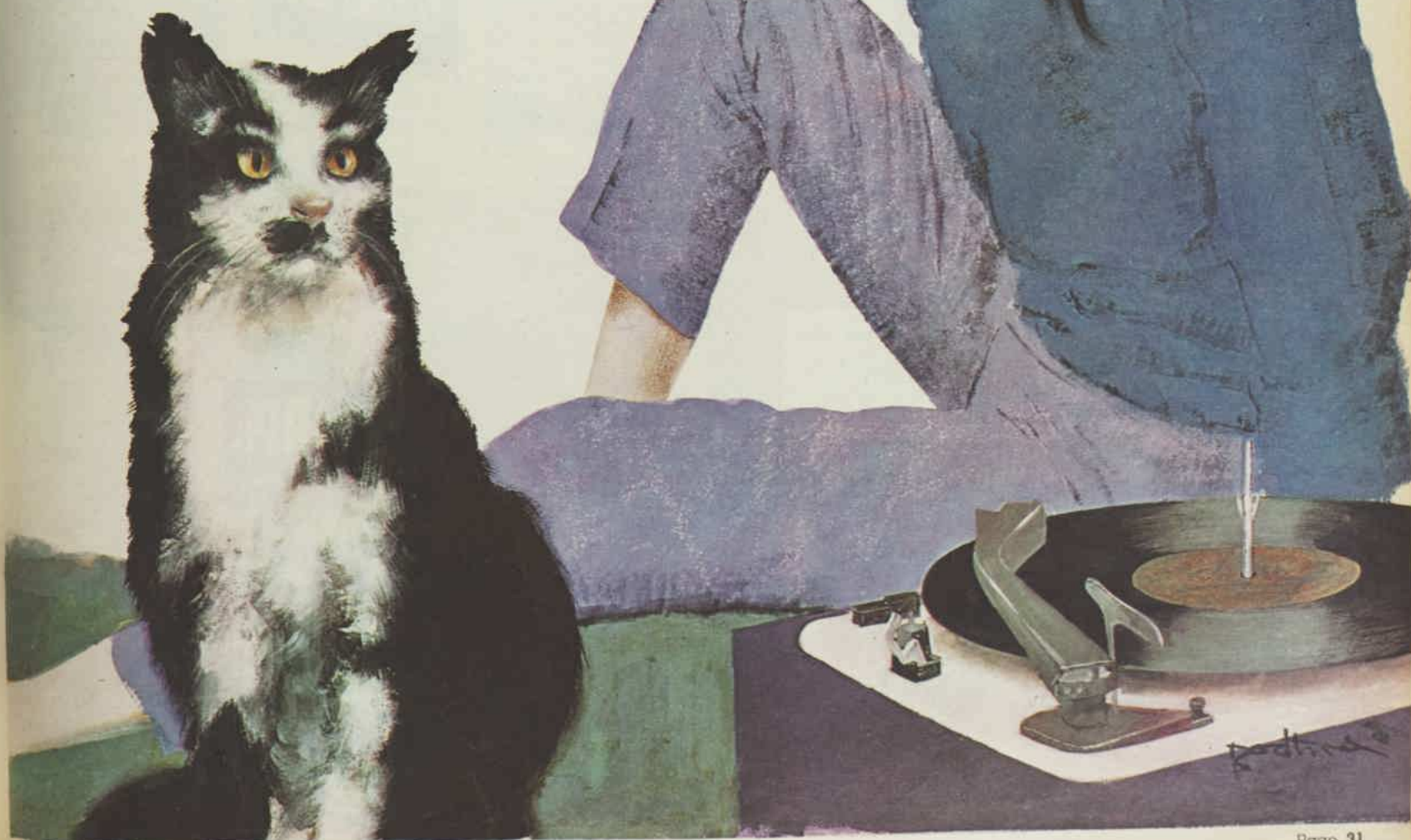
I didn't particularly like cats, and it was indicative of my ineffectuality that I made no attempt to stop him. I simply closed the front door and followed him into the other room, where I discovered him sitting bolt upright, his tail coiled round his paws, in front of the gramophone. He was apparently listening, with great attention, to the music.

Not even the most devoted cat-lover could have described him as handsome. He was not young. His markings were

To page 78

When Beethoven, the cat, visited me he sat close to the gramophone listening intently to the music.

ILLUSTRATED BY
BOOTHROYD



Cut Spring cleaning down to size!



NEW OVENSTICK
cleans your oven
instantly. Can't
drip or spill. No
gloves needed!



RECKITT'S INSTANT STARCH
mixes immediately with cold
water. Gives a crisp finish.
Easier ironing.

Reckitt's
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NO BOILING
just add to cold water



SILVO POLISH is the
gentle easy way to
give a lustrous sparkle
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HARPIC cleans your
toilet thoroughly.
Kills germs. Keeps
your family safe!



A SONG OF SIXPENCE



Hiding himself on the jetty, Laurie jealously watched his mother and Mr. Sommen boating on the loch.

AS a child, LAURENCE CARROLL had lived in a small Scottish village with his parents, CONOR and GRACE. A rare visit from a cousin, TERENCE CARROLL, had explained why his family rarely saw any relatives. Grace's Presbyterian family had rejected her when she had married Conor, an Irish Catholic.

Shortly after Laurie starts at the village school, under Mr. ROGER, nicknamed PIN, Conor's health deteriorates, and they move to Ardfillan, where the climate is better for him. Leaving his job as a salesman for a flour firm, he takes on an agency for a Dutch firm of yeast makers. Although warned by doctors to rest, he continues working, but after a bad haemorrhage dies a few weeks later of tuberculosis.

While Grace nursed Conor, Laurie was sent to his UNCLE SIMON, parish priest at Port Cregan, where MISS O'RIORDAN, the housekeeper, kept a stern eye on Laurie's welfare. But after the funeral, when Laurie met his two uncles, BERNARD

and LEO, and his other cousin NORA for the first time, he returns to Ardfillan with his mother. They give up their flat and live with MISS GREVILLE, a retired schoolmistress who had been helping Laurie beyond the curriculum offered at St. Mary's school. While Grace works to keep the agency, Laurie is introduced to the game of cricket through Miss Greville. At the select Ardfillan Cricket Club he plays with boys from the better private schools of the town. He becomes rather priggish, but is deflated when at the home of one of these boys the cook recognises him, and discloses he attends St. Mary's, when he has told the boys he has a private tutor.

However, he is overjoyed when Miss Greville hints she will help to send him to a better school. The next Saturday she calls on Grace, accompanied by Mr. LESLY, the vicar of her church. Laurie is amazed later to hear his mother say, "Miss Greville is going out of her mind." NOW READ ON:

Fourth instalment of our appealing serial

By A. J. CRONIN

HOW strange were the months that followed, for me so unreal as to maintain me in a perpetual daze, and for my mother so charged with an ever-growing anxiety, the extent of which I did not realise till later, that her nerves were worn to shreds, causing her to start and turn pale whenever some unusual sound would reach us from the main part of the house.

Even now I can scarcely bring myself to re-create the pitiful disintegration of a mind that I had always regarded as cultured and superior, the more so since that mental dissolution shaped itself ostensibly in the pattern of farce, the spinster's infatuation for the young clergyman, subject for the music-hall stage, for vulgar laughter provoked by a cheap comedian with baggy trousers and a red nose. For us, it was far from funny but a reality with which we lived and suffered. That Miss Greville, of all people, should be the central figure, the victim, of such a spectacle — I could not believe it.

Yet, although, of course, I could not know this, Miss Greville's condition was one now well recognised in psychiatric medicine and not at all uncommon in women of her age and condition who have slight paranoid tendencies. In such subjects at the involuntional period a flood of libidinal impulses, hitherto repressed, or sublimated, or dealt with by other mechanisms of defence, is released with specific imbalance of hormones and resultant delusions which are frequently centred upon a favorite physician or clergyman. This absolute and utter certainty that they are beloved and to be married is explained by the most cryptic indications, yet in a supremely reasonable way.

This to me was the most perplexing feature of Miss Greville's behaviour, the rational manner in which she

gave effect to her delusion. Her preparations for marriage were proper and well considered. The additions she made to her wardrobe, no longer exuberant, exhibited a severity which, as she informed my mother, befitted the clerical status of her future husband.

The plans she outlined for doing up the vicarage could not have been bettered, and the materials she had already bought for new curtains were all in quite good taste. Her activities in all directions were endless, she seemed always on the move, going to and coming from the town, and when she found time to sit down she would take up sewing, or start cutting out and shaping patterns, with commendable industry.

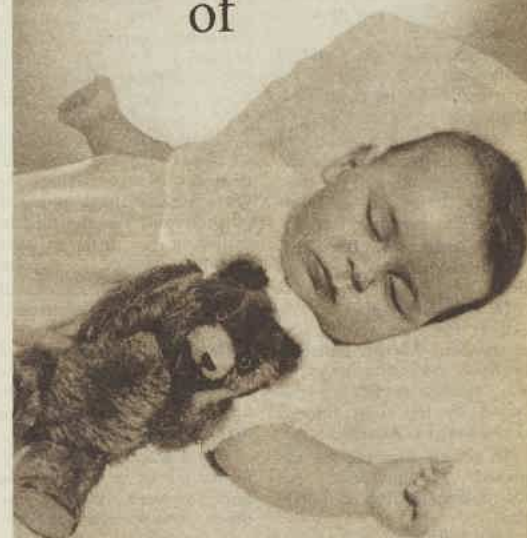
Most baffling of all was the manner in which she received every attempt to dissuade her. At first my mother had been diffident, tactful, and discreet in her approach, but as time went on and all her efforts failed she had come to speak in the strongest terms and to use outright and forceful arguments which no one could reject. Miss Greville rejected them. With her calm and confident smile she would listen, amused almost by Mother's intensity, then, with a shake of her head, would dismiss the most irrefutable logic: "You don't understand, Grace. There are reasons for everything. I know."

These two final words, absolute conviction of inner knowledge, were unassailable to reason. Mother was at her wit's end. From whom could she seek advice? Those acquaintances at St. Anne's familiar with Miss Greville's previous foibles were disinclined to take Mother seriously and advised against action on the grounds that this new manifestation would pass. In any case,

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What
every
baby
dreams
of



BEAR BRAND MILK

so good... so safe

the only evaporated milk
with its goodness
protected by a

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The story of Ian and Dulcie Pritchard

By Dulcie Pritchard

● Slowly, soothingly, my glass-bottomed boat drifted over a coral garden teeming with brilliantly colored tropical fish. I was breathless at this glimpse into a beautiful world I had never seen before.

EVEN the splendor of the sun-dappled white and blue East African coast behind me could not rival this as a spectacle.

Angel fish, parrot fish, Moorish idols, gorgeous but wickedly poisonous butterfly cod, and black-spotted domino fish flicked through crystal water.

Suddenly, as I watched entranced, the figure of a man came out from under a giant mushroom of coral.

There was a flash as a harpoon darted from his underwater gun, and a few seconds later he surfaced with a fat snapper fish.

The man was Ian Pritchard; the fish was our supper.

It was September, 1959, and as the new receptionist at the Blue Marlin Hotel in Malindi, 14 miles away, I was being royally entertained by the most famous skin-diver in Africa.

In return I would be expected to publicise his Ocean Sports Club at Turtle Bay.

Actually I was a school-teacher by profession. After a few years in London, I had gone out to a school in Northern Rhodesia.

There I had worked for three years and now I was working my way through Kenya.

Ian was thirty-three, six years older than I was — tall, lean, with hazel eyes, a scraggy beard, and an unassuming personality that seemed to belie his reputation as a hero of the Mau-Mau emergency, a diver, and a "character."

I had heard that he kept women at arm's length, particularly blondes; that for years he had lived in a hut on the beach, too absorbed in exploring the reefs to care about anything or anyone.

I had been intrigued, of course, like most other girls in Malindi.

But from the moment I saw him go down into the coral garden, I wanted nothing more than to be able to dive like him.

There was a standing invitation for us to come down once a week, but as the other receptionist at the

hotel wasn't particularly keen on diving, I had Ian all to myself.

In Mida Creek, five miles from Turtle Bay, is a reef that has been completely hollowed out so that it resembles a series of rooms and passages.

We explored these galleries together, and it was here, in an eerie yellow light, sparkling with myriads of minute fish, that Ian introduced me to the Big Three — three outsize grouper fish that lived in this marine palace.

The biggest of the three we called Edward G.

Tickled

The first time I saw him I was flabbergasted: he was over 15ft. long and as thick as a beer barrel, with fins 3ft. across, and a mouth I could have swum into without touching the teeth.

That day he was asleep, rolling about in the sunshine. Ian started tickling him in the ribs. He woke with a massive yawn, and with a great heave of his tail shot off into a cave.

We followed him. It was dark inside the cave, but with shafts of orange sunlight streaming in through breaks in the coral, as if this were a church with stained-glass windows.

Edward G. was there, almost luminous in the semi-darkness, like an airship lit up. Then, as we watched, his color began to change.

Gradually he faded, till we could make him out only by the crowd of little pilot fish round his snout.

It was during a practice

dive that I saw my first shark. It appeared as if from nowhere, and was gone before I could panic.

"Not to worry," Ian told me. "Our sharks haven't any unsociable habits like man-eating."

Ian has theories about sharks. Usually, he says, you don't need to be alarmed unless they are excited and moving very fast.

Food, the smell and sight of it, drives them mad.

When they get into a shoal of fish they snap at everything that moves—even at each other—and it's not uncommon for one or two to be swimming about with half the stomach gone yet still frenziedly eating fish.

We once witnessed a feeding frenzy at Kilifi Creek, when a number of sharks herded a huge shoal of mullet till there were literally thousands of silver-grey streaks leaping out of the water and wriggling on the sand.

Shark!

Fishermen were scooping them out of the water with baskets and filling their canoes.

Pulling on our goggles, Ian and I waded in. It was like trudging through the hold of a trawler with the catch alive.

There was a sudden shout from Ian, and I looked round to see a shark's fin scorching toward us.

The water was so shallow that we could see the top half of the great fish as it thrashed frantically, throwing up a spray of mullet.

"Run," Ian shouted, and began hammering at it with the butt of his harpoon gun. That turned it.

Although Ian and I had been seeing a good deal of each other, our relationship, as far as I could tell, had remained completely impersonal.

"Real man"

I was convinced that he didn't take the slightest notice of me unless I was on the sea-bed, wearing a snorkel or an aqualung... and then only because he could not trust me not to do something silly.

It would be honest to say that I was in love with him by that time. He was my idea of a real man.

Born in Kenya, of English parents, he had first come to Turtle Bay on a holiday nine years before, became enchanted with the place, and returned the following year when he had saved up enough to buy a boat.

Then he had just cut adrift from the farming career for which he had trained at an agricultural school.

He had very little money, but his needs were small.

He lived mainly on fish he caught himself. His home was a shack he made out of driftwood and palm thatch.

Most of his time he spent diving and fish-watching.

It must have been a wonderful period for Ian, full of exciting new discoveries every day. Ian recalls that he was so physically fit that he felt like running everywhere rather than walking.

That came to an end with the Kenya emergency.

When the news of the Mau-Mau crisis reached him, he pulled his boat up the beach into the shack, locked the door, and went off to join the Kenya Regiment.

Four years later he came back, with the George Medal.

That was in 1956. He had saved some money, and with a partner named Simon Verst began the Ocean Sports Club, to "sell" skiing and big-game fishing at Turtle Bay.

Ian and Simon built the clubhouse themselves.

They used local materials — coral rubble and mortar, plastered over a wicker framework, and thatched. It was inexpensive, but very cool and attractive.

They cut the bottom and stern off Nana, Ian's old boat, and cemented it on a plinth to provide the bar.

They decorated the place with shells, coral, sawfish blades, and plaster casts which Ian made of the smaller fish in the reef.

Ian was also becoming well known as a diver; he had been chosen for the star role in "The Reluctant Mermaid," an under-sea film shot locally.

Yet, when I met him first, one of the things that struck me was his quiet self-effacement.

He has since assured me that he was interested in me before I ever realised it. To me it had just seemed that I had a rival — the sea, something I couldn't beat so therefore had to join.

That was the way it was for three months, till near Christmas.

Sunset

I would go down to Turtle Bay on my days off, sometimes arriving before breakfast, if I could get a lift that early. But I always left before six in the evening.

Then one day I was stranded at the club without a hope of getting back into Malindi, and Ian suddenly said:

"Why not stop for dinner? Then I'll drive you in myself."

I had never seen the sun set in Turtle Bay. Just before it dipped behind the big coral rock that looks exactly like a turtle, everything was suddenly bathed in a carmine-pink glow.

The next incident I particularly remember was the



ENJOYING the beach near their home in East Africa are Ian and Dulcie (left). In the background is one of the orderlies who live with them. ABOVE: Ian skiing in the water before the accident.



STRAPPED in a special seat on their boat, Ian chats with his wife, Dulcie.

New Year's dance at the Blue Marlin Hotel.

That night he held my hand, and I warned him to be careful as I belonged to that dangerous race of blondes.

The remark made him think, because he let go.

But a few days later I was alone in the hotel office when he walked in and just said he wanted to marry me. "When?" I asked.

"Tomorrow."

One old suit

"I can't tomorrow," I said. "There's nobody here to hold the fort."

"Then the day after?"

"That's Thursday. You've got a big goggling party. I booked it."

After that, all his reserve and shyness fell away and I got an insight into Ian's deep emotional integrity.

We were very quiet about being engaged, but I had to give the hotel notice, the reasons for my leaving leaked out, and Ian suddenly found himself being congratulated wherever he went in Malindi.

Having lived for years in just a pair of shorts, Ian possessed only one suit, years old. He thought it would do fine for the wedding, but I dug my heels in.

I insisted on his having a new one. As I also had to have a wedding dress, we drove to Mombasa to do the necessary shopping.

We had three unforgettable days in Mombasa, but unfortunately we had a tiff on our return to Malindi, which ended with Ian walking out of the hotel.

It was the last time I was ever to see him on his two feet.

Next evening, just after seven, his mother and his partner rushed into my office, asking if I knew where Ian had been taken. "What do you mean?" I asked.

In a spurt of words, it came out that Ian had had a water-skiing accident.

We found Ian at the doctor's. He was in a station-wagon lying on the bare springs of an iron bed. A man was feeding him sips of water with a spoon.

"How does it feel, darling?" I asked.

Ian looked up and smiled. "Not too bad."

I took his hand. It was limp and sweating. I squeezed it, but there was no response.

A surgeon was on his way from Mombasa, 70 miles away. When he arrived he wanted Ian moved immediately to Mombasa, but not by road.

An aircraft couldn't be got at that hour, so we put Ian to bed at the Blue Marlin. Later he told me what had happened. He had not been on skis, but the aqua-disc. He had come off in very shallow water, plummeted forward, and felt a series of explosions in his head.

Though in only a few inches of water, he had nearly drowned while waiting to be picked up, because he couldn't lift his head.

Aircraft

Next morning an aircraft landed on the beach just outside the hotel and Ian was flown to Mombasa, while I followed in the surgeon's car.

When I got to the hospital Ian was in the operating theatre.

After about two hours the surgeon emerged and I tackled him. He shrugged.

"He has broken his neck," he explained. "I'm afraid it's serious."

"How serious?"

"He'll be completely paralysed for the rest of his life — if he survives."

BEATING his paralysis to become an accomplished painter in oils, Ian holds the brush in his teeth when at work.

I AM the youngest of four children. Spoiled and petted, I wasn't used to disaster.

I was bitter with a bitterness that is beyond tears.

I kept ringing the hospital in Mombasa, and getting the same reply — "No change. He's still unconscious."

Then I heard that the surgeon wanted him flown to Nairobi, but the snag was that he couldn't be moved by road to the airport.

Help was sought in high places, and the next we knew there was a helicopter coming from the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Centaur.

I was at the hospital as the chopper went up, with Ian on a stretcher swinging under it. There was something about the way he was being taken away from me that made my heart sink.

Yet when I got to Nairobi I found him chatting quite happily to a crowd of friends round his bed.

One of these was Mrs. (now Lady) Catling, wife of the Commissioner of Police.

When I was introduced as Ian's fiancée, she turned to him and demanded, "When did this happen?"

Joan Catling was later to become our fairy godmother, but I shall not forget her first careful scrutiny.

I was scruffy after the long, dusty drive from Mombasa, and certainly feeling it.

That night Ian had a crisis.

News came that he was dying of pneumonia which had set in, but a friend I was with wouldn't hear of it.

He told me how, when Ian had broken his leg five years before, he still went on diving.

He used to pull on a section of motor inner tube to keep the plaster dry.

"People like Ian Pritchard don't die easily," he said.

My answer was that it might be better for Ian if he didn't pull through. What good was life to him when he couldn't really live it?

Couldn't talk

I was bitter and confused. I didn't realise then the inner resources he possessed. The courage and strength he could draw on. And the sheer talent his disability would uncover.

Next day when I saw Ian I found he couldn't speak. He was trying to say something, but no sound came.

Shocked, I rushed out of the room, calling for the sister. She came running.

"For heaven's sake, what's happened?"

"Oh, they did a trache-



PROUDLY Dulcie stands beside her wheelchair bridegroom on her wedding day.

otomy last night to drain fluid from his lungs."

Then she showed me how to put a finger over a hole in his throat to enable him to speak.

It looked like being a fairly long stay in Nairobi, so I went to the Educational Department to ask for a job. I was immediately sent round to an Asian girls' school.

I needed the money to tide us over what was going to be an expensive period.

The doctors had been saying Ian might get some movement back, so our hopes waxed and waned.

At least mine did. I just couldn't accept the stark truth which it seems Ian had realised in those minutes after the accident as he lay drowning in a few inches of water because he couldn't lift his face out of it.

He guessed right away he had broken his neck. "Nothing belonged any more," he told me. "That's the feeling you have when there's no feeling."

To him those weeks in Nairobi were a dark abyss of the soul.

"Dark abyss"

I was not aware of this at the time, because outwardly he always appeared cheerful.

But as he lay sleepless, unable to move, just staring up into the darkness of his room, his heart and mind were in a state of blind rebellion.

Months later he would tell me, "I felt I had been completely abandoned by my Maker. I couldn't believe any more in a personal God."

"Or if one did exist He must be some sort of remote laboratory man with a big table and a lot of little specimens, picking up one at random and pulling off his wings just to see how he reacted."

But that idea didn't last. What it did, however, was to make him plain obstinate, which no doubt was intended.

"I felt I was being got at, that somebody was trying to make me crack up. So I got tough. That's where the first strength came from, I think."

I saw the change in him. A fine body had been shattered, but a finer mind was taking over.

He had got over the critical stage of his injury, but there were unpleasant side-effects.

When a person is in shock after damage to the spinal cord the circulation is completely deranged.

Ian should have been moved every two hours, but he was not, and his back, elbows, legs, even his heels were covered with bedsores.

Doctors had advised that the best thing we could do for Ian was to get him home to England, to the world-famous National Spinal Injuries Centre at Stoke Mandeville.

It had become a sort of Mecca, for in spite of everything we couldn't help nursing a secret hope that Stoke might be able to work a miracle.

The problem was, of course, the money.

At least £3500 was re-

Continued overleaf



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The Story of Ian and



INDOMITABLE despite his handicap, Ian learns to swim again, helped by his wife, Dulcie, and his loyal negro friends.



WEARING a snorkel, Ian Pritchard slides tentatively beneath the East African waters he loves.

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quired to keep him for a year at Stoke, so the Mecca remained a dream till one day Joan Catling announced that she was going to raise the wind with a public appeal.

I remember shrugging my shoulders sceptically, but she said:

"Just you wait and see. People haven't forgotten what he did in the Emergency."

She was right. Donations came pouring in, boosted by various benefit performances.

Even children went caroling that Christmas for Ian Pritchard.

A staggering response to the appeal made the dream possible, and Ian finally left Nairobi in a hospital Comet on June 16, 1960.

There was a party in the aircraft before it took off, and a photograph of me kissing him good-bye appeared in the paper with a rather slushy caption.

But the truth was, everything had ended between us.

Ian had wanted it that way and I had agreed.

I remained on in Nairobi, but when the school term ended I hitch-hiked down to Mombasa and took a boat to England. I couldn't stand being without him any longer.

I found Ian in a small room of Ward 5 at Stoke Mandeville.

He was pleased to see me, though not surprised.

Through the grapevine he had heard I was coming and on the table was a bunch of yellow roses he'd ordered especially for me.

He still had the bedsores, some of them as large as a plate. They would prevent him from sitting up for another eight months.

But to me it seemed a wonderful change had come over him.

Before, under his cheerful and game exterior, he had been in mental torment, relieved only by the odd crazy hope he would one day get on his feet again and walk.

Now, all hope had gone. He had asked for the whole truth about his future, and got it. He would remain as he was, paralysed from the neck down. Yet he was buoyant.

In his room he held court to a succession of visitors —

outside people he had got to know, hospital staff from distant wards.

There was a lovesick nurse who poured out her problems to him. Another nurse used to read him the poetry she had written.

A male nurse who wasn't getting anywhere with his girlfriend came for advice — and complained when it didn't work.

And there was Reg Malting, an electronics engineer, to whom Ian had given an idea.

That idea has since become the famous Breath of Life Machine — an instrument by which a totally incapacitated person can do such things as type, telephone, ring bells, even operate a precision machine tool by sucking and puffing at a tube.

Always ready for a chat, a joke, to listen, to suggest, Ian meant something to each of these people. The last subject he wanted to talk about was himself.

"He'll be remembered in Stoke as the patient who never complained," one sister remarked to me.

Birthday

My birthday came round on September 26, and as a present Ian gave me a leather jewel case he had stitched together himself, using his teeth and, as he admitted, a little help from the occupational therapist.

I was moved to tears.

It wasn't just the thought and the trouble he'd been to, but an idea that was infinitely sad to me. The idea of a man, once such a magnificent physical specimen, being reduced to doing things with his teeth, much like a sort of intelligent and animated cartoon dog.

There was a momentary glimpse of the sort of future I saw in it for Ian. He must have seen the horror in my face because he didn't say much the rest of that day.

Perhaps they were his own thoughts, too, for next day he suddenly asked me to put a pencil in his mouth and hold a writing pad up to him.

I did as he said, and I watched him draw for the first time.

After a while I had to ask him to stop — I couldn't breathe with excitement. It was a humorous sketch.

"I didn't know you could draw," I said.

"I didn't either," he said.

That year he drew all his own Christmas cards. It was the start of his Christmas-card business which has grown into quite a useful sideline.

He says his urge to do something creative came from Stoke Mandeville.

Games

Stoke was born of the faith and skill of one man, Dr. Ludwig Guttmann, who pioneered the treatment of spinal injuries twenty years ago.

Before Guttmann, paraplegics soon died from kidney infections and other complications. Today, with a little care, their normal expectations of life need not be affected.

They lead useful lives. They play games — I've seen fast basketball matches in which wheelchairs were frequently overturned.

There are even para-Olympics every four years.

Stoke was undoubtedly the right place for Ian. But the spark was inside him and nothing, not even a super-human obstacle, could suppress it.

He once said, "To me it was a challenge — being turned inside out and changed."

"I thought of it as being a lot of new ground to cover, everything having to be learned new, and I always did like novelty."

"I was born obstinate. I didn't want to be just a miserable hunk of ruin if I could help it."

I had a job teaching in Aylesbury, near Stoke. But my spare time was spent with Ian.

In the hospital I came and went as I pleased.

Ian and I never discussed plans. We just drifted from day to day, swept along in the current of hospital life.

The months went by.

The big event we were waiting for was Ian's first day up in a wheelchair. It eventually came in April, and with it a marvellous sense of freedom for him.

I had bought a small car.

The physiotherapist showed me how to lift Ian in and out of the front seat myself, and I was able to take him on long drives in the coun-

try showing him England, which he hadn't seen since he was a boy in prep. school.

But the time was drawing near when he would leave hospital, and the uncertainty of our future together was nagging me.

Finally I put it to him. I said I wanted to marry him.

"Nothing doing," he replied. He spoke very gently but firmly.

"Why not?"

But he wouldn't listen to any of my arguments.

I remember crying in Dr. Guttmann's office, and "Papa," as he is called, taking Ian's side.

"Ian is right. There can be no married life for you together. Only frustration."

"But I love him."

Getting no change out of "Papa," I went to another doctor in the hospital.

I pointed out that some people with spinal injuries had got married. That there have even been children born to parents both of whom were paraplegic.

"Yes, but by artificial insemination," he said. "And in a body with no feeling this is only possible by means of a spinal injection."

"Is there no hope for us?"

"Can't you imagine what it would be like for him — a man with a normal mind and a full capacity for love but an unresponsive body? It would be sheer torture."

"And for me?"

"For you the tragedy would be even greater."

"At the moment you are in love with an idea — a voice, a brain, a personality. But you can't live with just that."

"I couldn't live without it."

"Loves you"

That doctor is a kind man.

With a look of infinite sympathy he said, "The easy thing for him would be to say yes."

"He loves you. But he doesn't want you to be tied to his wheelchair."

I had taken a downstairs flat in Aylesbury.

It was somewhere to take Ian when he was discharged from hospital and while waiting to fly back to Kenya.

"Papa's" instructions, before I took Ian away from the hospital, were that he had to go straight to bed

Dulcie Pritchard

when he got home — he had just got over a cold.

But the moment we were out of the gates we drove straight to London, saw "My Fair Lady," and didn't get back to Aylesbury till past two the following morning.

We did another show. Then a dinner party. Then a charity ball. We went to Stonehenge, and we visited the London Zoo to see the aquarium.

Returning that evening we got stuck in the rush hour traffic and ran out of petrol just opposite the Albert Memorial.

I still get a sickening feeling when I think of it — car horns blaring impatiently behind me, and Ian there, grinning.

I was trying to push the car to the side of the road when a man came up.

"Why don't you do something about it?" he demanded indignantly of Ian.

"Because I'm just bone lazy," Ian told him. "But you give a hand, there's a good fellow."

We had a good laugh about it afterwards.

We were enjoying ourselves, though our fun was bitter-sweet.

Then suddenly it was all cut short with a message that a flight was available.

There was the awful morning I took Ian back to the hospital, from where he would go in an ambulance to the airport.

Two orderlies got him out of the car and he was wheeled in through the entrance.

I made to follow, but I was choking in an attempt to keep back my tears.

So I just turned and walked away. I could never stand good-byes.

I WONDER what's in the chemistry of two people in love that makes each a necessity to the other.

What is the magnetism that draws them inevitably together, when there seems every reason in the world that they should remain apart?

For Ian Pritchard and me it was no longer physical.

Yet when he insisted on a complete break between us, and went back to Kenya, it was as though something had died inside me.

The next two months were a vacuum.

On an impulse, I applied for my old job back.

The reply came by cable. Inside a week I was in Lusaka, resettled in my cool, comfortable flat, and swept up in the gay social life.

I threw myself wholeheartedly into having a good time. It was the only anaesthetic I knew.

Three months passed.

Then on September 26, to my intense surprise, I got a greetings telegram from Ian. I had been corresponding with Joan Catling.

Ian's name had not been mentioned, but shortly after the telegram she wrote to say he was in hospital in Mombasa.

I immediately wrote to Ian asking how things were.

and he replied that he had trained two African orderlies to look after him and that he was running his Ocean Sports Club with the aid of a manager.

He also said he was now painting in oils.

The letter made me cry with happiness and admiration. He had wanted to prove to himself he could be self-supporting and he'd done it entirely on his own.

Then I heard from his doctor's wife. She had enough courage to say if I still loved Ian I should throw up my job and go to him.

I couldn't do that, of course, but I wrote to Ian that if he wanted I could spend my Christmas holidays with him in Turtle Bay.

He responded enthusiastically to the idea.

I had misgivings, as you can imagine. I had got over one heartbreak. Why open the wound again?

But the pull was too strong.

Happy again

It was difficult at first to get back on the old plane with Ian. There was suddenly a barrier of embarrassment between us.

But that soon wore off, and we were laughing again at the same things.

I skied, I goggled, I fished. These things had first brought us together, but now I realised what had made them so exciting for me.

It was Ian's infectious enthusiasm. With him I was never bored.

He couldn't dive with me any more, but he would go out with me in one of his glass-bottomed boats, strapped into a special seat.

We would anchor over the reef, and he would say, "Go down here. You'll find some big potholes in the old coral shelf. Have a look inside them."

I'd come up and he'd ask me to describe exactly what I had seen.

How many species? Was such and such a fish he'd known before still there?

Thus he was able to enjoy the underseas again, vicariously through me.

We were back two years in time, before the accident when we were first engaged and the world held everything for us, and I knew I could never be completely happy except with Ian.

Besides, I felt I could help him to live better the life he wanted.

In fairness to him I examined my motives. Was it pity? No, he had already sent me packing and shown me he was quite capable of taking care of himself.

And it certainly wasn't because I lacked opportunities and a good life somewhere else.

I wanted Ian, but I told him straight out that he would have to make up his mind. It was now or never, because I couldn't go on being put through an emotional mangle.

"I agree," he said.

"Well?"

"You're too impatient," he grinned. "I will propose, but I'm waiting for some romantic moonlight."

By this time my feelings

for Ian had changed somewhat. Mellowed, I think.

I began to see what marrying him would mean.

I am a normal, healthy girl. Was I capable of the sacrifice?

The problem worried me. I wanted to be a good wife.

As the wedding day drew near I began to get cold feet.

My friend Biddy Handley, the games mistress, was making my wedding dress.

It was of ivory satin, short and extremely simple. A plain, boat-shaped neckline, three-quarter sleeves, and a straight apron front that went into a crinoline at the back.

The only thing that was fussy about the whole outfit was the pillbox hat made entirely of satin flowers.

Biddy worked on the dress while I took her hockey practice, and there'd be crazy fittings when she'd call me off the field, and the short dress would be tried on as I stood obediently in hockey boots and knee-length woollen stockings.

There was a panic to get the dress finished in time. There were desperate last-minute efforts of one of my men-friends to get me to change my mind. There were farewell parties. There were agonies of doubt.

Actually I was so uncertain I'd be able to go through with it that I bought hardly any trousseau.

There was the mad car journey into East Africa with Biddy and another teacher, Mary Phillips, finally chugging into Nairobi late on the fifth day, with the roof rack and split-open luggage inside the car and ourselves covered with red dust.

And there was Joan Catling's greeting: "I hope you'll look better on Saturday."

I shall not forget that Saturday, August 18, 1962.

The hairdresser's at 8 a.m. Returning with a glamorous hairdo, but my insides like jelly. Biddy, Mary, and another colleague, Jenny MacClaverty, helping me to dress.

They had to leave in one of the cars, and then there were just Richard Catling and myself waiting for Punch Bearcroft, of the Police Airwing, to phone that he had delivered Ian to the Cathedral.

The wait brought back all my doubts and fears.

There was the drive through beautiful Nairobi, daubed with great splashes of brilliantly colored tropical flowers. Then the walk up the aisle on the arm of Kenya's dynamic police chief.

Music. People standing.

Doubts vanish

I couldn't see Ian, but I knew he was in his wheelchair with Daudie, one of the two orderlies who must live with us, sharing our intimate married life.

Then, nearing the altar, I saw Ian trying to look round, his face so fine, his eyes so kind, and my doubts suddenly fell away.

I was full, almost bursting with happiness.

After the ceremony the reception at the Catlings' home. Then the going away. We had been lent a car.

Ian was wheeled up a ramp into the vehicle, Dau-



WISTFULLY Ian, with his pet monkey, watches Dulcie water-skiing.

die and Javan got in, and I took the wheel.

We left on our honeymoon with the good wishes of everyone.

There must have been few honeymoons like the one we spent at the Brackenhurst Hotel in Limaru.

After dinner the orderlies came into the room to prepare Ian for bed.

Before they left I told them not to bother to come back during the night as I would turn the Bwana myself.

"Yes, Memsahib," Daudie, the fat one, replied. There were tears in his eyes as he went out.

To a simple native ours was not a marriage but a tragedy.

So it began, whatever you want to call it, twenty months ago. I had been warned that there'd be torture for us both.

It would be absurd to say life can be lived on a higher plane. But we have learned to cope with it.

Nothing in life is easy — it's not meant to be that way. But there are always compensations.

For me the greatest is Ian; his companionship, his gaiety and sense of fun, and his flair for putting embarrassed strangers at ease.

I remember the occasion at breakfast in a hotel. At the next table a small boy was being fed and being very difficult about it.

Ian's special spoon and fork had been left behind, so he had to be fed, too.

The boy spotted this. "Oh, look," he yelled, to his parents' acute embarrassment.

Ian immediately winked at them. To the boy he said, "Let's have an eating race. I bet you I win."

The boy was allowed to win, of course, but it meant he finished his breakfast.

The astonishing thing about Ian is his capacity for coping with a major problem. Shortly after we were

married we had to decide how best we could spend the money we'd got as wedding present cheques.

I plumped for new machinery and equipment, but he wanted a studio near the club so that he could paint and be on hand to deal with any snags that cropped up.

Till then I had looked on his painting with his teeth rather as a sort of occupational therapy.

I didn't think we could afford a studio, but I said nothing.

Porpoises

But Ian's first picture, of a sail fish tail-walking, won a big prize in a national painting competition.

It also fetched a good price. Better still, it brought in orders for more pictures.

Today Ian's painting is a bigger source of income than our Ocean Sports Club, which we run together.

His main interest and inspiration is the sea. Currently he is studying porpoises, which he believes are the most intelligent of all animals.

We went out looking for a school because he wanted to show me how to attract them.

We spotted about 50.

"Go in and imitate their way of swimming," he said. "Also try making squeaky noises, like a day-old chick."

"How do I do that, for heaven's sake?"

"By rubbing your finger on the glass of your goggles," he said.

I did that and the effect was immediate.

The porpoises turned and circled round me, rollicking about and quite obviously taking pleasure in my company.

They came past in age groups, the young ones first, then the matron types with calves, then the teenagers, and lastly an old bull, with a

party of young debs frisking round him.

He came up to within a couple of feet of me, flipped on his side and looked at me with one roguish eye, flipped over and looked at me with the other eye, then gave a giggle and porpoised off.

Thus, in our common interests, our life together has taken on a special meaning. Deep down Ian has acquired a wonderful resignation.

"I've had such cause to be thankful," he once said.

"I got the strength from somewhere to make a show of the thing, and to me that's a miracle."

"You can't put up with something rather nasty without help. It's given to you for that reason."

"You might even say, for suffering to be imposed might even be a sign that you've been especially chosen for it."

"It's only a theory, of course, but it's quite a comfortable one."

Possessing an active mind, Ian's greatest suffering is the frustration of being inert.

He is unable to move, even to brush away a fly that is annoying him.

His greatest virtue is forbearance.

Time and again my pet monkey has jumped on his easel, sent his brushes flying, and smudged the paint on a picture.

Yet I have never heard him raise his voice in anger. Ian was always the least demanding of people. Always realistic, clear, full of kindly fun and gentle humor.

The stories he enjoys most are those against himself. Which reminds me of the old lady whom he met with his mother pushing his wheelchair.

"Isn't Ian looking well?" the old lady remarked. "He doesn't miss much, does he?"

Ian, you can be sure, misses nothing.



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The Willow Tree Bridge

It was a miracle of nature
... a charming short story

By ENID CONLEY

At the time, Debbie thought it a tragedy that her father should cut down the tree. Debbie was eight and the tree had been hers all her life. She had climbed it—willows are easy for spidery young legs. She had made cubbies and played house in the summer—willows have wonderful floor-length draperies. In spring, with pale feathery fronds of leafbuds opening, she was a princess in a fairy castle.

Sometimes, when she stayed very still, caught in imagination's web, living streaks of kingfisher-blue flashed through her tower. Debbie, in her castle by the river, added jewels to her dreams.

Until that dreadful day, when her father took an axe to the winter-gaunt tree, and the uncle whom Debbie loved brought his long cross-cut saw to help.

He farmed the adjacent property and had come over through undulating stubble-cropped paddocks, climbing down and up a steep steep-sided ditch, which intermittent rains had cut between the farms.

It was an awkward track to negotiate, with the long wobbly saw over his shoulder, and he cursed the deep ditch, which had once been nothing more than a narrow rainwater run-off dividing the brothers' farms.

But now, from recent heavy rains, was a small gully, which cleft the red-brown earth, its edges crumbling and falling in chunky clots, each year becoming deeper and wider and more difficult to cross. But Ben came that way because it was the shorter and more direct route.

As he reached the tree, and slid the long saw from his shoulder, Debbie came running, one pigtail still unplaited, fair hair flying loose. She clutched her father's arm.

"Don't cut it, don't cut it!" She screamed, frantic, beseeching him, her breath bursting into cloudy puffs in the freezing morning air. "Please don't cut my tree."

"We've been through this before," he said, exasperated, "you know we've got to bridge the ditch and this is the best way to do it."

Her uncle, older than her father by many years, gruff but tender, at some big men often are, put his rough hand on her soft hair.

"We'll leave some of the trunk," he said. "It will grow again in the spring. Willows are quick growers."

But Debbie shook her head and bit her quivering lip. Her mother, plaiting the child's hair, had tried to hold her back in the warm kitchen, but Debbie, looking out of the window, had seen her uncle cross the paddock with the big saw, and had flown from her hands. The mother now came hurrying from the house, calling: "Debbie, you'll catch cold. Debbie, here's your coat."

Debbie rarely caught colds. Her fragile looks belied her wiry toughness.

"Your rubbers, Debbie. Put on your rubbers."

Debbie's slippers were sodden from the frost. She did not feel the rawness of the morning or hear her mother's voice. She moaned softly, shoulders hunched, hands clasped tightly, as the two men push-pulled the double-handled saw, its sharp jagged teeth tearing through the sappy wood.

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Excitedly, Debbie commenced
the journey across the bridge.



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SECOND-BEST GIRL



At the dance Amy stood aside while the boys crowded around the glamorous Diana.

IT was thrilling to have handsome, dark-haired Ronnie Griswald dance every single dance with her and masterfully refuse to let anybody else cut in. Of course, Amy knew he only did it because he'd had a fight with his girl-friend, Diana, and was showing Diana he didn't care. Amy knew, too, that the boys who tried to cut in weren't attracted by any glamor Amy herself possessed.

With her round face and dull brown hair, she didn't have any. It was only because a football hero like Ronnie took notice of her that she had any charms for them.

An honest girl, Amy knew all this. But she couldn't help falling hard for Ronnie — even though she knew she hadn't a chance against a glamor girl like Diana.

Diana was a silver blonde with long dark curling eyelashes and coquettish looks. With a rich father, she wore clothes a movie actress might have owned. Naturally, she could claim a football hero like Ronnie as her steady, but she had so much confidence, so much appeal, she still flirted with other boys, too. Here at the Community House dance, all the boys crowded around her — and even some older men.

Amy always had a good time at the Community House dances. When the boys asked her to dance, she enjoyed it. When nobody asked her, she offered her services at the refreshment table, dipping out glasses of punch or passing trays of cakes and sandwiches — and in a way that was fun, too.

Sometimes she thought some of the boys liked her because she always saw they got large pieces of chocolate cake.

It was when she was passing slices of cake on a tray that she saw Ronnie standing all by himself, glowering. His eyes followed Diana as she circled gaily around the dance floor, gazing flirtatiously up at her partner. Ronnie looked so unhappy, Amy felt sorry for him.

"The chocolate cake is awfully good." She stood before him, holding out the tray.

"No, thank you."

She might have known chocolate cake couldn't heal the hurt a glamor girl like Diana had inflicted. He looked so miserable she couldn't bear to go off and leave him suffering.

"A girl as beautiful as Diana can't help it if all the boys like her," she tried to comfort him.

"Humph," he growled, and almost without looking at Amy, took the tray from her, placed it on a chair and commanded, "Let's dance."

Though Amy was sure Ronnie hardly saw her, from then on he put on a magnificent show of being attentive, even smitten with Amy, but as far as Amy could see Diana didn't even notice it . . .

Once in his car, he lapsed into silent gloom, but at Amy's house he held the car door open for her and walked her to the door. A glamor girl with a line probably would have raved about the wonderful, wonderful time he'd given her and tricked him into a goodnight kiss. But Amy could see Diana was still on his mind.

"I'm sure Diana's just as unhappy as you are," she tried to comfort him.

In the darkness she could feel him staring at her. After a moment, ignoring her reference to Diana, he asked abruptly:

"How about a movie tomorrow night?"

An expert like Diana probably would have played hard to get, regretfully pleading she was so sorry she had a previous engagement, making Ronnie agree eagerly to a later date. Without thinking, Amy accepted.

Whatever Ronnie and Diana fought about, Amy never knew, but it must have been serious. Date after date, Ronnie took Amy to the roller-skating rink, games at school, ping-pong at the Community House, all the places

where the crowd congregated and Diana could see him with Amy.

She wasn't sure whether Diana had discarded Ronnie for good or whether both Ronnie and Diana were too proud to make up.

Even though Ronnie still carried a torch for Diana, Amy couldn't help falling harder and harder for him. After a while, she began to feel he liked her a little for herself. He no longer merely took her to spots popular with the crowd to make Diana jealous.

Some nights, he studied with her. They walked on the beach collecting specimens for his science class. Sometimes they just hung around the house, talking football and books. But he never once held hands with her, kissed her goodnight, or suggested they park in some romantic spot. Amy was sure Ronnie liked her a little, but as a pal, a habit, a second-best girl, a small substitute for the real thing.

If Diana really cared for Ronnie, Amy told herself, a clever girl like Diana would find some way of getting Ronnie back. Maybe Diana really was through with him! A wave of joy swept over Amy at that thought, and then she felt ashamed of hoping to profit from Ronnie's unhappiness.

What could she do to make Ronnie forget Diana? What could she do to awake in Ronnie a romantic feeling toward herself? She wasn't rich enough to wear smart, glamor clothes like Diana's, and then one day she saw the bright blue coat at a rummage sale and recognised it as a coat she'd often seen Diana wearing on dates with Ronnie.

Maybe the blue coat would bring her luck! The coat still retained a faint odor of the perfume Diana wore. After a date — in the darkness — the nostalgic fragrance might make Ronnie kiss the girl who wore that coat. It might make Ronnie fool himself into pretending he was kissing Diana again — and after a while he might want to kiss Amy for herself.

Then, trying the coat on at home, she found a crumpled note in the pocket. All it said was, "Ronnie, call me Thursday at 8.15. Diana." Vividly Amy could picture Diana writing the note and then — out of pride — never sending it. Suddenly, stubbornly Amy resolved to go through with her plan just the same. Getting ready for her date with Ronnie, Amy struggled to brush her hair into the sleek lines of the style Diana wore — not that it finally looked much like Diana's sophisticated hairdo.

Not until Ronnie walked through the door did Amy suddenly feel a horrible revulsion against playing such a cruel trick on him. She went to the cupboard but she didn't put on the blue coat. Instead she took the note from the pocket and held it out to Ronnie. She watched his mouth turn grim as he read it.

"Diana was always sending notes like this. She liked to crack the whip and make a fellow jump."

"But don't you see? She wanted to apologise, but she was too proud to send that note. Now you can call her without hurting your pride a bit."

"Do you want me to go back to Diana?" he asked.

"No," Amy admitted, "but I want you to be happy." "What makes you think I wouldn't be happier with a girl like you?"

"But you never kissed me," she blurted out.

"So I haven't," he grinned, and then, with no moonlight, perfume, or tricks to intrigue him, he kissed her warmly, tenderly, just because she was Amy.

(Copyright)

A short short story by JILL HENRY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1964



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De Witt's Pills

Continued from page 33

from their position with the school, it was apparent that they had no wish to be drawn into the affair.

Campbell, with whom Mother tried to take council, was not helpful. This deaf, taciturn woman had from the beginning resented our presence in the house. She considered that she had prior rights on her employer and was not prepared to divulge the address of Miss Greville's brother in Kenya when Mother proposed writing to him. The difficulty presented by any course of action seemed insuperable, since the first sign of interference on our part would undoubtedly precipitate a scandal in the town. There was nothing to be done but wait.

I must confess that the bizarre aspect of the situation with its suggestion of further awfulness had a morbid excitement for me, stimulated by the changes developing in Miss Greville's personality and physical appearance. The fascination of these transformations was, however, dulled by persistent intrusions of a most depressing thought. If Miss Greville did not resume her normal state, if she continued to deteriorate, how could she fulfil her promise to send me to school? What of my giddy aspirations then? They would never be realised. Never. My heart sank at the dismal prospect. I would be lost.

It may be imagined then how anxiously I studied Miss Greville on the occasions when we were together. These were diminishing, since in the evenings Mother kept me closely by her side. Nevertheless, lack of opportunity did not debar me from hoping and fearing, nor my spirits from rising and falling like a barometer. In the main, I was optimistic. This can't go on, I told myself, it must pass. Nothing will come of it. And if we can last it out for another six months all will be well.

Alas, I was deluding myself. Other factors were already operating, contingencies I had not even contemplated. All my thoughts and efforts had been concentrated on Miss Greville. I had forgotten about Mr. Lesly.

It was a wet Saturday afternoon and Mother was reading the "Ardfillan Herald," which always appeared at the weekend. Suddenly I heard her exclaim, in a startled voice: "Merciful heavens!"

She had changed color, yet she did not put down the paper, but went on reading almost desperately. Then she let it slip from her hands and lay back in her chair staring unseeing at me. This could only mean disaster. Already my scalp was beginning to creep as I put that too familiar question.

"What's wrong, Mother?"

She did not answer, did not apparently discover me within the remote field of her vision. Her lips were moving not, experience told me, in prayer, but because, silently, she was talking to herself. I was about to repeat my question when, as though breaking through the sound barrier, these words escaped her.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4085W, G.P.O., Sydney.

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

"She's bound to see it . . . or to hear of it."

"Mother." I had to shake her arm. "What has happened?"

"Mr. Lesly is going to be married." She paused. "On the fifteenth of next month."

As though unable to continue, she handed me the paper. A paragraph in the Social and Personal column was headed: Popular Vicar to Wed. And beneath in a smaller type: Nuptials announced of Mr. H. A. Lesly and Miss Georgina Douglas. Hurriedly I skimmed through the rest of the paragraph: a long-standing attachment . . . sudden decision on the part of the happy couple . . . welcomed by their numerous friends and well-wishers.

"But this is wonderful," I cried. "It settles everything."

Mother eyed me silently. "Don't you see, Mother, when Miss Greville sees he's going to marry someone else she'll know he can't marry her."

"That will be a great help to her, poor creature."

Mother's pale, sad smile disconcerted me.

moving to the door, threw it open.

Campbell stood there, a sudden apparition, her thin, black, angular figure ominous in the dusk. Her hands were folded in front of her starched apron.

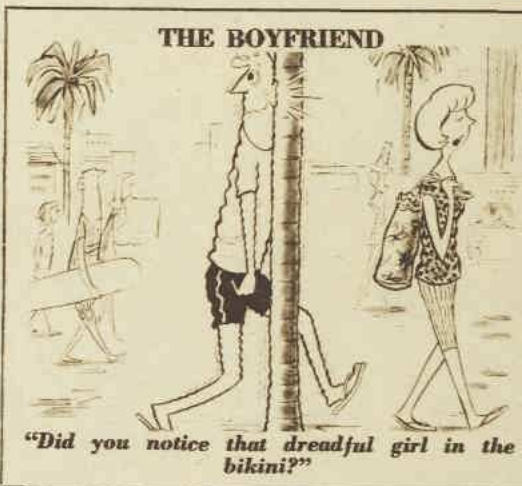
"Madam wishes to see you both," Campbell said.

"I don't think," Mother began, turning toward me.

"It's all right, Mother," I interrupted. "I'll go with you."

Nothing heroic prompted this declaration. My heart was beating fast and my knees were uncertain, but I did not wish to be left out of this. I felt indeed that Miss Greville, facing a crisis in her life, might well be impelled to a vital declaration upon my future.

Mother hesitated. I sensed that she wanted to question Campbell, to glean some information as to the present state of affairs. But Campbell was not one to be questioned. Already she had begun to move off. We followed her. Outside Miss Greville's bedroom she paused and, always correct, opened the door for us.



"You mean, she won't . . ."

"I don't mean anything," Mother said firmly, with an air of terminating the conversation. "But I don't want you to go down to her for a bit. Not till we see how things work out."

All that evening Mother and I kept very quiet. The house was quiet, too. On the following morning we went out to the ten o'clock Mass. Occasionally on Sunday we had an invitation from Miss Greville to have midday dinner with her. Today, when we returned from church, there was no invitation, and Miss Greville had not gone to St. Jude's.

The house was still quiet. I forget what Mother made for our lunch, because, for once, I certainly did not notice what I was eating. Afterwards, Mother lay down for an hour, while I did my weekend homework.

At four o'clock I made the tea. We were now so under the spell of this perpetual stillness that we were talking almost in whispers. I took the tea things to the sink, glancing at Mother while I washed and dried them. I could see that she was terribly on edge, she kept walking up and down our little corridor, but softly, in her indoor slippers, listening all the time with her head to one side.

It was getting dark now and it had begun to rain again. Suddenly, as I was about to light the gas, there came a knock at our door.

Visibly, Mother started. I looked at her with questioning alarm.

"Shall I open it?"

She shook her head and,

should ignore it," Miss Greville went on, "since it is at best a clumsy device. But on considering the matter more fully I have decided that action is necessary."

Mother had gone right again.

"You realise, of course that he, poor man, had no part in this. The whole scandalous affair is an intrigue, instigated by the woman with the connivance of the editor and in all probability the provost of the town."

BRUSHING aside Mother's attempted protest she continued, as moderately as before, but with a new note of gravity.

"So I have written these letters . . . which you will be good enough to post for me, Carroll." She held them out and I found myself accepting them. "One is to Mr. Lesly, another to his Bishop, the third to the editor, and the fourth to the town clerk. The final letter is to that woman." She paused, glanced significantly toward her dressing-table. I felt Mother start. The folds had been brought up from downstairs and their end buttons removed. "Yes, Grace, I have challenged her to a duel."

"Oh, no," Mother cried. "You simply mustn't do that."

"Even if I must not, I will." Miss Greville smiled and in its vacuity, its total blankness I knew it was the smile of an utterly demented woman even before she added: "Naturally, dear Grace, I am relying on you to be my second."

I don't know how we got out of that room. The moment we escaped, Mother went straight downstairs to the telephone and rang Dr. Ewen. He came in about half an hour.

By that time, overcome by a sense of utter desolation, feeling like an idiot myself, I had retired to my burrow in the kitchen alcove. There I remained during the doctor's visit, emerging only as I heard signs of his departure. As I looked down over the banister of the stairs into the hall below I heard him say to Mother: "She will have to be certified and removed at once."

Three months later, sitting opposite Mother in the Winston train, I examined her covertly, trying to read her face. What I saw there gave me a sinking in my inside. I sensed that desperate measures were in prospect for us. Several times, in the hope of discovering the secrets that sealed her brow, I had made an effort to draw her into conversation, and presently I tried again, using the visit we were now making to Castleton Asylum as an opening gambit.

"Do you think Miss Greville will be better?"

"I hope so, dear. We shall soon know," she answered, and lapsed again into silence.

Defeated, I turned and looked out of the window, blind to the fleeting vista of the river shippards, seeing instead the sequence of events that had brought us beyond the edge of disaster.

Not long after Miss Greville's removal her brother had arrived — tall, lean, and bronzed, with a commanding manner, and an appearance formidably correct. He had immediately taken charge and, after visiting his sister, and several interviews with her doctors, had terminated the lease of the maisonnette, and ordered the removal of the furniture to a depository.

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Dressing twins alike

LIKE Mrs. Steen (N.S.W.) I also have an identical twin sister, but I do not think that having been dressed alike had a bad effect. We had a lot of fun being dressed the same, and being mistaken for each other. Once we started work we dressed differently, except on special occasions, when we got a kick out of dressing exactly the same. We haven't lost any confidence through being dressed alike, but rather gained great value from our closeness—even now when we are married and live 30 miles apart.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Judith Bremer, Cheltenham, Vic.

AS the mother of 11-year-old twin girls I must agree with Mrs. Steen. Twins lose their right to be individuals and are classed as a pair if dressed alike. Several years ago my children refused to be dressed alike, because they were never called by their own names away from home, and people used to stare at them in the street. Now they lead their own lives as individuals, and are much happier for it, for now they are classed as sisters and not as twins.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Easten, Subiaco, Qld.

MY twins are 13, and are known as mirror twins. One is left-handed and the other right. In no way are their habits alike. They have different friends and I have never dressed them alike except for school uniforms. They only have one thing in common: whatever happens to one—cut finger, toothache, sore eye—happens to the other. Once I took one to the dentist, and he discovered it was the other who had the bad tooth. When one had her tonsils removed, the other went to school and was told nothing. But she fainted at what was later found to be the exact time of the operation, though they were 20 miles apart.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. M. Baldwin, Clarinda, Vic.

MY twin sister and I had great fun and enjoyed it when as teenagers we were dressed alike. If we had had twins of our own, we would have dressed them alike, too.

£1/1/- to "Tears' Mum" (name supplied), Croydon, Vic.

A NAME is part of us. If people would only treat twins as individuals, call them by their christian names and not Twinny or Which Twins Are You? we twins might feel a little better than inanimate objects.

£1/1/- to Cindy Meagher, Balwyn, Vic.

Men prefer blue

CAN someone explain why the majority of men prefer the color blue to any other color. I know lots of men who remark how nice a woman looks if she is dressed in a blue dress or coat, yet they take very little notice of any other color. All the men members of my family have a strong preference for the color blue.

£1/1/- to "Blue Eyes" (name supplied), Camperdown, Vic.

Send a "cheer-up box"

TRY a "cheer-up box" for a sick or absent club member, with other members bringing a small gift such as fruit, chocolate, a hanky, soap, or biscuits, etc. They need not cost much—up to 2/-—but such a box means much to anyone not able to get out, or to old folk. A small note or get-well card completes the surprise, which is delivered by a club member.

£1/1/- to E. Pond, Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Lengthy visit

RETURNING from a holiday by train, I asked a man in the same compartment if he was from Sydney. "Oh, no," he replied, "I'm from Queensland, but I've been staying in Sydney for the past 40 years."

£1/1/- to "Meg" (name supplied), Padstow Heights, N.S.W.

Paying for the wedding

ISNT it time, in these days of high costs, for a change in the custom of the bride's parents paying for a wedding reception? I feel that a 50/50 share between bride's and groom's families would be much fairer. As well, it would allow the groom's family much greater freedom with the guest list and with other details in which they would like some choice.

£1/1/- to "Lou Lou" (name supplied), Manly Vale, N.S.W.

Voices over the ocean

MY brother's pen-friend in America recently sent us a two-hour tape-recording on which he and his brother and their wives "visited" us. They asked all sorts of questions about Australian life and gave us their opinions on subjects of interest, interspersed with friendly observations about themselves and their families. We really felt we had spent the time with them and plan to reciprocate with an "evening at our place."

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. A. Schumann, Lower Mitcham, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

"ANNETTE to Marry," the paper said.

I read the news with a pang of regret for old times. It conveyed beyond any doubt that Annette Funicello, former star of the Mickey Mouse Club, had grown up.

I have a special fondness for Annette, because it was through her that I briefly became a Very Important Person.

The time was some years ago, in the first thrilling days of television. We had not yet learned to take it for granted.

We used to sing commercials with the passion of opera fans, especially "O.K. Washo, Washo Is O.K."

Dinner was munched nightly in front of the set as we gazed in wonder at the new world of entertainment. We saw Superman float on high o'er dales and hills, and the Three Stooges pelt each other with pies.

Nothing was more popular in that innocent era than the Mickey Mouse Club. Boys and girls wore Mickey Mouse T-shirts with their names printed in large letters. My daughters had pictures of Annette pasted

on the doors of their bedroom cupboards.

Such was the background when I left on a short trip to California. While there I was entrusted with a mission of top importance—to interview Annette for *The Australian Women's Weekly*.



The meeting took the form of a lunch at a restaurant.

I found Annette to be a pretty teenage brunette. Nothing of historic importance was said during the meal. All I remember is that she was a nice, unsophisticated girl.

The real drama of the interview was the reaction in my district.

PSYCHO

• All young couples wishing to marry should consult a psychiatrist first, so Dr. Adolf Hass told the International Congress of Psychotherapy in London.



"I'd like," he said (this modern man),
"To offer you my hand
And (without prejudice) my heart,
But kindly understand—
My health is good, my bank is fair,
My presence seldom bores.
I've seen my own psychiatrist,
And will you please see yours?"

A worthy sort of chap was he
And as he turned to go
He wondered, with a solemn frown,
Why she had answered "No."

—DOROTHY DRAIN

Two born with a tooth

WHEN my daughter, now aged two, was born with one tooth I was very surprised and proud. I now have a baby boy and he also had one tooth at birth. Can any readers equal or better this?

£1/1/- to "Proud Mother" (name supplied), Cronulla, N.S.W.

Grandma has a plan

I HAVE found an excellent way of keeping one's small grandchildren amused and occupied. Allot a drawer, preferably in your sideboard, for the children's exclusive use. They go straight to the drawer when visiting you to see that everything is as they last arranged it, then spend the rest of the time rearranging it. They never pry into other drawers or cupboards and often keep special treasures in their own allotted compartment, rather than take them home.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Clutterbusk, Glenorchy, Tas.

Smart girls don't have

- fluffy, fly-away hair
- tangled, hard-to-comb hair
- hair with that unruly "mop-head" look
- or hair that refuses to hold its set

Smart girls rinse away their problems with wonderful New Tame... the non-oily Creme Rinse hair conditioner that works invisibly. Just one spoonful of Tame in a cup of water, rinsed through your hair after washing it, does miracles. Tame makes your hair so easy to comb, wet or dry; so soft, silky and shining and so well behaved it will set like a dream, with every strand smoothly and sleekly under control.

The secret? Only Tame is rinsed into the hair to rid it of static electricity, the cause of fly-away, unruly hair. Tame separates and smooths each strand to a live, vital sleekness that will last till your next shampoo... when, of course, you'll want to use Tame again for that smooth high-fashion look. Tame is made by Toni.

IT'S A SHAME TO SHAMPOO WITHOUT NEW

Tame
CREME RINSE

At your Chemist or Store
SACHETS 1/6
BOTTLES 6/11

FREE TRIAL

Shirley Douglas
Toni Hair Beauty Service
Box 223 P.O. Dandenong, Vic.
Please send me a FREE TRIAL sachet of Tame Creme Rinse.

Name _____
Address _____

E863

Nailoid gives you lovelier, healthier nails

Because Nailoid nourishes and strengthens nails.

Start Nailoid care tonight. It's a two-minute application that easily becomes part of your nightly beauty routine. You'll watch your nails grow steadily lovelier, healthier. It takes 12-14 weeks for a nail to grow. At the end of that time your immaculate new nails and cuticles will amaze you. From chemists and stores.



*I make mistakes with my lips...
...who doesn't?*

Well, maybe the only people who don't are Innoxas. Not ever. I suppose that's because they take such enormous trouble. And it shows in everything they do. The way each Jewelfast lipstick is smoother... kind to sensitive lips. The way the colour in the case is the same when it goes on your lips. The way it stays that colour. The way each new colour is as fashiony as Paris. Perfectionist is a dull sort of word. But you know what I mean? I hope I'm one. I know Innoxa is.



Hot gossip for Spring

FashionTalk

a gay new colour-true* orange currently taking star billing in the new season's range of

INNOXA

Jewelfast Lipsticks and Nail Enamels

Other colour-true* lipsticks available at your Innoxa Appointed Retailer

SAFE GLE • WILD CHINCHILLA • FRESH TANGERINE • MANGO SPICE • ORANGE'S LEMON • HOT PEACH • HOT LIME
HIGH SOCIETY • LILLOPS & ROSES • BUNDELL YING • SPRING RICE • TRETTIMENT • ALEXANDRA ROSE • HONEY BUN • RUBY
CORAL • POSTMAN'S KNOC • FIRE CORAL • WILD POPPY • APRIL JAY • DEBATE PINK • AUTUMN GLOW • MAYBID • FANDANGO



* TRY THIS COLOUR TEST

Rub Fashion Talk or any other Innoxa colour-true lipstick on to your hand—moisten with your mouth. Watch it stay colour-true, the way it does on your lips. Try the test with other lipsticks.



Another glamour product from the House of Skin Care—

INNOXA
LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

To educate—or not to educate?

Should a brilliant child of uneducated parents be encouraged to go to university and enter a profession, or should he or she be kept within the limits of a near-poor family?

I'm a mother facing this question at the moment, and only time will provide me with an answer.

My daughter began a university career just this year. This isn't a world-shattering event in most families, I know, but let me tell you a little of my life at the time when I was about 17, the age my daughter is today.

I left school during the Depression years of the 'thirties with the opportunity of a scholarship which would have enabled me to enter a profession.

But I was one of a family of eight children, and in those bad times I'm afraid the financial position of my family soon put paid to my hopes and dreams.

Over the years my love of books and my regard for education always remained with me, however, and I have seen and encouraged my daughter's talent until she has reached the university via bursaries, scholarships, and a very limited income.

It has been a long, hard road, and there have been times when I have been very ill, and there has been death and increased hardships in the family. But still she has rowed her own little boat to success, and I am very proud of her.

My problem is this: will my daughter be ashamed of her uneducated parents as she makes new friends? Or will she be grateful to us for being given the opportunity to advance herself in a world where education is even more of a must in the future than it has been in the past?

If my daughter seems to grow away from me, will I be given enough love and understanding to realise my own limitations, and start a new life for myself which will leave her free and unencumbered in her new world?

The gap in status . . .

And will the gap in the social status of the various families she will meet be too great for her to bridge?

Already I am feeling a little uncomfortable among her friends, but I console myself when I remember the wonderful help and encouragement my daughter has received over the years—not only in the modest way from us but in the broad sense from the patient, understanding teachers, the university staff, and our own family doctor.

In the process of giving my daughter her opportunity, will I, at the same time as I'm giving the community an educated person, be losing my only child for myself?

Have I made the right decision? Deep in my heart I know the answer. Whatever else, my daughter must be allowed to forge ahead, not held in by selfish strings.

If time proves me wrong, then perhaps my faith in my fellow-beings will be shaken, but I don't think so.

I would like to say to my daughter: "Love, hate, and human kindness are to be found in all walks of life—look, and you will find them."

Whenever and if ever she feels a little inferior because of her lack of clothes and that little extra money, I'm sure she will always find things to compensate—things like a walk in the bushland, free concerts, and the company of the many friends I am sure she will make.

An active, seeking brain is a gift of God, and I'm sure that if my daughter uses this gift she will be happy.

All the hard work, and perhaps all the hurts which I cannot and would not want to shield her from will make her a finer and nicer person to know. As a mother, wanting the best for her child, I could not ask for more.



"Now let me tell you the kind of day I had!"

What is YOUR story?

THE stories on this page, which discuss two angles on education, were written by readers who wish to remain anonymous. If YOU have a story to tell on any subject, you are invited to contribute to our popular series "A Reader's Story."

Stories may be up to 1500 words in length, and should be true. The author may choose her (or his) own subject. A personal problem solved; an unusual or difficult family situation; a strange, interesting, or dramatic incident in everyday life; or simply coping with housework and children are all practical suggestions for your stories.

Address your contributions to "Family Affairs," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We will pay from £5 to £20 for each one published.

There are rich rewards in study and sacrifice . . .

● The question of whether study and self-sacrifice pay off in the long run is one which parents love to debate, and I'm one mother who thinks the answer is definitely in the affirmative.

WHEN my eldest son was 16 he was in first-year at the university, and because of his small amount of pocket-money he was unable to go out very much.

He devoted most of his time to study, and even when he went to a party he often took along a book.

Some of my friends would laugh about this and say he was silly not to have a good time while he was young.

But in his own way he had a good time, too.

Every Saturday he and his friends played tennis, and on Sundays they would often go for picnics.

He could always bring his friends home, and they played records and talked, and all told, got a lot of satisfaction out of their leisure hours.

When he was 18 he met a nice girl who was a year younger and planned to train as a schoolteacher when she left school later that year.

As all mothers know, books are very expensive, so by the time John bought all he needed and paid his other

expenses he had only about 30/- a week pocket-money.

This allowed him to take his girlfriend (who within a few months was also a university student) to the pictures or some other outing only once a week.

However, John was a smart lad, and by the age of 19 was a Bachelor of Science.

His next problem was to get a job. This was not easy, as although he had the knowledge for many jobs, he didn't have experience.

A bad start

His first position was at a hospital in the X-ray department, but he did not remain there long, as he found it was too depressing to see the many sad cases, particularly among child patients.

After he'd given his notice he was out of work for three months, and he found it very disheartening.

He had no money, but he still had his girlfriend.

Fortunately, however, she didn't mind his lack of finance too much, as she was still at university and didn't have too much time to go out, anyway.

At last John got a job in the research department of a big steelworks, and though

he didn't get very much money at first, he saved enough to put a deposit on a block of land.

By this stage his girlfriend (yes, still the same one) was doing quite well as a high-school teacher, and when John was 21 they became engaged.

John now had his land paid for, and was getting much better money, but even so it meant they had to go without a lot if they were to have their own home.

But they managed. They married just before John turned 23, and with the help of the money his wife earned in the six months she kept on working, they saved enough to put a deposit on a big house.

It took the builder about three months to finish their home, and it was a great day when they moved in.

Now my son has a lovely home, lovely wife, lovely family, and a splendid job which pays £50 a week, besides a bonus at Christmas.

And with all this he is still only 26, and young enough to have the good time everyone thinks so important.

Was he a fool to study? What do you think?



NATION-WIDE STRIKE

KIDS DOWN TOYS FOR GRAVY

Even the hungriest youngsters can lose interest in a dry meal. But a little gravy on the meat 'n' potatoes brings appetites to life in a jiffy and gets knives and forks flying! That rich aroma and rousing GRAVOX makes meals disappear like magic into tiny-tots' tummies. Serve them gravy made with GRAVOX tonight.





There are some things about which you must be quite sure...

You must know how your present insurance dovetails in with:

Your mortgage repayment programme.

Social Service provision for widows' and old age pensions.

Death Duty requirements.

Family income and cash needs.

You must have all the facts on these and other related points. You must be quite sure that everything adds up correctly.

You can be sure if you arrange to have an A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP.

4

FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

- 1 Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
- 2 Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
- 3 Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
- 4 If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.



AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

Head Office: Sydney Cove, Offices in cities and towns throughout Australia and New Zealand and in the United Kingdom.



Every A.M.P. member enjoys the unquestioned security afforded by assets approaching £700,000,000 which the Society seeks to invest to the greatest benefit to members.

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Toward Mother he was at first polite, then coldly polite, and finally merely cold. Campbell had his ear, he relied on her, the old family servant, and Campbell had never liked us. We had come solely on Miss Greville's invitation, and Mother, even when we were living from hand to mouth, had never failed to pay her rent, yet we were made to appear as interlopers. In the end, just three weeks ago, a lawyer's letter had arrived curtly giving us a month in which to vacate our apartment.

True, with Miss Greville gone, and with the main part of the house dismantled, there was nothing to keep us at No. 7. But as the period of our notice began to run out, the uncertainty of our future increased. While maintaining a disturbing reticence, Mother was unnaturally active, not at the agency, where her work seemed almost to have ceased, but in sudden sorties to unknown destinations.

Never before had I known her write so many letters: to Uncle Simon in Spain, to her brother Stephen, who now had an appointment in the Civil Service in London, to Uncle Leo in Winton, and others to people I had never heard of in places as distant as Liverpool, Nottingham, and Cardiff.

A sudden blackout of the landscape, as the train roared into the low-level tunnel, indicated our approach to the Central Station. In a few minutes we were making our way up from the smoky platform, sunk in the very depths of the city, to Union Street and the yellow tram.

It was a long, slow ride to Castleton—in those days, although the Corporation trams ranged far and wide, their speed was not excessive. But the day was sunny, and as we left the drab core of Winton, passed through the scattered suburbs, and emerged to the pleasant open countryside beyond, my spirits, always responsive to a prevailing green, lightened considerably. Castleton, still untouched, was a pretty little village.

At the Asylum entrance, where the tram conductor put us off, two massively ornate gates were flanked by twin lodges set in the high surrounding stone wall. I felt a strange emotion, half anticipation, half dread, as I pulled the wrought-iron handle of the big jangling bell.

Mother had a pass which she showed to the lodge-keeper, and when it had been carefully scrutinised, he went to a wall telephone, whirled a little handle, and spoke.

Eventually the keeper came back, smiled and nodded, and the gates were unlocked.

As we entered and began to walk up the broad, sanded avenue that wound between tall beech trees toward the castellated mansion on the hill, I gave an exclamation of wonder at the extent and beauty of the estate. On one side a broad orchard of apple and pear trees was in full flourish, through which I made out

Continued from page 42

a model farm with barns and haystacks, while on the other a rising stretch of parkland, studded with specimen chestnut trees, gave way at the far end to the more formal garden that fronted the house. We passed a croquet lawn, a row of tennis courts, a trellised shelter set between double herbaceous borders blooming with pink tulips.

There seemed nothing to offend the eye until suddenly, on the skyline, I made out a long dark procession of plodding figures, some grotesquely bent, others gesturing, all exercising slowly, like a string of prisoners, with a nurse in front and another behind.

At the main entrance we were now expected and admitted by a

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

sister in dark blue uniform. Using a key, which was chained to her belt, with the dexterity of long practice, she took us through a series of doors, all without handles, along a wide, thickly carpeted corridor embellished with ornate gilt furnishings and set at intervals with other heavy doors, all shut, then into a small end ante-room where she paused and, looking at me without enthusiasm, spoke in an undertone to Mother, who turned to me.

"Sister thinks you had better wait here, Laurence."

Although I wanted to see Miss Greville, at least the real Miss Greville, restored to herself, I was not sorry to be left behind. This pro-

gress by key, locking us in, away from the bright outer world, the strange sounds, mumblings and shufflings, muted by heavy doors, the atmosphere of discreet morbidity, even the black convoluted ornate furniture of the reception room in which I now sat—it was Buhl, a variety I had never seen before—all conspired to send a shiver down my spine, a sensation heightened by a sudden shriek, instantly suppressed, that made me jump from the spindly velvet-upholstered chair in which I had cautiously placed myself.

Mother was a long time in coming back, but at last she reappeared. In that instant through the open doorway I caught a sudden fleeting

glimpse of a narrow corridor leading to another room, the door of which the sister was in the process of closing, and there, framed in that narrow aperture, was a strange, flaccid face, the hair cropped to the skull, the eyes staring yet vacant, meeting mine in a frightening exchange, without a shadow of recognition.

The shock of that unknown, unearthly face still vibrated along my nerves as Mother took my arm. I could not speak. I knew that I had seen my good friend Miss Greville, and that I would not see her again.

Outside, Mother drew a long deep breath of the fresh spring air and, having thanked the sister and said goodbye, began to walk down the drive, still holding my arm. When we reached the trellised

To page 48



OUR TRANSFER



DAINTY motifs to decorate sheets and pillowcases are from Embroidery Transfer No. 179. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price is 1/6 each or 2 for 2/9, plus 5d. postage.



Fruit and cereal together in the one packet

Toasty flakes of bran plus juicy sultanas... what an easy, scrumptious way to get so much nourishment!

The toasty flakes of bran in Kellogg's new 'surprise' package are loaded with protein, bursting with nourishment! Add the instant energy of juicy sultanas, and here's just about the healthiest, best-tasting breakfast going! Try it tomorrow... Sultana Bran, the right bright breakfast for bright, active people... just like you!

new... Sultana Bran from Kellogg's

* Registered Trade Mark. † Sultana Bran is a Trade Mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. "The best in you each morning"

ARE YOU TOO TIRED AT NIGHT?

Do you come home from work tired out . . . too exhausted to give your family the real companionship they expect?

Is your marriage suffering? Men and women who feel run-down, depressed, need LECITHIN in their diet! Take TOPPIN 22 every day and you will feel a vibrant new surge of energy in 4 days.

Lecithin is a vital component of the nervous system, and after 30 this vital supply slowly drains away.

Suddenly you feel old before your time!

TOPPIN 22 tablets contain the 22 essential vitamins and minerals PLUS LECITHIN to quickly restore youthful vigour.

18/- for one month's supply from your chemist. (100 day pack 48/-)



To preserve that natural dewy complexion when spending the day out-of-doors, all you need to do is smooth a film of oil of ulan over the skin before applying make-up. Give a generous amount to the delicate skin tissue around the eyes as this is the area where tiny lines first appear. When you come home counteract the effects of open-air dryness by slipping into a lukewarm bath, patting dry and then massaging oil of ulan into the skin, paying particular attention to the shoulders, arms, and legs.

—Margaret Merril.

WHAT A RELIEF! **VARICOSE VEINS** supported in the most **UNOBTRUSIVE** way

Get positive relief from varicose veins. Wear surgical hosiery and still be fashionable. Scholl "soft-grip" is light, seamless, invisible in wear, yet absolutely surgically correct. "Soft-Grip" top and hosiery ensure complete comfort. Accurate tension ensures proper support. With Scholl you get certain relief, yet no one knows you're wearing it. All fittings, from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Depots.

Scholl
SOFT GRIP
SURGICAL HOSE
NYLON OR ELASTIC YARN

summer-house she said: "Let me sit here, Laurie. Just for a little while."

We went into the summer-house. Although I knew, I had to ask.

"How is she, Mother?"
"Hopeless, quite hopeless."
"What was she doing?"

"Drawing up petitions, all day long, petitions that no one will ever see. And writing letters that will never be posted." She added, after a pause, as though to herself: "Now at least I know where we stand."

She rested her head on her hand and sat silent. I watched her uneasily.

"If we stay here too long we may not get out."

She looked at me and smiled. I was amazed. Her expression had altogether changed, a transformation that seemed to wipe out that fixed distress, the disquiet and indecision not only of today but of all these past troubled weeks. She stood up and to my further surprise, for I knew how hard up we were, very cheerfully declared: "Let's go, darling, and have a real, slap-up tea."

Outside the gates, in Castle-ton village, there was an excellent tea-room above the local baker's shop. Here Mother ordered tea and all the things I liked, hot buttered toast and a new-laid boiled egg, fresh wheaten scones, honey, and a plate of cream cakes.

"Laurence," she said, "your mother is a failure. The agency is finished. It was a wonderful idea of your father's, and now it's gone. The mistake I made was not to sell it and realise something, as your Uncle Leo suggested." As she paused to take a sip of tea I had a sudden, fleeting vision of Mother and me singing for our supper in a wet Winton street.

"I'm not going to weary you with my difficulties over the past years. I've always tried to keep them away from you. But you must have guessed them. It was no work for a woman, at least not for me. Sympathy doesn't last for ever. It's not a business asset. So all I have to tell you, and I must tell you, for you're a big boy now, we have nothing left, nothing but our furniture, for which I've an offer of forty pounds."

MY lavish meal may have given me courage to withstand this shock. Perhaps that was why Mother had fortified me. I felt nothing more than a queer blankness which drew from me, involuntarily, the only possible response.

"So what are we going to do?"

"You are going to your Uncle Leo and I am going to Wales."

This, being quite incomprehensible, was much worse. My expression must have warned Mother. She leaned forward, drew her fingers softly across my cheek and began persuasively, undramatically, to explain how extreme was our situation and how, after considering every expedient, this was the only way she could resolve it. I must leave school, at least for the time being. Uncle Leo had promised to take me and teach me his business so that, at the worst, I should at least have something to fall back on. Her own case was more difficult.

She had no qualifications for business, music was her only asset, and even so she had no teacher's diploma, and now would never get one. Yet Uncle Simon, writing from Spain, had managed to obtain a place for her as music mistress at St. Monica's Convent, a girl's school in Mon-

Continued from page 47

mouthshire. Here, in her off duty during the next twelve months, she would have the advantage of attending special classes in Cardiff. She was going to take an intensive course and pass the examination to become a public health visitor.

Four of these appointments, a new departure open to women, were to be made in Winton, and, through the intervention of a friend of Stephen's on the City Council, she had been promised one of them if she could take her training and get her certificate within a year. She would then be sure of a regular salary in a position for which she felt herself fitted. We would be together again, and if I did not wish to remain with Leo, she would be able to send me to a tutorial college to renew my studies so that later on I could sit for the bursary examination for the University.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



Finishing on a high note of encouragement, Mother looked at me entreatingly, while I tried to recover myself sufficiently to grasp the implications of this staggering proposal. I did not like it.

Yet, through all the confusion of my mind I could not fail to see how hard and painfully she must have tried, enduring all sorts of rebuffs, to put this plan together as a last resort.

This, in part, tempered my resentment, as I said: "Why can't I go with you to Wales?"

"It's not possible, dear." Mother forced a placating little laugh. "Not in the convent. You'll be better off with Leo."

The possibilities of being with Leo in a real business had already flashed intriguingly across my mind, but I would not admit this, saying instead, "Uncle Leo is a queer fish, Mother."

"Yes, he's perhaps a trifle odd in some ways. But I'm inclined to trust him, if only because he doesn't promise us the earth."

"Wouldn't Uncle Bernard help us?"

"Never," Mother said shortly. "And I would never ask him."

She was right, Bernard, with the best intentions and tears in his eyes, would promise us the earth and completely forget about us next day.

A silence followed, during which I examined our predicament, looking for an escape hatch through which we might both get out of it.

"Mother," I said at last, though hesitantly, for this was a forbidden subject, though I had to broach it. "Wouldn't it be possible for you . . . I mean didn't you have a long letter from Stephen last week . . . couldn't we go to your parents, your own family . . . ?"

I broke off, stopped in my

tracks by the sudden color that rushed into Mother's face and then as quickly receded, leaving her paler than before.

"Yes, Laurence, I had the chance to go back . . . but on conditions I could never accept."

I had a great curiosity to know what these conditions were, but I did not dare ask. Instead, rather dismally, I began to reflect on our coming separation, which made me ask: "When is all this going to happen?"

She took a quick breath and exclaimed spiritedly. "Not until we've had a jolly good holiday together."

I stared at her in stupefaction. Had misfortune turned her brain? And now she was smiling at me with that same challenging, almost reckless, expression, carefree, too, as though a load had fallen from her shoulders.

"Yes, I mean it, Laurie. We'll go to the Highlands."

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

self again, she bowed her head, said grace devoutly, and began to carve the joint. This I soon found to be the standard procedure, while Miss Ailie at the other end dispensed the vegetables and, later, the semolina pudding and prunes.

Despite its plainness the food was good and hot, a welcome discovery corroborated by Mother's quick communicative glance. I already liked the smaller, softer Miss Ailie, and although I was rather wary of Miss Kincaid — a totally unjustified prejudice — I saw nothing wrong with the other guests. All were decent Scots, middle-aged or elderly people, and all, with two exceptions, women.

Of the males, seated beside me on my right was a short, thickset, red-faced man whom I had heard addressed as Bailie Nicol. He had a salmon fly, which I recognised as a Jock Scott, stuck in his lapel.

And next to Miss Kincaid

"Aye, you don't often see the like. And forbye, the life and soul of our little party."

At this point my Bailie neighbor cleared his throat noisily, as though something had gone the wrong way, and changed the conversation. Doubtless he had seen me coveting his Jock Scott, for he turned abruptly and asked me if I liked to fish. He told me he came every year to spin for salmon in the Spean, and when he promised to show me a pool where I might catch brown trout, my spirits improved further.

I NODDED to Mother, indicating that after all Fort William was not a bad sort of place. She and I would certainly go together to the pool and she could knit and watch me while I fished. I gave no thought to the absent Mr. Sommen, or if I did it was in the vague yet optimistic expectation that he, too, being the man he was, would contribute further to the satisfactions of our holiday.

At five o'clock that evening, while the others were finishing tea, I had gone to the front door to unravel a gut cast my new fishing friend had given me and which I had already succeeded in tangling, when an open carriage rolled up to the porch and a man sprang out briskly, paid the coachman with an added, "That's for yourself, chappie," then bounded up the steps toward me.

He was of a neat medium figure with a pale, glossy skin, large dark eyes, and a narrow black moustache that curved thinly and stylishly, like an extra eyebrow, across his upper lip. He had on a sporty check suit, a rakish balmoral, with the ribbons sweeping across one shoulder, and over the other a short tartan plaid pinned by a silver dagger studded with a large cairngorm.

"Well, well, well, young fellow-me-lad." He greeted me genially. "You a new arrival?"

"Yes, sir."

"With your parents?"

"My mother, sir."

"Pater still turning the wheels of industry?"

To page 50

Hair beauty consultant writes

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Wise Mums let go the apron strings

● In the beginning, during your child's first months and toddling years, he was above all your responsibility, wholly dependent on you for food, warmth, protection — for life. Because he was totally dependent on you, you became totally dependent on him — on his need for you and on your ability to satisfy it.

AT that time your principal joy was in your capacity to satisfy his needs and wants.

What you got in return was the comforting awareness that he would respond to you with warmth and a smile of love.

But as your baby grew and changed, your joy in being his sole sustenance subtly became mixed with another pleasure — pride in what he achieved on his own, as distinct from what you did for him.

This was a good and necessary feeling on your part — your first awareness of you and your child as truly separate people.

For a mother must, little by little, alter and diminish the quality of the mutual interdependence between herself and her child or she and the child will be deprived.

A mother who relaxes and lets go, without fear of being displaced as the central figure in her child's life, gets back more real emotional sustenance than a mother who fearfully tightens the apron strings with each of her child's attempts at independence, be it standing, toddling, and playing with other children.

Instead of anxiety and fear, the mother who lets go gains a warm and easy pride in her child's quite dramatic achievements.

When you, as a mother, see him make up and share games, share a whole world, including secrets, with other youngsters, though you may feel others are taking your child away from you, you can also see in him the beginnings of true civility and the social maturity you want for him.

Then when your child really enters a world apart from you — the world of school — all the old mixed feelings you had concerning his developing independence come back, reinforced!

It's a new life

For him it is the beginning of an altogether new life. For you it is giving up your child specifically to another person, his teacher.

From now on she and others will have considerable to do with directing your child, with the shaping of his personality, intellect, habits, and behaviour.

At first, during the early stages of his school career, your child brings the school world home to you with great pride.

He quotes the teacher to you volubly and frequently — until you're sick of hearing about it.

What "the teacher says" may not always be appropriate or fitting, as you see it, but it has great potency for your child.

This is a part of the building of a complex portion of a child's personality — that part which reflects and adapts to the outer world. During the years of early schooling you see this grow very rapidly.

Even if you are prepared for this extra-familial teaching, you are not always entirely comfortable with it. It stands to reason that you're likely to feel a bit jealous.

That's a natural enough feeling. It will do no harm, as long as you realise that if you expect your child to make a wide circle of contacts and to use his intelligence

in many fashions he must have other instructors in the ways of the world.

Now it's true mothers feel they know more about their children than others do.

Nonetheless, this knowledge is not always best used by actively directing a child's outside activities, for this may lead to a tendency to push the child or overburden him with a false sense of his parents' expectations.

As you become more accepting of the outsiders who help to guide and shape your child, you will be aware that your own role does not decrease.

Think back for a moment to your childhood and to the adults you know today whom you knew as children.

The warmest bonds

Aren't the adults who now have close and warm bonds to their parents the very ones who in childhood were given guidance without hovering, love without over-possessiveness, by their parents? It will be like that with you and your youngsters, too. For this is the true meaning of parenthood and family.

Children — going to school, involved in many outside activities, concerned with a variety of interests — need a place of acceptance, of refuge.

They need parents with whom they can sort out the feelings which are engendered in them by their daily experiences.

There is a great deal written about the primary role of parents as givers of direction (in its many forms) to children.

You may have been told all kinds of stories of parental failure to "direct" or advise children properly. You become anxious about what and how to teach them because there's so much they must learn.

It is possible, however, that children do not want or need so much obvious direction.

It is more likely that what children need most is a very special refuge where, if questions arise or decisions must be made, they can get answers.

Those families which have served best in guiding children are the ones which allow children many outside activities.

True, children cannot define what the balance should be between family and outside activity. This is for parents to decide.

But children will show by their exuberance and contentment that the balance is there.

It's important to realise that your contribution to your child during his growing school years is quite different from the contribution his other activities make to his development.

The family is not a school, a Scout group, or even a bunch of good friends.

The activities which belong to such groups do not belong to a family.

The function of a family is to live together — to enjoy meals, recreation, and other home activities together, protected from pressures of the outside world.

As you provide a haven from outside pressures, without discouraging your child from facing that outside world, you show that your family is sound emotionally for your child — and for yourself.

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(BOTTOM) "Flower Jewel". Show up like a flower in the silken, blouson look of Bri-Nylon tricot jersey, in the year's most exciting colours. Soft drawstring gathers on neckline and hip. Figure smoothing pants in Bri-Nylon and Lycra. £6-19-11.



The men in your family go with Allenwear slacks and shorts



Play it smooth. Play it rough. Makes no difference to Allenwear. It's cut out for an active life. Keeps its stylish shape, too. Tapered pockets. Slim line, cool linen look. Great colour range. In short, the lot.



No wonder Allenwear is so popular—it's so practical. Be on the go this summer in Allenwear—a man's choice of slacks and shorts that women admire.

Continued from page 48

"My father's dead, sir."
"Oh, sorry, old chap." He was immediately contrite. "Fearfully sorry I dropped a trick. No idea. Not the foggiest. Come and have some tea."

I told him I'd already had my tea.

"Then come and have another go of cake. Can do? Good. Fill the aching void." With an arm companionably round my shoulders he steered me into the drawing-room, where, sweeping off his balmoral, he bowed elegantly from the waist.

"Am I too late for the cup that cheers but not inebriates, ladies? If so, just say the word and I'll apologise, depart, put sixpence in the pig, abscond, in other words, buzz off, anything to make amends."

When several voices reassured him he advanced, accepted a cup from Miss Ailie, and having implemented his promise, with a wink, by back-handing me a thick slice of cake from the tray, took his stand by the fireplace.

"Well, ladies, I suppose yours truly was never missed, that absence did not make the heart grow fonder, and you haven't the slightest interest in his adventures at the Games, even though he did brush shoulders with none other than Royalty?"

"But we have, Mr. Sommen. Do tell us."

As I ate my cherry cake I gazed at him in wide-eyed admiration. He was so much at ease, so fluent, never at a loss, so amusingly at home with everyone and, above all, so dashing good looking, with his pale skin, small neat features, stylish little moustache, and dark engaging eyes. When he concluded his racy description of his doings during the day I was especially struck by his manner when, taking advantage of the pause, Miss Ailie introduced him to Mother.

ALL the jocularity vanished from his expression, he was immediately serious, correct, respectful. He bowed again, talked with her for a few moments and, with a companionable glance that lightly comprehended me, wished her a top-hole stay at Ardshiel. Then, as a kind of afterthought, he added:

"After supper we have little musical evenings here, just by way of entertaining ourselves, if you care for that sort of thing?"

Mother admitted that she was fond of music.

"Perhaps," he ventured, "perhaps you play a little . . . or sing yourself?"

To my chagrin Mother said that she would really prefer to listen. So acute was my disappointment I forgot my shyness and exclaimed: "Oh, no, sir, Mother plays the piano awfully well. She played once at a concert before hundreds of people. And she sings, too."

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

He looked at me with such pleased approval that I reddened with gratification. Removing his gaze in a well-bred manner from Mother, who had blushed, too, he said quietly: "Well spoken, old chap. Perhaps between us we may be able to persuade your mater to oblige the company. And now, if you'll excuse me, I must be off for my tub. Nothing like a tub after a day in the open. Au revoir, then, till we meet again."

Mother was cross with me as we went upstairs.

"I hope your tartan friend isn't going to be a nuisance with his little musical evenings. He is rather a gusher, isn't he?"

Nevertheless, I noticed that she put on her best dress, red, with a lace collar, which she had sponged and pressed before we left Ardshiel, and extremely nice she looked in it.

When the gong boomed us down for supper Mr. Sommen was already in the dining-room standing rather absently in a welcoming position with his hands behind his back, wearing a snowy white shirt set off by a black bow tie, well-creased black trousers, and a poplin tartan jacket. I thought he looked terribly smart, and so did the others. The jacket, which was apparently new, evoked murmurs of approval. Assiduously placing chairs for the ladies, he modestly admitted he had bought it at Ballater after the Games.

Only one of our company seemed openly at odds with this general adulation, and when we had begun on some excellent tomato soup, with the kind of lentils in it that I liked, Bailie Nicol, after darting several caustic glances from beneath his bushy eyebrows at the new garment, suddenly remarked: "Ye know, of course, sir, that the tartan ye have on is the Mackenzie."

"Is it, by gosh? Delighted to hear it."

"And the plaid ye wear is the Macgregor. While that strip on your balmoral is the Royal Stuart. It looks as though before you've done ye'll be a regular one-man 'Gathering o' the Clans.'"

"Well, good luck to them," Sommen said airily. "I like gatherings, and from what I saw of these Highland lasses at their eightsome reels I jolly well like the clans."

"But apart from the fact that it's almost illegal to sport a tartan ye're not entitled to, what's your object, man?"

"When in Rome do as the jolly old Romans." Sommen laughed with perfect good nature, not a bit discomfited. "That's my motto when I travel. Last summer I took in Switzerland. When I stepped off the last mountain you couldn't have told me from William Tell. Not bad that, eh? Told, tell!"

The Bailie persisted inquisitively.

"Ye must have a grand business to be able to get away so much."

Sommen inclined his head, answered with a sudden note of gravity.

"Yes, sir, my family are perhaps the oldest tobacco merchants in the city of London. We are cigarette manufacturers, sir. May I show you our product?" He took out a morocco leather cigarette case and pressed it open, revealing a row of long, flat, elegant-looking cigarettes. As it was passed from hand to hand I saw stamped in blue on each "C. R. Sommen, Special No. 1."

"May I offer you one, sir?"

"Thank you, no," the Bailie growled, thoroughly put out by this demonstration of solid worth. "I have my pipe."

FOLLOWING

these exchanges, in which the cigarette-maker had clearly had the better of it, supper proceeded with renewed amiability. When Miss Kincaid formally gave the signal to rise we went into the drawing-room, or, as Miss Ailie named it, the "best parlor." Here the curtains had been drawn against the evening chill and a cosy fire of peat was glowing on the hearth emitting its aromatic moorland scent. While coffee and shortbread biscuits were handed round, Sommen advanced to the piano and, standing over the keyboard, played "Chopsticks" with one finger.

"Excuse my humble overture, ladies and gentlemen. We are now exceedingly fortunate to have a real, genuine topnotch pianist in our midst, and with her kind permission I'm going to ask her to start the ball rolling."

He came forward and, crooking his arm in invitation, exclaimed amidst appreciative laughter: "Madam, may I have the honor of escorting you to the instrument?"

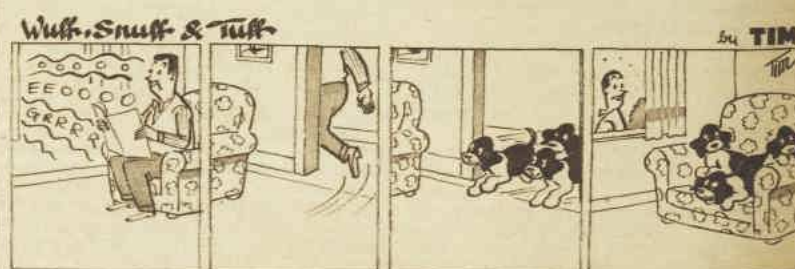
Now, I must confess that by this time I was beginning to be considerably bored by our new friend. His attentions to Mother at supper had been rather too marked, and now this cheap gallantry seemed to confirm her own worst fears. I glanced at her sympathetically, but to my surprise she did not snub him. Instead she rose, yielding without protest, indeed rather gracefully, to this unwelcome foolery.

She played a Chopin prelude then dashed into "Pas des Echarpes" with great brio, and finished to sustained applause. I saw that for once Sommen was quite taken aback, as though, unexpectedly, he found himself in an element totally foreign to him.

"I say," he said, almost

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FOR THE CHILDREN



AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● Paris now has a supermarket for millionaires, selling every imaginable kind of luxury item under the one roof.

THE busy millionaire whose Christmas shopping-list reads: "Wife, latest model Rolls-Royce; daughter, full-length mink; daughter-in-law, diamond tiara; Aunt Aggie, emerald necklace; son, yacht; grandson, working model of Cape Kennedy; cook, fur tippet," will be able to stroll through the supermarket, ticking off the items as he orders them.

The supermarket has been opened by M. Maurice Noyer, who used to be director of the Maison Dior.

The opening of his "La Grande Boutique" was for charity, with all the day's proceeds going to the French Paralytic Association.

The shop had lots of "godparents"—socially prominent Parisians who helped by suggesting "specials" for its shelves.

The wife of Bernard Buffet, the painter, suggested that the shape and texture of ostrich eggs should be copied to make paper-weights; novelist Françoise Sagan's contribution was the idea of making lifesize models of pigs covered in black pigskin to be used as doorstops.

I'd be against that one. It's bad enough to bump into a figure in a crowded shop and apologise before you notice out of the corner of your eye that it's only a dummy.

And how mortifying it would be to think the creature was your host's pet and say "Hullo, pig" and scratch it with your umbrella, only to discover it was a doorstop from the millionaires' boutique!

New York, not to be outdone by Paris, is promising some wildly exotic little gifts to be available at the end of the year.

You might talk your husband into ordering you a "diamond economy package" at a mere £22,500.

It starts out as a champagne diamond necklace with a diamond pendant. Take the pendant off and it becomes a ring, and then the necklace can be taken apart to make a pair of bracelets.

Perhaps you could retaliate by giving him an "executive lunchbox"—a simple little chrome sandwich-case and vacuum flask for £62. Or if you're not a very good cook you might like to buy him an £88 gold cylinder to carry his indigestion tablets in.

You can buy a submarine for two for just £8000 or a pair of mink overalls for doing your housework in for £980.

If he's a gardener, how about a sterling-silver spade for £445? I thought silver was soft—so it's intended perhaps for millionaires who take gardening gently!

If you've £5000 saved from your house-keeping you can buy a double bedspread made of empress chinchilla, and if you've managed to save only £1100 there's a reversible floor-length robe of terry cloth with a snap-out mink lining and, as the ad. says, "go straight from the shower to the opera."

Quite my favorite gift selection, however, is the "His and Hers" duelling pistols, selling as "a lovely gift for Mum and Dad, from the children."

The case of the missing chocolate biscuits

I HAVE goofed again—but I'm not a bit repentant about it, because of the loads of friendly letters my mistake has brought me.

When I bewailed the loss of a cookery book which turned out to be "The Green and Gold," I said that it had a recipe for a special favorite of Hugh's—biscuits with bits of chocolate in them.

I now have two copies of the cookery book plus stacks of letters from kind people who have carefully read through all the biscuit recipes and assured me that the one I want isn't in their edition.

I now have an uneasy feeling that it was never in any edition and that it was probably something I wrote down on the back of an envelope.

One South Australian wrote: "I really can't stand it a minute longer! Had to write to you re your long-lost biscuit recipe."

"I have been searching the elusive search, many years now, for a special plum cake recipe, so I find I am in a frenzy of communion with you."

"This is definitely one of life's running frustrations . . . I am more than ever stuck with the conviction that the 'dreamy remembered tastes' of years ago are our undoing and are probably dreadful traumas lightheartedly haunting us, left-overs from our youthful pot-roasts."

Come what may, they must keep eating . . .

SOMEONE else sent me the title page of an early edition, time-spotted on pale green paper, and with this gorgeous prefatory paragraph:

"In spite of bad times people must eat, and in spite of food fads and fashions most people continue, in civilised lands, to prefer their food cooked and also to prefer it to be cooked well. Hence the vogue of cookery books . . ."

Almost everyone who wrote assured me that the cookery book they'd been looking through had their name, not mine, in it, and several people (obviously ones who have themselves lost pet recipes and know how maddening the chase after a "dreamy remembered taste" can be) sent me substitute recipes of their own to try.

Here, briefly, are three of them—all fulfilling my demand for simplicity and easiness.

CHOCOLATE BISCUITS

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar, add 2 tabs. condensed milk and few drops vanilla essence. Sift in 1 cup self-raising flour, then add a small bar of chocolate broken into small pieces. Place teaspoonfuls on a cold greased slide, flatten with a fork, cook 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

KIWI CRISPS

Two ounces sugar, 2 tabs. condensed milk, 4oz. butter or margarine, vanilla, 6oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ pkt. chocolate pieces.

Cooking instructions exactly the same as the recipe above. The ingredients are the same, too, but the quantities differ slightly.

CHOCOLATE CAKE DROPS

Beat the whites of three eggs stiffly, then mix in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of powdered chocolate and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sifted sugar. Add vanilla. Drop from a teaspoon on to a buttered tin, cook in a moderate oven—gas 325 degrees, electric 425 degrees.

DO SOME PAIN RELIEVERS LOSE THEIR POWER TO HELP?



"I'd never questioned my pain reliever before, but suddenly I began to wonder..."

"It happened after I read one of those medical articles recently in a magazine. It made me think . . . has my body got used to the pain reliever I've been using for years? Perhaps that's why I don't seem to get rid of my headaches as fast as I used to. Maybe my pain remedy doesn't work for me any more. And it may even be the reason I've had these dizzy sensations recently."

Here are the plain medical facts . . .

Some pain relievers tend to lose their efficiency when in constant use. Some people's systems can become accustomed to action of a pain reliever. So the degree of pain relief drops according to use.

But there is one pain reliever which never loses its power . . . 'ASPRO'. No matter how long you take 'ASPRO'—and some people have taken it regularly for 40 years—it works every time with the same 100% efficiency.

How does 'ASPRO' work to relieve pain?

'ASPRO' works in two ways to relieve pain. 1. 'ASPRO' soothes the nervous system centrally, reduces your awareness of pain impulses, and . . . 2. 'ASPRO' acts locally at the very site of rheumatic pain to reduce its severity. But 'ASPRO'—unlike many pain relievers—does not dull your mind. You think and act as clearly as ever.

Some other facts about 'ASPRO' you should know

- 'ASPRO' does not contain any narcotic drugs. You can take it as often as you need to without fear of habituation.
- 'ASPRO' will not harm the heart.
- 'ASPRO' taken with a cup of tea relieves tension and increases your efficiency when tired.
- 'ASPRO' is sold in over 100 different countries in the world.
- 'ASPRO' is a tried and proved aid to people suffering colds and flu, sciatica, sleeplessness, headache, nerve pain, periodic pain, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, sore throat, fibrositis, after effects of alcohol, muscular pain, toothache.
- 'ASPRO' comes in 3 handy packages; bottles of 100 tablets; packets of 25; strips of 6.

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with deference, "that 'ad real class." Then, recovering himself from that fearful missing aspirate: "Absolutely topping. Good enough for the Albert Hall."

"Nonsense." Mother laughed and went on rather as if poking fun at him. "Now it's your turn. Let's hear you sing. If you can? I'll play your accompaniment."

After much turning over of music, the song "The Mermaid" was selected. To my disappointment, he had not a bad voice, a light tenor, and he put great dramatic feeling into the words:

And down he went like a streak of light, So quickly down went he, Until he came to a mermaid At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

The effect of this double display of talent upon the company was so pronounced that, to my annoyance, there arose a general demand for a duet. Surely now Mother would refuse, draw the line, put her foot down firmly. But no, still in the same lively, challenging way, almost, one might have thought, with enjoyment, she had already selected "The Tar-paulin Jacket," the first line of which, "A stalwart lancer lay dying," gave me such a thrill of anticipation that I had come to regard the ballad as my own special property. They began. I wished I might have stopped-up my ears. At least I kept my eyes on the ceiling and refrained from joining in the prolonged hand-clapping.

By this time the singing, talking, and laughter, the growing sense of camaraderie, above all the patter and too pressing urbanities of this bogus clansman had, in a manner I scarcely realised, made me extremely hot under my collar. I decided that it had gone far enough and should be terminated.

Continued from page 50

Seizing a rare moment of silence I called out: "I think I'll go upstairs now, Mother," imagining, naturally, that she would come with me.

Instead, still bent over the music with Sommen, without even turning round, she replied: "Yes, do, dear. It's past your bedtime. I'll be up soon."

AS I was already on my feet there was nothing for it but that I must go. And she did not come soon but late, much later than I had hoped. Still, the desire to express my conflicting emotions had served to keep me awake. I sat up in bed.

"You were right after all, Mother. It was a nuisance, wasn't it?"

She smiled at me. Her eyes seemed bright and there was color in her cheeks.

"Oh, I don't know, dear. In a way it was really rather fun and goodness knows neither of us has had much of that lately."

"But, Mother, it was all so . . . so cheap and nasty."

"Was it as bad as all that?"

"He was, anyhow, the cigarette-maker."

"Well, perhaps he is rather officious, dear, but I think he means well, so we mustn't be too critical. Let's just remember we're here for the one holiday we've had in four years and try to make the most of it."

This was not the kind of response I expected from my mother. Turning on my side I gave her a brusque good-night.

However, next morning my sense of injury had gone and after breakfast, carrying my fishing rod and a picnic lunch,

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

I set out with Bailie Nicol for the Spean.

Mother, seeing us off from the porch, promised to join me in almost an hour. The pool the Bailie showed me was not far upriver, a deep brown tarn among pine trees, fed by a rushing waterfall and contained by ledges. Having seen me settled he went off upstream to his own beat, having finally averred with a pessimistic survey of the clear blue sky that it was not an anglers' day.

Certainly I did not look like having much luck. In the space of two hours I caught a three-inch parr, which of course I unhooked carefully and returned. As nothing seemed to be taking, I began more and more to look for the appearance of Mother. What on earth was keeping her? Could my watch be wrong? No, from the sun directly overhead it

must now be noon. My neck was stiff from craning toward the path through the wood and the roar of the waterfall had made my head swim. I reeled in, retreated to the pines, and ate my share of the lunch. Still not a sign of her. Angrily, after only a moment's hesitation, I ate her lunch as well. She would not deserve it when she did come.

With nothing else to do I resumed my fishing, but in so spiritless a manner I permitted an eel to take my bait so thoroughly that it had to be destroyed in a slimy mess before I could recover my tackle. After that, as the afternoon was well advanced, I decided to give up.

I had trudged to the end of the wood and was on the road that led uphill from the river when an approaching figure became visible

against the skyline. It was she.

Immediately I threw off my despondency, set my expression to an injured and resentful coldness. Ignoring her too cheerful greeting, I said accusingly: "You didn't come."

"I'm so sorry, dear." She smiled breathlessly. "Our plans somehow seemed to get upset."

Apparently, though, I gave her no marks for that futile and belated effort, she'd been hurrying.

"You see, there was such an interesting expedition arranged to Banavie. Somehow I was persuaded to go along."

"Who persuaded you?"

"Why . . . Miss Baird."

Had she hesitated before answering me? Miss Baird was the stout woman who liked Sommen.

"So you and she went off all by yourselves."

"Good gracious, no, dear." She made the idea seem ridiculous. "Two women, all

alone! Your friend Mr. Sommen went with us. In fact, he organised the trip and took care of everything most handsomely."

That evening at supper I studied him, viewing him after the manner of Scott-Hamilton with a critical, appraising eye. What a clown he was, or rather, what a cad, monopolising the conversation—keeping things going, I suppose he would have called it—and showing off in every direction. Why, at this moment, as Miss Kincaid, having sliced the boiled ham, seemed to be having trouble carving one of the chickens, and with a reproachful glance at Miss Ailie, had murmured that the carver was not sharp, he had the colossal cheek to interfere. I could scarcely believe my eyes when this bouncer leaned over, with a "Permit me, madam," and taking the knife from her hand began to carve the bird.

I longed for him to make some horrible gaffe that

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Fashion Frocks



● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"BELINDA".—Pretty three-piece outfit is ideal for summer holidays. Slacks are available in white, blue, or black heavy faille poplin, and the shorts and top in pink/white, blue/white, or black/white checked poplin.

Ready To Wear—Slacks: 24½ to 26½ in. waist, £3/7/6; 28½ to 30½ in. waist, £3/9/11. Shorts: 24½ to 26½ in. waist, £2/12/6; 28½ to 30½ in. waist, £2/15/6. Top: 32 and 34 in. bust, £2/19/11; 36 and 38 in. bust, £3/1/11.

Cut Out Only—Slacks: 24½ to 26½ in. waist, £2/5/6; 28½ to 30½ in. waist, £2/6/6. Shorts: 24½ to 26½ in. waist, £1/14/0; 28½ to 30½ in. waist, £1/15/6. Top: 32 and 34 in. bust, £1/15/6; 36 and 38 in. bust, £1/17/6.

Postage 3/- extra on all garments. If ordering two or three garments, postage 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 57. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

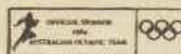


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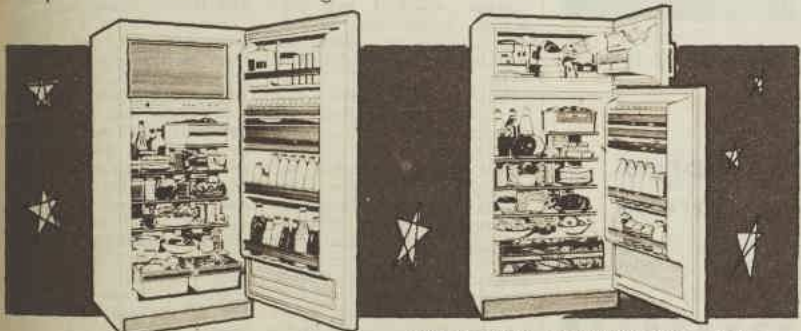
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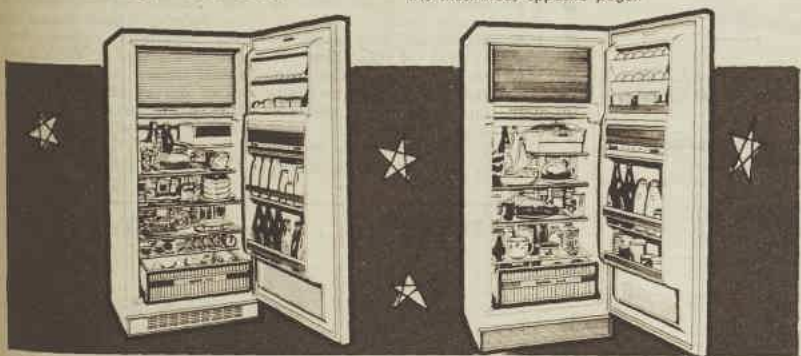


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AMERICANA "15." 15 cu. ft./single door. 12.5 cu. ft. automatic cyclic defrost refrigerator plus 80 lbs. freezer storage. 269 Gns.

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(As illustrated, opposite page.)



AMERICANA "12." 11.7 cu. ft./single door. 10.2 cu. ft. refrigerator plus 62 lbs. freezer. 249 Gns.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
 AUSTRALIA

Dress Sense

By
BETTY
KEEP

● This belted one-piece dress with straight-cut jacket is my design choice for a reader who has a 40in. bust measurement.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply.

"Would you assist me by suggesting an outfit to flatter a young woman with a 40in. bust measurement? I just want something neat and tailored, suitable to wear in town. If possible I would like a pattern for the style you recommend."

I don't think you could have anything more flattering than a tailored dress and straight jacket with an open front. The design is illustrated at right. The shaped collar on the jacket is optional; the dress is belted, has a square-in-front neckline, and short sleeves.

A paper pattern is available for the design. Under the illustration are details and how to order.

"My daughter is shortly to be married and I would like your advice on my outfit. Would a floral be suitable, and if so what size would I have? I have a 36in. bust."

A floral material in the shades most flattering to your coloring would be suitable and attractive for the occasion. About the design, I don't think you could have anything nicer than a dress and matching jacket. I suggest a wasited dress finished with an oval neckline and a hip-length, semi-fit jacket. A turban made in the same material as the ensemble would be nice for the hat. Have bone gloves, shoes, and handbag. Size 16 corresponds with a 36in. bust.

"I am going on a cruise holiday, and, as I do not like wearing slacks, I wonder if you could suggest an outfit to wear playing deck games."

A knee-length culotte skirt and tailored shirt blouse would be a neat, practical fashion.

"Could you please describe a shade called taupe, and also bone?"

Taupe is a greyed brown. Bone is a very pale, almost white, beige.

"Please give me an idea for a bridal headdress to wear with an ankle-length organdie bridal gown. I would also like your suggestion about a tulle veil. The wedding is to be in November."

A circlet of small white flowers worn flat on the head and back from the face would make a charming headdress. For a bridal veil I suggest a shoulder-length circle of tulle. The veil could be attached to the flower circlet.



6088. — Dress and straight jacket in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, and 42 for bust sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44. Vogue pattern 6088, price 9/6 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"If wearing bag, shoes, and hat in the same color, is it correct to wear white gloves?"

Yes, it is. White or beige gloves are a correct go-with-everything accessory choice.

"Would you help me with a style for a summer suit to be made in a type of rayon linen?"

I suggest a blazer jacket and a skirt finished with four inverted pleats, two front and two back. Have the blazer made collarless and finished with four patch pockets. Wear the suit with a shirt-style blouse, with its revers worn outside the neckline of the jacket.

LUX £1,000

SHOPPING SPREE CONTEST!

Spend like a film star!



£1,000 to win — and spend as you wish! Choose furs . . . diamonds . . . model gowns . . . a new car . . . a trip overseas. Or have a new washing machine . . . toys for your children . . . a TV set, furniture, anything you want. Spend like a filmstar!

IT'S EASY! Simply decide which of the 3 stars (shown below) appeared in each of the films listed. Mark your answers in the squares provided, and write 25 words beginning "It would be nice to be a film star because . . ." Then

send your entry to: "Lux Contest", G.P.O. Box 7061, Sydney, N.S.W.

PRIZES:

£1,000 Shopping spree
4 £250 Shopping sprees

150 cultured pearl necklaces valued at £20 each. 500 vanity compacts valued at £2.50 each. Prizes worth over £6,000



SANDRA DEE

currently starring in Universal's Ross Hunter Production "I'd Rather Be Rich" likes Lux best for its delicate fragrance. The earlier film in which she starred is (fill in film title A, B or C).

Answer is (A, B or C) ☐



SUZY PARKER

currently starring in United Artists Production "Flight from Ashiya" likes Lux best because it keeps her skin soft all over. The earlier film in which she starred is (fill in film title A, B or C).

Answer is (A, B or C) ☐



CLAIRE BLOOM

currently starring in Warner Bros. "The Chapman Report" likes Lux best for its creamy-rich lather. The earlier film in which she starred is (fill in film title A, B or C).

Answer is (A, B or C) ☐

FILM TITLES:

☐ A The Interns ☐ B If A Man Answers ☐ C Limelight

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. There is no limit to the number of different entries submitted, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by a Lux Toilet Soap wrapper. Wrappers are not required from residents of any State where their enclosure would contravene State Law.
2. Entries must include the full name and address of the entrant.

3. Contest closes 30th October, 1964, and all entries must be postmarked not later than this date.
4. Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be compared and examined on its merits by a qualified panel of judges. Winners will be decided on the basis of accuracy, neatness, legibility, and in respect to the 25 word statement — on the basis of its originality, aptness and relevance.

5. All entries received become the property of Lever & Kitchen and none will be returned.
6. Winners will be notified by mail at the conclusion of the contest and a complete list of winners will be available on request.
7. Employees of Lever & Kitchen Pty. Ltd., and their advertising agents, and relatives of each are ineligible to enter.
8. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.



No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 filmstars.

"It would be nice to be a Filmstar because . . ."

(write 25 words)

NAME: _____

(print clearly)

ADDRESS: _____

STATE: _____

L502A-5

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 53

would draw down on him the laughter and contempt of everyone. I hoped the chicken would squirt off the platter to the floor or, better still, bounce up and hit him in the eye. But no, with unsuspected skill and a dexterity I believed impossible, he had it sliced and sectioned perfectly. This was too much for me and apparently for Baile Nicol, too. He kept muttering under his breath and glowering at our enemy. I was glad to accept his invitation to a game of draughts in the smoking-room; I felt I would do anything to avoid the entertainment in the parlor.

The Baillie was not of a talkative disposition, but as we set out our men on the chequered board, he fixed his gaze on me and said: "You seem a decent sort of boy, and your mother looks to me a sweet little woman. If I were you, I would just drop a word in her ear against the counter jumper of a cockney. I may be wrong, but for my part I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw him."

THE warning alarmed me. And as the next few days passed, there was no longer the least possibility of doubt. This man, this Englishman, this tartaned Sommen, was—I sought a phrase that would not wound me too deeply—"making up" to my mother. Despite the deceptive mildness of these two words they sent a hot flush over me. And it deepened at the thought of Mother's response. At first she had merely seemed flattered: a natural reaction which I had persuaded myself was pardonable in a woman whose life had lately been so dull and hard.

But gradually she had warmed to these hateful attentions and now, in her glance, her gesture, in her whole being, she could not conceal from me, nor from others in the boarding-house whom I had heard whispering, the change that had come over her. She looked younger and prettier, with a strange attractiveness that exuded and bloomed upon her skin. She had a new liveliness, an unnatural vivacity, a sense of letting herself go that I had never known before.

Worst of all was her change toward me: that excessive solicitude and open show of tenderness, which I felt to be propitiating, even insincere, since most of the time, to be free of my questioning eye, she kept avoiding me, or pushing me off to fish, so that she could go off with him.

At the start of the second week, as I sat at the Span

pool, I decided I wouldn't put up with it, I would not be cast off. Burning with indignation, I reeled in my neglected line, from which the worm had long ago been devoured, and set off for Ardshiel.

Mother was on the porch, but not as though expecting me. "Any luck?" she exclaimed with specious brightness.

"No."

"Never mind, dear. I'm sure you'll catch something when you try again this afternoon." I didn't answer. My mind was made up. I ate my lunch with apparent calm. Immediately the meal ended I excused myself, got up, and disappeared. I had not returned to the river. I was in the shrubbery at the edge of the garden.

They did not keep me waiting long. My heart gave a big extra thump as they emerged. Sommen in his idiotic tartan get-up, Mother wearing her brown tweed costume and a new gay scarf which she certainly had not bought, and which therefore he must have given her. Together, yet discreetly separated, they sauntered down the hill toward the town. Gazing from between the laurel branches I allowed them a fair start, then, with a casual air, though my pulse was throbbing like mad, I cut round the side of the garden and went after them.

The bitter excitement of the chase made me want to run, but I knew I must keep a safe distance behind them. Out of sight of the boarding-house, they had drawn closer to each other. They reached the town and turned the corner into the main street. Trying not to hurry, I followed. It was market day and the town was busy.

For a minute I couldn't pick them out, then I saw them on the opposite side of the street looking into the window of a shop that sold Gosse china and other tourist souvenirs. He was gabbling, as usual, and pointing in a persuasive manner, but Mother shook her head lightly and they moved off. A rush of traffic held me back, but when I crossed the street, out of the corner of my eye I saw them veer right into the Mealmarket, a narrow wynd leading to the old part of the town.

Now I increased my pace and swung into the Mealmarket. They were not in sight. With a catch of anxiety I pressed on, moving in and out of the stalls that crowded the narrow wynd, seeking everywhere, like a hound at fault. Minutes passed, five, ten. Not a sign of them. Had I lost them? And then, as I came out of the far end of the Mealmarket into the cobbled square that faced the

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HAZEL by Ted Key



A SONG OF SIXPENCE

open loch, my eye was caught by a rowboat moving easily on the sunlit water only a few hundred yards offshore. I took a long breath. Now I had them, and I could wait. Slowly, without removing my gaze, I walked down to the stone jetty from which the boats were hired and took up my stand behind one of the bollards.

He was at the oars, alternately sculling and drifting, while Mother sat facing him in the stern. When he leaned forward to make a stroke the intimacy of their positions struck me. I choked with jealous rage, invoking all the powers of light and darkness to work a miracle that would make this dandy, this bogus Clansman, this cigarette-maker catch a crab and somersault backwards into the water, where, strangled by the strings of his balmoral and shouting vainly to me for aid, he would sink in all his finery to the bottom of the loch, which I knew to be fabulously deep.

AT last they came ashore. Instinctively I crouched low, hiding under the edge of the pier. Now, although I could not see, I could hear. I heard the bump of the boat against the jetty, his step ashore, and then his voice as he assisted her to land.

"Dear Grace, give me your hand."

The words made me wince. Now I heard footsteps on the stones above and judged it safe to raise my head. Mother had taken his arm and was smiling up at him as they moved off. I folded my arms and in that dramatic attitude, with the frozen immobility of the betrayed, watched them go.

When I returned to Ardshiel I revealed nothing of the treachery I had witnessed, merely maintaining an attitude of stoic coldness. All that evening I confronted Mother with my silence and hostility. She had now begun to look at me reproachfully, and after supper tried to induce me to come with her to the drawing-room on the pretext that there were to be parlor games. Games, indeed! I resisted, saying that I was tired, and went upstairs to bed, where, as I lay awake, the misery of the afternoon was recreated by their intermingled voices ascending in another hateful duet. When she came up, quite late, I closed my eyes and pretended sleep.

Next morning came clear and sunny. Mother, eager for reconciliation and with the faintest hint of guilt in her manner, was all sweetness and light. After breakfast she came out to join me in the garden, where already I had taken up a strategic position by the gate.

"Darling," she smiled placatingly—ah, I thought, the Judas smile! "Mr. Sommen has suggested taking us for a drive this afternoon. Along the coast to visit Onich Castle. But I daresay you can't be bothered with sightseeing."

"Why not?" I inquired. "Well . . . you're such a fisherman I thought you'd surely want to go to your pool again."

"Considering that I've gone to my pool for the past week and caught nothing, doesn't it occur to you that I might prefer to go sightseeing? Especially," I added, with heavy emphasis, "as there will probably be plenty to see."

She flushed slightly and was silent.

"Then you'd . . . you'd really like to come?"

"Yes," I said, not looking at her. "I definitely and positively would."

The carriage arrived at two o'clock. The cigarette-maker, who, while we waited in the porch, had been jocular with me in his best "old chap" manner, through which I detected a strain of unease, now gave me a hand up beside the coachman before taking his place with Mother behind. We set off with a slow clip-clop of hoofs. I could not observe the pair at my back, but at least I was with them, and I swore that this time they would not get away. Never again would Mother have the chance to be alone with all that charm.

Partially reassured, I almost enjoyed the drive. The sun shone, the sky was a duck-egg blue, the little waves lapped along the shore. It was good to be seated so high, and the coachman was friendly, pointing out places of interest with his whip. If only this interloper had not been with us. His intrusion was a profanation of our existence.

Too soon we arrived at Onich and drew up at the little harbor, where a few small blistered fishing smacks lay moored against the pier. In the foreground, perched on a cliff, was the castle. As I climbed off my perch the cigarette-maker assisted Mother to alight.

"I say," he suddenly exclaimed, looking down, "what a spiffing day for a cruise!"

Two fisherboys in rubber boots and blue jerseys were hoisting a lug sail.

"Would you like it, young fellow-me-lad?" he said, turning to me. "Don't you think it a good idea?"

I thought it an excellent idea. How better could I keep them under my eagle eye? I nodded stiffly.

"Come on then," he cried gaily, leaping down and speaking to the boys. When I followed he helped me aboard solicitously, then, still on the pier, and before I knew what he was about or could collect my scattered wits, he had pushed the boat off, the sail caught the wind, and I was out of the harbor and away while Mother, with a despicable pretence of affection, took out her handkerchief and waved to me from the shore.

I turned wildly to the bigger of the two boys.

"Go back. Go back to the pier."

He shook his head. The "gentlemen" had hired him "py the oor." He let out more sail and the boat took an unbalancing heave. Weak with rage and distress I collapsed in the thwarts. Yesterday they had been in the boat and I on shore. Now, precisely, the positions were reversed. This was the final treachery. They had begun to walk arm in arm along the cliff toward the castle. Yes, I had always thought him a cad, and now I knew him to be a cheat as well. As for Mother's . . . duplicity . . . oh, dear, the wind was making my eyes water.

For more than the specified time we tacked monotonously up and down outside the harbor. But at last there came a hail from the beach. The despicable couple had reappeared, and with a final sadistic tack into the wind to prolong my misery, I was returned to the harbor.

"Have a good time, old chap?"

"Yes, thank you." I met his ingratiating gaze with the prim unsmiling politeness I had resolved to assume.

Mother, who seemed flushed and agitated, was looking at me nervously yet with an earnestness that told me her one desire was to make up with me.

"I don't think you'd have liked the castle, dear."

"I don't think I should."

"Well," exclaimed Sommen, with an effort at heartiness, "it's about time we were off. I'll go and dig the cabbie out of the pub."

On the way up from the pier Mother tried to take my arm, but I pretended to stumble and kept away from her.

We got into the carriage and drove off. Up on the box again I decided that they were not quite themselves. Something undoubtedly had happened. Even now they were unusually silent. Was this an omen favorable to me? I longed to turn round but pride forbade me, though I kept my ears well cocked. And still they weren't speaking, no, not a word. They've quarrelled, I thought, with a surge of joy. I could resist

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 161.—FROCK

Attractive frock, designed for all figures, is available cut out to make in soft lilac, white, navy, pink, and black heavy faille poplin. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/-; 36 and 38in. bust, 36/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 162.—ORGANDIE THROWOVER

Pretty organdie throwover is available cut out to embroider on good quality pink or white organdie, with lace supplied. Price 9/11 plus 1/- postage.

No. 163.—BABY'S NIGHTGOWN AND MATINEE JACKET

Baby's nightgown and matinee jacket is available cut out to make, with full instructions, in white plisse. Price 21/6 plus 1/6 postage.

• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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162

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Money back cheerfully unless completely satisfied.

WOOLWORTHS

VARIETY STORES AND SUPERMARKETS



A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 57

no longer. Cautiously moving my head I squinted over my shoulder. The cigarette-maker, leaning toward Mother, with an arm round her waist, was kissing her.

When we got back to the boarding-house I removed myself in silence and went directly to my room. I was seated on the edge of my bed staring at the faded roses on the wallpaper when I heard the handle of the door turn.

HESITANTLY, almost timidly, Mother came in. She sat down beside me and put an arm round my shoulders.

"Laurence, dear, Charley... Mr. Sommen has asked me to marry him."

"And will you?" I said coldly.

"I think I should, dear." "Why?" My tone was slightly contemptuous. "Are you what's called in love with him?"

"I like him, dear. And I think he is in love with me. Of course, he's a queer sort of chap, not altogether what you might call a... well, the sort of person you're used to, but he's generous and kind. He's so gay, too, and that's good for me. He's got a good heart. Besides, it would be so much better for our future, yours as well as mine. It's been hard for me, trying to keep things going, alone. This way, we wouldn't have to separate, you needn't go to Uncle Leo. We could be together, in London. Charley, Mr. Sommen, says there are all sorts of good schools for you there. He likes you, dear."

"I don't want him to like me. I hate him." I disengaged myself from her arm, and although my breast was torn with wounded love, I stared at her cruelly.

"He's an utter bounder, an absolute outsider, a common masher. What's come over you, a woman of your refinement! Bailie Nicol says he's nothing but a counter-jumping cockney. I suppose you know that the whole boarding-house is talking about the way you're behaving, and how silly you are, running after a man younger than yourself."

"Laurence!" "And what do you really know about him beyond the fact that he's got a cigarette factory and flings his money around like a would-be lord. Two weeks ago you didn't even know he existed. And what have you told him about us? Is he aware that we're practically in the poorhouse?"

"I won't have you speak to me like that." She had drawn back to the end of the bed and was facing me with a look of pained anger. "Mr. Sommen would never dream of asking me about our circumstances."

"Well he as good as asked me," I sneered. "Not long after we came he tried to pump me about Father's business. I bragged, of course, and said Father had built up the finest yeast agency in Scotland. So he probably thinks the sweet, soft little widow is rolling. And that's why he's swarming all over you." My voice broke suddenly. "I saw him in the carriage, the vulgar cad."

Provoked beyond endurance, Mother gave a little moan and struck me a ringing box on the ear that almost knocked me off the bed. We stared at each other in a terrible silence. I could not remember that she had ever hit me before.

"You're a wicked boy," she

gasped. "A wicked, wicked boy. Trying to spoil the one little bit of happiness I've had since your father died. And in spite of all you say, and all the fibs you tell, I'll do exactly as I please."

I stood up. Through the singing in my head I shouted: "Go ahead and do it, then. I'm only warning you. You'll be sorry."

I walked straight out of the house, my ear burning and hurting like mad, and although I hated the place now, somehow I found myself at the pool. I sat down on a rock, and clamped my head between my fists. This woman, sole possessor of my heart, whom I had loved exclusively from the moment I first opened my infant eyes, had betrayed me. My immediate impulse was to desert her, to inquire the road to Winton of the first amiable stranger, and set out by forced marches for Uncle Leo, who, after all, expected me. Yet there was a flaw in this course of action that held me back. I wanted justice, and more, I wanted revenge. Revenge on Mother and on this... this mountebank—the word consoled me slightly—who had supplanted me.

If only there was someone to whom I could turn for help. I racked my brains, dismissing one after another the Carroll relations, all uninterested, inept. I even considered the possibilities of Bailie Nicol. And then I thought of Stephen—safe, sure, reliable Stephen could

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God."

— Revelation 21:3.

always be depended on. And Stephen, now established at the Ministry of Labor, was in London.

The possibilities of my idea sent a shiver down my spine. I bounded to my feet. Hurrying back to Ardshiel I begged some notepaper from Miss Allie, then locked myself in my room. Stretched out on the floor I took a pencil and dashed off a letter to Stephen.

Within half an hour I had posted it in the town. I even remembered to send it express.

In the days that followed I maintained a steady reserve. Although I watched "them" secretly at meal-times, I assumed indifference, and when they went off on their excursions I no longer shadowed them. I could afford to wait. On several occasions Mother attempted to reopen the matter and to break down the barrier I had erected, but always without success.

Ardshiel, being some distance from the centre of the town, was served by only one delivery of mail, and every afternoon toward three o'clock I hung about the porch, waiting for the postman.

At last one wet afternoon a letter was handed to me. Yes, it was stamped with the London postmark. Feverishly,

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Home Plans Service

● **Plan No. 507 is a design which can be adapted to almost any sized block of land: in fact, the plan could be enlarged to become a two-storey home, at a later date, if the site permitted.**

BASICALLY, our plan this week, No. 507, is a compact three-bedroomed family house contained in 12.8 squares if built in timber (exclusive of garage and sundeck). The overall width of the

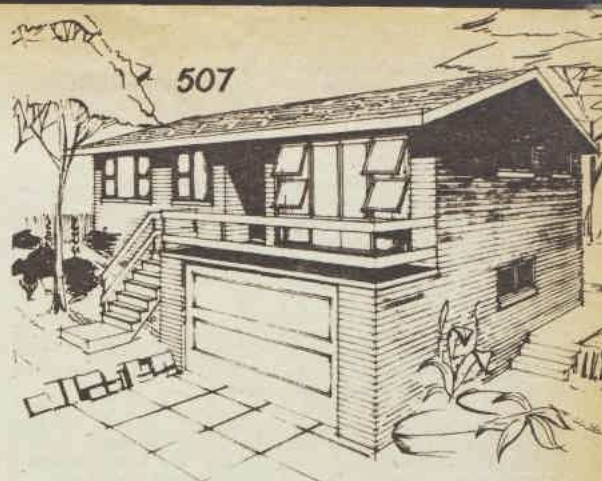
plan in brick construction is 44ft.

However, the size will depend on how much accommodation is constructed in the basement.

A notable feature of this plan is the stairway leading down to the laundry, garage, and to rooms which could be developed later. This would be an ideal place to put children's bunk-rooms, a study, or a playroom for children, so the noise is kept away from the main part of the house.

This would convert the house into a two-storey home if the site allowed for it.

The present plan allows for three bedrooms, two capable of accommodating two single beds each. Each bedroom has built-in cupboards, all are light and airy.



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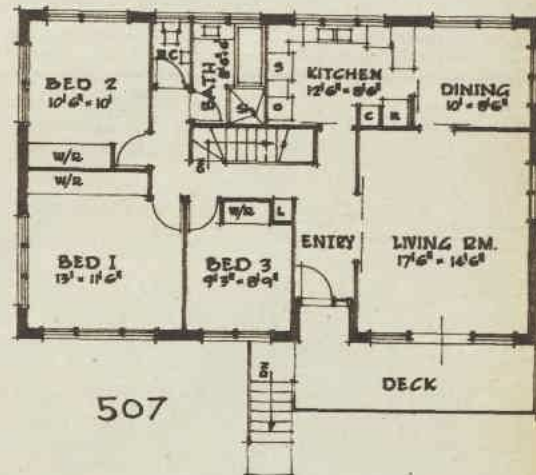
Close at hand

A large living-room, on the right of the entrance, leads into a small dining-room, which, in turn, leads to the kitchen, so all the main working and living areas are close at hand.

The bathroom, with a built-in bath, is planned with a separate shower recess and toilet.

Should the site permit only a garage below the house, the laundry could be built between the bathroom and kitchen, so saving plumbing costs.

Full-length french windows extend on to the sun deck above the garage. The main roof could be carried over the deck to provide a shady verandah.



FLOOR PLAN shows basic three-bedroomed design with laundry located in the basement.

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I locked myself in the downstairs lavatory and tore it open.

Dear Laurence,
It was extremely awkward for me to take time off but, as I judged your letter important, I have done so.

The telephone directory revealed five Sommens, of whom one was listed as Tobacconist & Newsagent, at 1026a, The Mile End Road, E.C. I thereupon took a bus to that unsalubrious quarter — not quite a slum, but almost. The shop proved to be a small drab affair, newspapers, including racing sheets, on one side, cigarettes on the other. I entered and bought — guess what? — the *News of the World*? I was served by an elderly arthritic dame in a worn cardigan, buttoned up to the neck. In the back shop a girl — dark, untidy hair, wearing a grubby overall — was rolling cigarettes on a small hand machine. Emerging, I entered the nearest pub — very near, three doors

Continued from page 58

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

down, where information was readily forthcoming.

The father is dead, the business, negligible and declining, kept going, barely, by the widow. There are three daughters, one of whom is the cigarette-maker. Father had some connections for this brand, now practically nil. Debts were mentioned. Mother, girls, and the son all live above the shop.

The son, your man, takes no part in the business, is described as a good sort, generous, would do anything for a pal, but flash, a fancy dresser, and soft. Bit of a singer and performs at "smokers." Likes to bet, which he does with occasional success, and when he pulls something off, takes a holiday in style. His job — he is a waiter at the Metropolitan Sporting Club in the West End.

I trust this information will quash the incipient romance.

Give my love to your mother and tell her please not to be foolish.

Yours, Stephen.

A thrill of fearful joy electrified me. Holding my breath I stared at the damning words — a waiter at the Metropolitan — then turned and rushed toward the staircase. I could not wait an instant before avenging myself for all I had suffered by delivering this fatal blow, not only to my mother's hopes but to her pride.

DURING the past two days of rain Mother had drawn more within herself, resting and reading in her room after lunch. I knew that she was there now. A cruel, an unholy triumph intoxicating me, sent the blood rushing to my head as I knocked at her door, with the letter in my hand.

"Come in."

She was not reading, but standing at the window, wearing that look of abstraction, a kind of meditative sadness which, in later years, came over her more and more. She half-turned, ventured a smile.

"Mother . . ." I went forward. Her expression, tender and, for some reason, forgiving, unnerved me. Not only that, before I could prevent her she actually took my hand and pressed it against her cheek. Yet I was not to be deterred by such sentimental tricks. "There's something I have to show you . . ."

"Yes, Laurie, dear."

Still holding my hand, she was again looking out and down. Instinctively my gaze followed hers. A station cab stood at the front door and luggage was being heaped upon its roof. Then, hurriedly, bent as if to avoid the rain, a figure, familiar though

untartaned, emerged from the porch and dived into the cab. The door slammed, the cabbie mounted the box and drove off.

"He's gone?" I stammered.

She nodded slowly and turned to me.

"I've sent him away."
"Why?"

"There was your father, Laurence. And now there's you. I suddenly discovered there wasn't room for anyone else."

Something in my throat tied itself into a knot so that I could not speak or swallow. I stared at her, then in my free hand I crushed the letter to shapeless pulp and blindly flung myself upon her breast.

The habitat of my Uncle Leo was a four-storey warehouse somewhat peculiarly named Templar's Hall and situated in that unsalubrious district of Winton known as the Gorbiclaw. The building, which occupied one corner of two mean, narrow cobbled streets, was old and in poor repair with the side windows plastered over and painted a dingy black, but as it stood in the centre of the city, adjacent to Argyle Street and convenient for the docks, it presumably had for my uncle advantages of a commercial nature.

As a residence it had less to offer. The top floor, consisting of a long, dark passage with a great many rooms opening off on either side, served as the living quarters. However, as I had arrived late the night before, I had as yet no idea of the nature of these rooms, only that my own, furnished with an iron bed, a washstand, and a burst cane chair, was at the far end of the corridor, and the kitchen, where a sort of general servant to my uncle, Annie Tobin, had given me bread and cheese for my supper at the other.

I had slept intermittently, disturbed by the clanging of the Argyle Street trams and by an unmanly headache for my mother, whom I had seen off at the Central Station on the previous afternoon. The prospect of a separation for at least a year—despite Mother's assertion that it would quickly pass—had made it a difficult parting. But the morning brought the promise of new experiences. I got up, washed and dressed, then, opening my door, moved circumspectly in search of breakfast.

Mrs. Tobin stood at the kitchen stove. She was a shapeless woman of about fifty-five with a bright red face, pitted by acne, small, deep-set blue eyes and wild grey hair that seemed to be standing on end. An old brown wrapper was tied about her middle.

Apart from her blousy appearance, her strong Irish accent and familiar manners had already offended me, and I had quite decided that I should not like Mrs. Tobin.

"Is my uncle not up yet?" She turned and considered me goodnaturedly.

"He's up and out a good hour ago."

"Has he gone to Mass?" I inquired, conceiving no other reason for so early an excursion.

Mrs. Tobin burst out laughing. "My dear lad," she replied at last, "that fellow hasn't seen the inside of a church for more nor thirty year. He's a black atheist, none other. But you'll soon get used to his comings and goings. A gomben man, no less. Are you wanting your breakfast?"

"Please," I said coldly, determined to repress all familiarity.

"Then you shall have it,

my lad," she replied agreeably.

"Where is the dining-room?"

"Just here, dear, none other. Kitchen, drawing-room, dining-room combined. So take a seat and be easy."

As with some reluctance I sat down, she removed a china bowl from the shelf, half-filled it with a yellowish meal powder and stirred in boiling water from the kettle on the stove. The result was a sort of muddy brown porridge which did not smell at all well and which, with a cup of bluish milk and a spoon, she placed before me.

"What's this?"

"Just a kind of stirabout, only made with pease meal. Your uncle favors it, and gets it wholesale by the hundred-weight bag."

I picked up my spoon and took a mouthful.

"You don't fancy it, dear," she said sympathetically, studying my face. "Still, as there isn't much else, if I were you I'd sup it up."

Anxious not to offend my uncle, since it was his choice, I suppressed the stirabout up, meanwhile reflecting gloomily on all my mother's appetising breakfasts, not to speak of the delicious luncheons provided me by Miss Greville. When I had made my way to the bottom of the bowl Mrs. Tobin remarked: "If you're not full I'll give you a cut off my loaf."

"Your loaf!" I exclaimed, exploding with indignation.

"Well, yes, lad. I do buy myself a few things now and then, just by way of what you might call an extra."

HER tone was so mild and with that constant hint of laughter lying behind, ready to spring up and make light of any difficulties, I felt obliged to hold back my resentment. Besides, cradling the loaf in the crook of her arm, she was sawing off a thick slice of sweet-smelling fresh bread and spreading it generously with dripping.

I accepted it in silence. After the stirabout it tasted like real food. I was still chewing when steps sounded on the stairs and my uncle came into the room.

Although it was more than four years since I had first encountered Leo at my father's funeral, I now found not the slightest change in him. He presented to the world the same tall thin figure, almost emaciated, in the tight shiny navy blue suit, the same long, smooth, pale, expressionless, self-contained, unreadable face.

Leo was an ageless man who remained fixed permanently, as by an effort of will, in the same changeless mould, and when he died, some thirty years later—worth, incidentally, three quarters of a million sterling—I felt convinced, although I was then four thousand miles away, that he had expired inscrutably in precisely the same form, and was buried in the identical blue suit.

Meanwhile, putting a hand on my shoulder, he had made me welcome pleasantly enough, although with a deprecating shake of his head he seemed to take exception to my slice of bread.

"That bleached white flour rots the coating of the bowel, Laurence. But I see you've had your pease meal. That's the stuff that'll really stick to your ribs. You'll soon get used to our ways. We're careful what we put in our stomachs here. Now if you've finished I'll take you downstairs."

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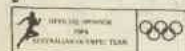


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SAVORY SAUSAGES

● Brown, sizzling sausages, hot from the pan, are a favorite with most families. But with the wide variety now available, including Continental sausages, it is possible to make them into interesting and new dishes.

Recipes from our
Leila Howard
Test Kitchen

THESE sausage recipes will delight the family, and some of them—such as the Cassoulet below—are ideal to serve as the main hot dish at buffet parties.

In addition to the sausage recipes, this cookery feature gives interesting new recipes for another family favorite—Meat Loaf (see page 65).

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce standard cup measure are used in all the recipes.

CASSOULET

One cup kidney beans, 2½ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 2 carrots (sliced), 1 onion (studded with 3 cloves), 1 bouquet garni, ½ cup diced bacon, 3 tablespoons oil or fat, ½ lb. lean pork (cut into cubes), 2 chopped onions, 1 cup chopped shallots, 1 cup thinly sliced celery, ½ cup tomato sauce, ½ cup dry white wine, 1 small salami sausage (sliced), 1 small steamed chicken (meat removed from bones and cut into cubes), salt, pepper.

Combine beans, 1½ cups water, and salt in large saucepan. Let soak overnight. Next day add remaining water, garlic, carrots, onion with cloves, bouquet garni, and bacon. Bring to boil, cook gently with lid on ¼ to 1 hour or until beans are tender. In another pan heat oil or fat, add pork and sliced sausage, cook until pork is browned; add to bean mixture. Sauté chopped onions, shallots, and celery in same pan until tender; add tomato sauce and wine. Cover, simmer 15 minutes; add to bean mixture, cover and simmer further 10 to 15 minutes. Skim off excess fat, discard bouquet garni and onion with cloves. Season to taste, add the cooked, cubed chicken. Reheat and serve.

INDIAN CHIPOLATA CURRY

Two pounds chipolata sausages, 1 green apple, 2 large onions, 3 dessertspoons curry-powder, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, 2 tablespoons flour, ¾ cup water, ¼ cup pineapple juice, ¼ cup coconut milk (see below), ¼ cup sultanas, 1 cup dried apricots (which have been soaked in little water, then simmered until almost tender), 1 cup pineapple pieces, oil for frying.

Place sausages in saucepan, cover with water; bring to boil. Drain and dry well. Heat little oil in pan, fry sausages until golden-brown. Remove from pan, drain off all but 2 tablespoons oil. Dice apple (with skin on), slice onions thickly. Brown in heated oil; add curry-powder, cloves, and flour. Cook few minutes. Pour over water, pineapple juice, and coconut milk. Stir until thickened and boiling. Add sausages, sultanas, pineapple pieces, and prepared apricots; cook 10 to 15 minutes. Serve piping-hot with hot fluffy rice.

Coconut Milk: Boil ½ cup milk, then pour it over 2 tablespoons of shredded coconut in small basin. Allow to stand ½ hour or until required.

GLAZED SAUSAGE SUPREME

Two pounds beef sausages, flour, oil or butter, juice 2 oranges, 8oz. sherry, 2 tablespoons melted red-currant jelly, 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch each cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves.

Place sausages in cold water, bring to the boil. Drain well, then roll in flour. Heat little oil or butter in pan, brown sausages all over. Combine orange juice, sherry, red-currant jelly, sugar, and spices; stir well. Add to sausages, simmer over low heat until sauce is reduced to consistency of honey and sausages are well glazed. Serve with sauce poured over.

SALAMI CON CARNE

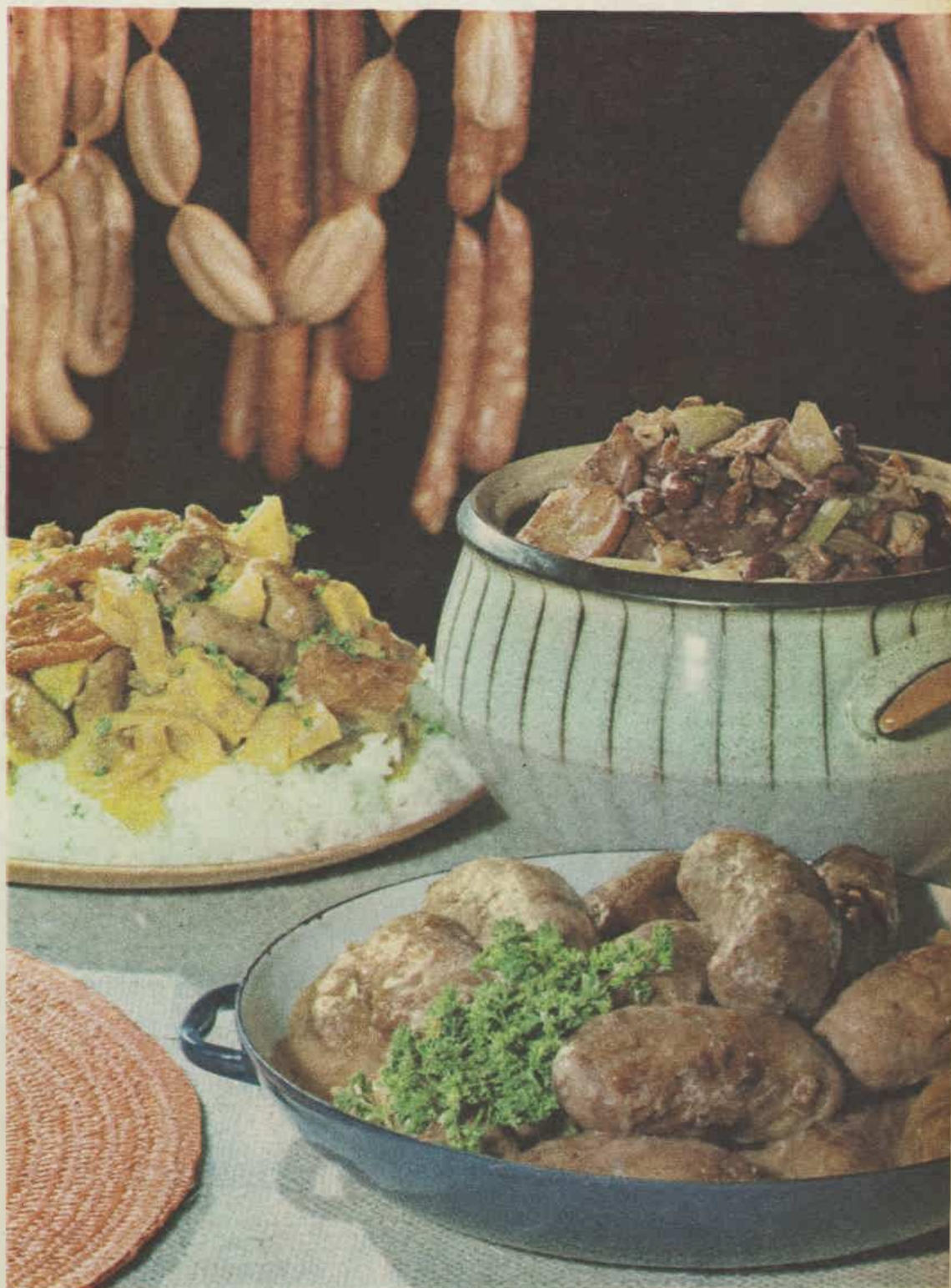
One tablespoon salad oil or melted shortening, 1 cup finely chopped onion, ½ lb. minced steak, 1 cup tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 pinch chilli powder, ¼ teaspoon cumin seeds, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 cup sliced salami sausage.

Heat oil in large frying-pan. Add onion, sauté until tender (about 5 minutes). Add minced steak to frying-pan and cook, stirring occasionally, until meat loses its red color. Add tomato sauce, salt, chilli powder, cumin seeds, sugar, and chopped salami; mix well. Cook, uncovered, over low heat, stirring occasionally, 20 minutes, or until most of liquid is absorbed.

CURRIED SAUSAGES CREOLE

Two pounds pork sausages, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ teaspoons curry-powder (or to taste), 1 pint stock, 2 tablespoons tomato puree, 1 apple, 1 clove garlic, 1 bayleaf, salt, hot cooked rice, lemon wedges.

Cover sausages in saucepan with cold water, bring slowly to the boil, drain well. Melt butter in frying-pan, add the finely chopped onion, sauté until lightly golden. Stir in flour and curry-powder, cook, stirring, 1 to 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add the boiling stock, tomato puree, peeled, chopped apple, crushed garlic, and bayleaf. Return to heat and cook, stirring, until sauce has boiled and thickened; simmer 15 minutes, season to taste. Pour sauce over sausages, simmer further 15 minutes. Remove bayleaf. Serve with hot rice and lemon wedges. Serve chutney separately.



DELICIOUS SAUSAGE DISHES, shown above, are Glazed Sausages Supreme, Indian Chipolata Curry, and Cassoulet—a wonderful dish to serve at a party.

SAVORY SAUSAGE ROLL-UPS

Twelve sausages, 12 slices thin bread (crusts removed), 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 teaspoon mustard, 3oz. butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, ½ cup grated cheese, salt and pepper, cocktail sticks.

Soften butter, add finely chopped parsley, mustard, tomato paste, salt and pepper. Spread on bread.

Grill sausages. Split each sausage down centre lengthwise, put heaped teaspoon of cheese inside. Wrap bread slice around each sausage, buttered side to sausage; secure with cocktail stick. Toast until bread is golden-brown and crisp. Serve with tomato wedges, garnish with parsley.

BAKED STUFFED FRANKFURTS

Two cups soft breadcrumbs, ¼ teaspoon salt, dash pepper, 1 teaspoon sage, 1 small onion (chopped), ¼ cup melted butter, 10 frankfurts, 5 strips bacon.

Combine crumbs with seasoning and onion; add melted butter, blend well. Split frankfurts lengthwise, fill with the stuffing. Wrap each with a half-strip of bacon, fasten with cocktail sticks. Bake in moderate oven ¼ hour or grill 10 minutes.

RICE AND TOMATO CASSEROLE

One pound frankfurts, 1 cup partly cooked peas, 2 sliced onions, ¾ cup raw rice, 1 can tomato soup, salt and pepper, 2 carrots, and 2 potatoes.

Wash rice thoroughly under running water, place in large

saucepan of boiling salted water, cook 10 minutes; drain well. Cut frankfurts into thick diagonal slices, combine with peas, partly cooked rice, onions, sliced carrots, and thinly sliced potatoes; season with salt and pepper. Fill mixture into greased ovenware dish, pour over tomato soup. Cover with fitting lid, bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Serve piping-hot, garnished with parsley.

VEGETABLE SAUSAGE SALAD

One and a half pounds diced cooked potatoes, 2 cups cubed salami sausage, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 cup cooked peas, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 red pepper (chopped), 3 sweet pickles (diced), 2 hard-boiled sliced eggs, mayonnaise, salt, extra hard-boiled egg and beetroot for garnishing.

Mix all ingredients together, adding just enough mayonnaise to moisten, salt to taste, and extra vinegar if desired. Heap in large wooden bowl lined with crisp lettuce, garnish with sliced beetroot and slices of hard-boiled egg.

● Sausage recipes continued on page 67. Meat Loaf recipes on page 65.

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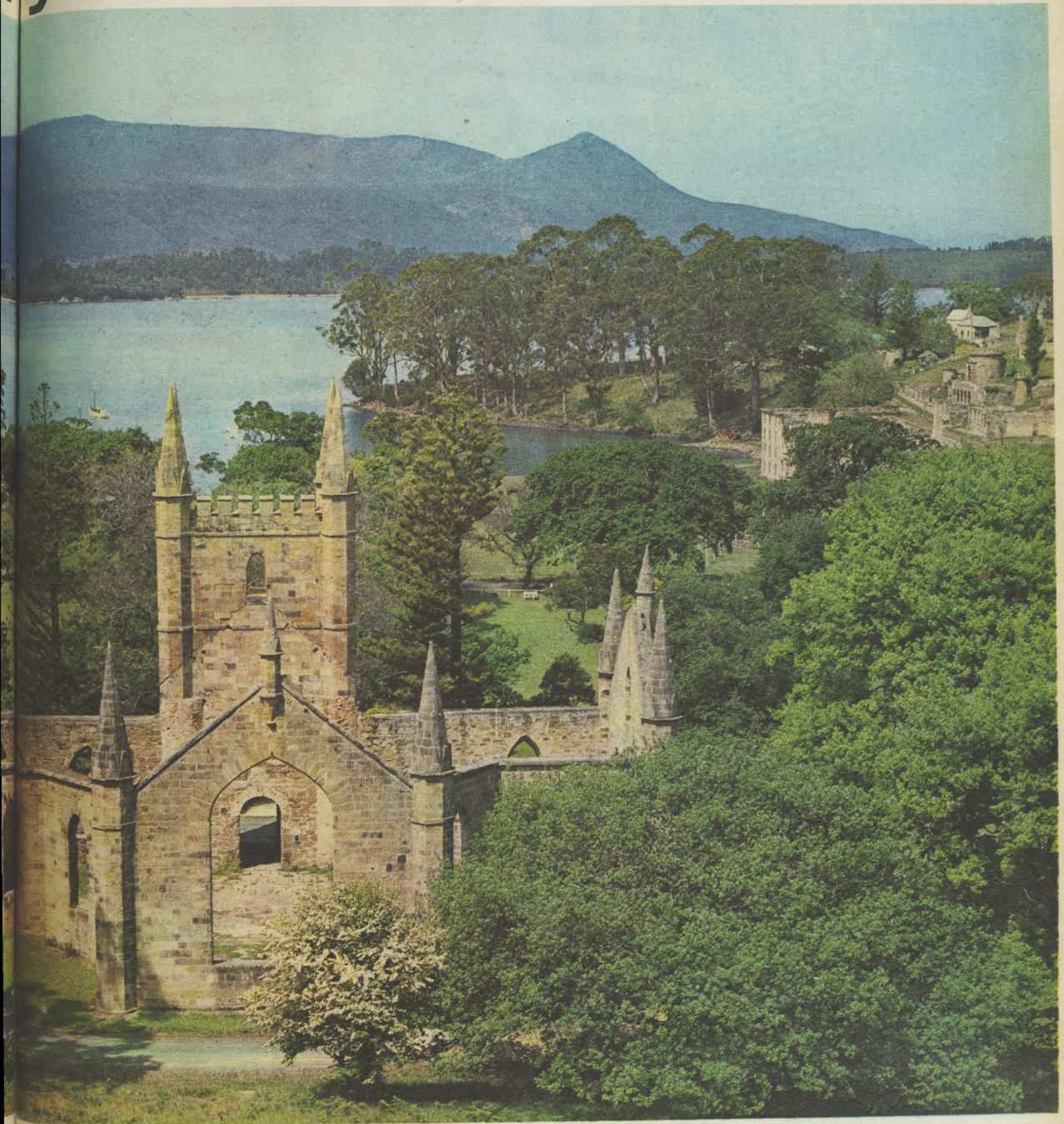
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1964



LAYERED MEAT LOAF, a substantial savory family dish, is equally good served hot or cold. The recipe is below.

Color pictures in this feature by staff photographer Don Cameron.

● Versatile meat loaf, served hot or cold, makes a substantial meal as well as good picnic or outdoor party food. Any that remains next day can be thinly sliced and used as a savory sandwich filling for lunches.

MEAT LOAF ... serve hot or cold

LAYERED MEAT LOAF

Two pounds minced steak, 1lb. sausage mince, 1 large onion (diced), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 tablespoon snipped parsley, salt, freshly ground pepper, 1 egg (beaten), 1 tablespoon tomato puree, slices of hard cheese, mashed potato.

Mix together steak, mince, onion, garlic, parsley, and seasonings. Add puree and lightly beaten egg, blend together, then divide mixture in 3. Press 1-3rd in greased 10in. x 5in. x 2 1/2in. loaf-tin. Top with layer of cheese slices. Press another 1-3rd of meat mixture over cheese, repeat until all used. Bake in moderately slow oven 1 1/2 hours. Allow to cool, chill in refrigerator. Turn out of tin, place on heatproof serving-dish. Top with mashed potato, either spread or piped on top. Place under hot grill, brown lightly, and serve cold.

To serve hot, place in moderate oven about 20 minutes to reheat and brown potato.

BAKED MUSHROOM MEAT LOAF

One can (small) sliced mushrooms, milk, 1 egg, 1/2 cup tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon dried thyme, 1 cup packaged dry breadcrumbs, 1 1/2lb. minced steak, 1/2lb. minced pork, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon grated parmesan cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Drain mushrooms well, reserving liquid; set mushrooms aside. Combine liquid with enough milk to make 1 cup. In large bowl beat egg slightly with fork. Stir in milk mixture, tomato and worcestershire sauces, salt, thyme, and breadcrumbs. With fork lightly mix until breadcrumbs are thoroughly moistened. Add steak and pork; mix just until well combined. Place half meat mixture in large loaf-tin. With moistened hands make 3 depressions in meat. Arrange eggs in these. Top with mushroom slices, sprinkle with cheese and parsley. Press over remaining meat mixture. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours.

HASTY PIE

One pound minced cold meat, cooked parsnips, carrots, leek, celery, etc., 1 onion, 1lb. hot potatoes, salt and pepper, gravy, 1oz. butter, extra butter.

Fry sliced onion in the butter. Line greased pie-dish with mashed potato, then put alternate layers (well seasoned) of cooked sliced onion, minced meat, and chopped vegetables. Add some gravy to moisten. Top with layer of mashed or quartered potatoes and little extra butter; bake in moderate oven 1/2 hour.

HAMBURGER POTATO ROLL

One tablespoon fat, 1 medium onion (chopped), 1 small clove garlic (crushed), 1lb. minced beef, 1 egg (lightly beaten), 2 slices bread (crusts removed), water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon oregano, rosemary, or basil, freshly ground black pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons dry breadcrumbs, 2 cups seasoned mashed potato, 1 tablespoon minced parsley or green pepper (optional), 3 strips bacon (optional).

Preheat oven to moderate. Heat fat, add onion and garlic, saute until onion is transparent. Remove to mixing-bowl, add the beef, then the egg. Soften bread in water, press out excess water, then add bread to beef mixture. Add salt, oregano, and pepper, mix thoroughly. Sprinkle piece of waxed paper with crumbs. Press out beef mixture on crumbs to make rectangle about 4in. thick.

Beat mashed potatoes with parsley, spread on top of beef mixture. (If leftover potato is used, reheat it in double boiler before spreading.) Using the waxed paper as an aid, roll beef mixture and potatoes, jelly-roll fashion; place in loaf-pan or in shallow baking-dish. Grease pan if meat is very lean. Place bacon on top or brush with additional fat; bake at least once during baking. Bake about 1 hour; serve with brown sauce made from pan drippings or with mushroom, tomato, or other sauce.

HERBED MEAT LOAF

One pound minced beef, 1/2lb. minced veal, 1/2 pound minced lean pork, 1 egg, 1/2 cup fine breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup chopped parsley, 1/2 cup finely chopped shallots or chives, 1 tablespoon chopped fresh basil or 1/2 tablespoon dried basil (optional), 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, bacon slices to cover top.

In mixing-bowl combine all ingredients except bacon slices. Using hands, blend well (do not overwork the meat or it will produce a meat loaf that is too tightly packed). Line 9in. pie-plate with aluminium foil, shape meat mixture into oval loaf. Place loaf on foil, cover with bacon slices. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Serve with mushroom sauce or fresh tomato sauce.

BAKED PORK LOAF

One and three-quarter cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup milk, 1 egg (slightly beaten), 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2lb. minced pork, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, pinch monosodium glutamate, 1/2 teaspoon dried marjoram, 1 cup tomato sauce, 1/2 teaspoon dried oregano.

In large bowl combine breadcrumbs with milk; let stand

several minutes. Then add remainder of ingredients, except tomato sauce and oregano; mix well. With moistened hands, shape mixture into loaf in shallow baking-dish. Bake in moderate oven, uncovered, 1 1/2 hours. Remove to serving-dish. Heat tomato sauce with oregano and serve with loaf.

BAKED VEAL LOAF

One egg, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup tomato sauce, 1 cup crushed savory biscuits or breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup chopped stuffed olives, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 pinch monosodium glutamate, pepper, 2 teaspoons butter or substitute, 1/2 cup coarsely chopped onion, 1 1/2lb. minced veal.

In large bowl, beat egg slightly with fork. Stir in milk, sauce, breadcrumbs or crushed biscuits, olives, salt, monosodium glutamate, and pepper; set aside. In hot butter in frying-pan saute onion until tender (about 5 minutes). Add to egg mixture with veal. Mix just until well combined. With moistened hands, shape into loaf, wrap in aluminium foil (greased), place in flat baking-dish; bake in moderate oven 1 1/2 hours. (Remove foil 20 minutes before end of cooking time.) Remove to plate. Serve garnished with olives and coated with mushroom gravy.

ROAST MEAT LOAF

Two eggs, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup raw rolled oats, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch monosodium glutamate, 1/2 teaspoon dried savory, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1/2 cup coarsely chopped onion, 2 1/2lb. minced steak.

Glaze: Half cup tomato sauce, few drops chilli sauce, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon vegetable or meat extract.

In large bowl, beat eggs slightly with fork. Stir in milk, oats, salt, monosodium glutamate, savory, pepper, and parsley; set aside. In hot butter in frying-pan, saute onion until tender (about 5 minutes). Add to egg mixture with steak; mix until well combined. Line 9in. x 5in. x 3in. loaf-pan with waxed paper. Turn meat mixture into pan, packing down well; refrigerate, covered, at least 2 hours. Run spatula round edge of meat loaf to loosen. Carefully turn out into shallow baking-pan, keeping original shape as much as possible; bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Meanwhile make glaze: In small bowl, combine all ingredients, mixing well. Brush top and sides of meat loaf with glaze. Bake further 45 minutes, brushing several times with glaze. Remove to plate and serve.

Continued on page 67

Veal and fruit dish wins £5

● A recipe for a curry made with fresh fruits and tender veal steak wins the £5 main prize this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for a recipe for scones flavored with orange, nuts, and dates; a recipe for stuffed steak; and for iced brownies.

All spoon measurements are level.

CURRY SUPREME

One apple, 1 banana, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fruit

in season (such as pear, plum, peach, etc.), 2 tomatoes, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon fat or oil, 2lb. veal steak, 1 dessertspoon curry powder (or more if desired), 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon sweet chutney, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 tablespoon coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry sherry (or water if preferred), 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon

tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, boiled rice, parsley.

Chop fruits, tomatoes, and onions, fry in heated fat or oil 5 minutes, stirring to prevent sticking. Add chopped veal and all ingredients except lemon juice, tomato sauce, and milk. Cover, simmer very gently, adding a little extra water if necessary until veal is tender (about 1 to 1½ hours). About 10 minutes before end of cooking time add lemon juice, tomato sauce, and milk. Taste, and if necessary add a little more seasoning. Serve in large dish with bowls of fluffy rice and, as side-dishes, any of the accompaniments below:

- Diced pineapple with chopped sauteed bacon.
- Sliced, hard-boiled eggs garnished with parsley.
- Chopped mixed nuts.
- Raisins, soaked and heated in rum or brandy.
- Sweet chutney.
- Stewed apple spiced with cinnamon and cloves.
- Halved prawns, garnished with parsley.
- Sliced bananas, soaked in lemon juice and coated with coconut.
- Slices of orange and sprigs of mint.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Pemberton, 4a Bent Street, Bentleigh, Vic.

ORANGE DATE AND NUT SCONES

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, grated rind 1 small orange, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed nuts, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, little beaten egg or milk for glazing.

Cream butter and sugar, add grated orange rind and egg, beat well. Mix in dates and crushed nuts. Sift flour and salt together, add to mixture alternately with milk and orange juice. Turn on to floured board, knead until smooth. Roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, cut into circles with floured cutter. Place on tray, brush tops with egg or milk glazing, bake in hot oven about 15 minutes. Serve warm with butter.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. Hinsley, 18 Ashton Street, Camp Hill, Brisbane.

PINEAPPLE-FILLED STEAK

Two pieces of steak (skirt, top-side or round) cut about 1 in. thick and each weighing about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed pineapple (drained), 1 rasher bacon (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon meat extract, 1 beaten egg, fat, baked vegetables as desired, green peas.

Rub butter into breadcrumbs, add pineapple, bacon, salt, pepper, meat extract, and beaten egg. Spread filling over one piece of steak and place other on top. Neaten, sew edges together loosely with large stitches, using coarse cotton or fine string. Place in baking-dish with the fat. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 2 hours or until tender, basting occasionally with pan juices. Remove lid for last 45 minutes, add vegetables if desired and bake as usual. Serve hot, cut in slices, with baked vegetables, green peas and gravy made from pan drippings and a little pineapple syrup, if desired.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Bovell, 1 Briggs Street, Mosman Park, W.A.

MOTHER'S BROWNIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 large eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, chocolate-flavored icing.

Place butter, sugar, and cocoa into saucepan, stir over low heat until blended. Beat eggs lightly, mix in; add vanilla. Sift flour and salt together, add gradually. Lastly mix in chopped dates and walnuts. Fill into greased lamington-tin (7 x 11 in.), bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Allow to cool, coat with chocolate icing, cut into squares for serving.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Malcolm, 171 McBurney Rd., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

DELICIOUS
curry and side-
dishes are
ideal for a
buffet party.
See recipe.



Golden Circle SUNDAE SPECIAL for September "Spring Feeling"

ENJOY A SUMMER FULL OF SUNDAES — and no two the same

Fill a boat-shaped sundae dish to rim with GOLDEN CIRCLE TROPICAL FRUIT SALAD. Have ready lime jelly set quarter inch thick in shallow tray. Top fruit salad with ice cream scoops, one vanilla, two strawberry. Garnish centre scoop with coconut, add 'leaves' cut from lime jelly with pastry cutter, and add a white plastic flower for the Touch of Spring.

Golden Circle TROPICAL FRUIT SALAD

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.



Savory Sausages . . . continued from page 61

CHIPOLATA AND PINEAPPLE SAVORY

Chipolata sausages, 1 can pineapple pieces, cocktail sticks, oil for frying.

Put chipolata sausages in saucepan, cover with cold water and bring just to the boil; remove and drain. Fry in hot oil until golden brown. Drain pineapple pieces, thread on cocktail stick with chipolata sausage. Serve piping hot on platter as hors-d'oeuvre. These can be made well ahead of time and reheated in moderate oven at serving time.

RICE A LA GRECQUE

Three tablespoons butter, 1 chopped onion, 1 small clove garlic (crushed), 3 or 4 leaves of green lettuce (shredded), 1lb. fresh pork sausages (sliced), 3 mushrooms (sliced), 3 tomatoes (peeled and diced), 1 cup raw rice, 2 cups boiling water or chicken broth, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of freshly ground black pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked peas, 1 diced red pepper, 2 tablespoons raisins (sauteed in butter).

Melt 2 tablespoons of the butter in large saucepan, brown the onion in it. Add garlic, lettuce, sausages, mushrooms, and tomatoes. Add rice, mix well together. Add the boiling water, salt and pepper. Cover tightly, cook over low heat 20 minutes. Mix well with fork, add remaining ingredients. Serve.

TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE

One pound thin sausages, 2 thickly sliced tomatoes, 1 sliced onion, salt and pepper, fat or dripping if required, Yorkshire pudding batter.

Put sausages into ovenproof dish.

MEAT LOAF

(from page 65)

GLAZED MEAT LOAF

One egg, 1 small can evaporated milk (undiluted), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon dried marjoram, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage mince.

Glaze: Six tablespoons apricot jam, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

In large bowl, beat egg slightly with fork. Stir in milk, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and marjoram. Add meats, mix until combined, using hands if necessary. With moistened hands, shape mixture into loaf. Place in greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Glaze: In small bowl, combine apricot jam and lemon juice; mix well. Brush top and sides of turned-out meat loaf, return to oven for a further 10 minutes. Remove and serve.

UPSIDE-DOWN HAM LOAF

One tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 1 can pineapple pieces, 3 maraschino cherries (halved), milk, 1 egg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft white breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked ham (minced), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pork (minced).

Slowly melt butter in 8in. by 8in. by 2in. pan over low heat. Stir in sugar until smooth, remove from heat. Drain pineapple well, reserving liquid. Spread pineapple evenly over sugar mixture in pan. Arrange cherries in pretty design on pineapple; set aside.

Combine pineapple liquid with enough milk to measure 1 cup. In large bowl, beat egg slightly with fork. Stir in milk mixture, breadcrumbs, mustard, salt and pepper. Add ham and pork; mix until well combined, using hands if necessary. Spoon meat mixture evenly over pineapple in pan; bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Drain off excess liquid. Invert loaf on plate so pineapple is on top.

Cook about 10 minutes in hot oven. If not enough fat comes from sausages, add a little extra and replace in oven until very hot. Sprinkle over sliced onion, arrange tomato slices on sausages; season. Pour in batter, return to hot oven for approximately 30 minutes.

Yorkshire pudding batter: Four oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk or milk and water.

Sieve flour and salt together into basin. Drop in egg, gradually beat in just enough liquid to make stiff, smooth batter. Be sure there are no lumps. Allow to stand a few minutes, then gradually whisk or beat in remainder of liquid. This

mixture can be allowed to stand some time before cooking. If possible, put into refrigerator or really cool place. Give final beat or whisk before using.

SAUSAGE AND CORN CASSEROLE

Ten thin Continental-type sausages, 2 cups cooked whole kernel corn (or use canned whole kernel corn), $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper (chopped), salt and pepper, 2 cups white sauce of medium thickness.

Mix corn, green pepper, salt and pepper. Place in casserole in alternate layers with white sauce. Arrange sausages on top to radiate from centre. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

SAUSAGE-VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

One pound sausages, 1 or 2 tablespoons fat, 1 onion (diced), $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper (diced), 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 2 cups whole kernel corn (canned or frozen), 2 cups cooked tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cereal flakes.

Brown sausages in heated fat in frying-pan, remove from pan. Brown onion and pepper in remaining fat; add flour and seasonings, blend. Add corn and tomatoes, simmer until juice has partly evaporated; pour into casserole. Arrange browned sausages on top, sprinkle with cereal flakes. Brown in moderately hot oven about 15 minutes.

LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

HERE'S a summer soup with the light taste of lemon — and there are very few calories in each serving! Grilled fish would be a nice follow-on to complete the meal.

LEMON CONSOMME

Three cups chicken bouillon (made with bouillon cubes), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, salt and pepper, lemon slices.

Bring bouillon to the boil. Add lemon peel and juice, season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour into consommé cups and garnish each with a thin slice of lemon.

Serves 6; calories per serving, 5.



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three pale and pretty shades
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'65 Styling. Flush-fitting lids give a smarter appearance. The De Luxe model has new Formica worktop.



LOOK!

New Controls. Timer and heater thermostat, linked for more automatic washing, are right at your fingertips.



LOOK!

New Spinner. Rinsing, spin-drying are more thorough. Washing-tub, spin-can are quieter, smoother.

Wildflower cloth offer

● Our new needlework offer to readers is this beautiful supper cloth featuring an Australian wildflower design.

THE cloth, which measures 36in. x 36in., is traced ready to embroider on good quality Irish linen. Colors available are white, cream, and pastel shades of blue, lemon, pink, and green.

Table napkins, with a wildflower design traced ready to embroider in one corner, are also available. They measure 11in. x 11in.

Prices are: Cloth, 36in. square, traced ready to embroider, 19/9, plus 1/3 postage.

Table napkins, 11in. square, traced ready to embroider, 1/9 each, plus 6d. each postage.

Anchor Stranded Cottons for embroidery can also be

ordered if desired. Price is 15/- extra for 24 skeins.

Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing money order or cheque.

Direction for Embroidery: Before beginning to work, pad all flowers well. Work in the following colors:—

Waratah: Work centre portion in satin-stitch in variegated Anchor Stranded Embroidery Cotton No. 1203/885, centre of bottom portion of flowers in No. 027/466 (Carnation), and outer edges in No. 019/897 (Cardinal). Work leaves and stem in satin-stitch in variegated No. 1215/880 (Green).

Wattle: Work flowers in satin-stitch and stem-stitch in

No. 0305/795 (Amber-Gold). leaves in satin-stitch in No. 0243/498 (Grass-Green).

Hibiscus: Work flower in satin-stitch in 0305/795, with radiating lines in petals, in stem-stitch in No. 0307/733, centre of flower in No. 0352/809 (Brown), stems and leaves in No. 0243/498 (Green).

Flannel Flowers: Work petals in satin-stitch in No. 0402 (White), centre of flowers No. 0305/795 (Yellow), and stems in stem-stitch in No. 0243/498 (Green).

Red Bottle Brush: Work flower in irregular satin-stitch (long and short stitch) to give furry effect. Work in No. 035/468 (Cerulean), centre of flower in herringbone-stitch in No. 020/598 (Car-



● The supper cloth measures 36in. square.

dinal). Work leaves in satin-stitch and stems in stem-stitch in No. 0243/498 (Green).

The cloth is supplied with a hem-stitched edge which can be finished with lace or crochet, if desired.

Continued from page 60

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

"I've just taken up Tiger-eating"



And I love it! Tiger Gruyere Cheese comes direct from Switzerland—the home of the world's finest cheeses—and it has its own flavour secret: a delicious blend of zesty tanginess with delightful mildness. Go Tiger-hunting at your grocer's today!



Tiger Gruyere is available in handy sandwich slices as well as in the familiar triangle wedges. Buy some today!

Genuine Switzerland
TIGER
GRUYERE CHEESE

We descended by the stone staircase to the first floor, then, selecting a key from the shiny bunch secured to his braces by a thin chain, he opened a door and led me into the stockroom. This was a long hall which ran the entire length of the building, and so high — it contained both the first and second storeys — as to produce a faint echo when we spoke. In this lofty and extremely dusty repository a double row of trestle tables was laid out, leaving a passage in the middle which was covered by a strip of frayed red rug, while on the tables bales of cloth were piled and strewn in some disarray.

"Now," said Uncle Leo, "you'll begin to learn your trade."

After testing my knowledge of linear measure he presented me with an inchtape, which I assumed had got into the establishment by mistake since as he draped it professionally over my shoulders I saw on the reverse side, in plain black letters, "Property of Morris Shapiro, Tailor."

HE then began to take me round the tables, stopping at each to instruct me in the goods displayed. First the saxons, then the cheviots, next the angolas, the broadcloths, the tweeds.

To each bale a ticket was attached on which was marked the price, not in figures, but in letters, and glancing down at me obliquely with a deepening of his confidence and flattering implications of my fidelity, Uncle Leo entrusted me with the secret of his code. It was simple, a reversal of the alphabet in which Z stood for zero, Y for one, X for two, and so on back to Q, which represented nine.

All this would have impressed me more but for the unworthy suspicion that those materials, which my uncle spoke of, and indeed caressed with a proprietary touch as though they were rare and precious fabrics, seemed rather more shop-soiled, ill used and exhausted than I, even as an untrained neophyte, would have expected — seemed, in brief, scarcely to merit the high-sounding titles bestowed upon them.

Indeed, while I hesitated

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

to mention the fact, my eye had more than once been attracted by other tickets, unrelated to Uncle's code, but crudely stamped in red with such devices as: "Bankrupt Stock," "Sale," "Job Lot," and finally a fearfully incriminating tag on which was scrawled in blue pencil: "Knocked down to Pinchpenny C at 50 per cent. off."

When our circuit had been completed Leo drew up at the last trestle.

"You understand, Laurence, that in the ordinary way I would expect a premium from an apprentice. But blood is thicker than water. I'm going to give you a good half crown a week. And of course you have your keep."

"Thank you, Uncle Leo." Perhaps he noticed some hesitation in my tone, for he went on quickly:

"What's more, if you need anything, and I think you need a suit," he paused, with an air of serious liberality, "I'll give you it." I looked at him gratefully, I undoubtedly had need of a suit. In the past few months I had shot up, and out of my present garments so that my trouser ends were well above my ankles, and the sleeves of my jacket failed to cover my wrists. But before I could express my thanks Leo went on: "Now here's a lovely piece of stuff."

The cloth he displayed, with a professional toss that unwrapped the bolt and spread it hurtfully before my eyes, was a strong pepper and salt check, of a pattern so vivid I would have judged it suitable only for gentlemen of the most pronounced sporting tastes.

"Isn't it a trifle loud, Uncle?"

"Loud!" He dismissed the idea. "This is a classic, Laurence, and the only piece of it I have. As for wear, it stands by itself. It'll last a lifetime. I'll get Shapiro up to measure you this afternoon."

I WAS quite overcome, but whether by his generosity or by the design of the material, I scarcely knew. While I remained silent he drew a large silver watch from his waistcoat pocket and thoughtfully consulted it, an action which, as I soon discovered, was the usual prelude to his sudden and mysterious departures.

"I have to go now," he said. "If anyone comes in call down Mrs. Tobin or just say I'll be back soon. Meanwhile, I'll give you some work

to keep you busy. Come into the office."

I followed him through a door I had not previously observed, into a small room furnished with a flat desk, a single chair, and a large green safe. The bare floorboards were cluttered with a great many packages and cardboard boxes, some open and disclosing to my gaze a varied assortment of attractively labelled tins, bottles, and jars. Hustling through some papers on the desk he found a magazine which had the title "The Health Food Bulletin." Turning the pages he indicated a number of advertisements, each of which he had marked with a cross.

"You write a pretty fair hand, I hope?"

When I had assured him on this point the instructions he then gave me, though astounding, were precise. Thus five minutes later, when he had departed, I found myself seated at the desk, pen in hand, inditing a letter, the first of a series, which ran as follows:

Mr. Leo Carroll presents his compliments to the Ocean Seaweed Food Company and requests them to forward to his business office at the above address, liberal free samples of their product Sargossa as advertised in The Health Food Bulletin, for his personal use and possible future commercial orders.

When I had finished the letters, all addressed to patent food companies, it was almost noon and no customers had as yet appeared. I went through the warehouse and opened the door to satisfy myself that a queue had not formed outside.

It had not. Then, as I turned, I saw pinned on a panel of the door a cryptic note which read "Call again. Back at two. Leo."

The realisation that my uncle had so little faith in me caused my spirits to droop. I went back and stared through one of the front windows. Masked by the grime on the panes the narrow street nevertheless revealed itself mercilessly: mean little shops, a public house, a short string of hucksters' barrows, and at the far end, the familiar three brass balls of the pawnbroker.

I could not comprehend why my uncle should have chosen to live in such a locality or to own so vast and dilapidated a building in order to carry on his business in so small a part of it. How could I guess in those early days his astute precog-

nition that changes in the city planning would raise the value of this property to fantastic heights?

A sudden laugh from behind disturbed my brooding and made me spin round.

"The sight of you there with the inchtape on you!" Forgetting that I had made up my mind not to like her, I felt surprisingly relieved to see Mrs. Tobin.

"I thought I'd see how you were getting on. Anyhow it's time for your dinner." She added: "Such as it is."

SHE locked the outer door and we went upstairs to the kitchen, where I was not long in perceiving that my dinner was to be derived from a large pot of boiled potatoes and a wedge of cheese. However, before this was served Mrs. Tobin set a frying-pan on the stove, and, almost from nowhere, by a kind of legerdemain, shot into it two fat sausages which immediately began to sizzle and to emit a seductive aroma that brought the water to my teeth. While she tended them she kept watching me with a broad, suggestive smile until I could no longer contain myself.

"Yours, Mrs. Tobin?" I queried.

"Mine," she agreed and, lifting the pan from the stove she forked one of the sausages on to my plate and placed the other on her own.

"This looks awfully good, Mrs. Tobin."

I was hungry. Despite Uncle's assurances, the stirabout had not stuck long to my ribs. Several minutes elapsed before I added: "And these potatoes are beautifully floury."

"I have the knack of the spuds, dear, like most of the Irish. And don't call me Mrs. Tobin, just Annie."

"Does my uncle not come in to dinner?" I inquired, with my mouth full of hot sausage and mash.

She shook her head.

"In the first place he hardly eats what would feed a sparrow. In the second, except when he's messing about here in the evening with his patent foods and whatnot, he takes his meals in the Vegetarian Restaurant in Union Street."

"Good gracious. Is he really a vegetarian, Mrs. Tobin, I mean, Annie?"

To page 71



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If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

When children seem "nervy"

try this, mother, for recovery overnight

Most children don't realise the importance of keeping "regular". When they seem off-colour, grouchy or tired (or lose their appetite) wise mothers suspect temporary constipation. Keep the easiest answer in your medicine cupboard — Laxettes. Laxettes are squares of delicious chocolate that contain tasteless phenolphthalein, the gentlest, surest laxative known. Easy to give. Easy to take. No water. No spoons. No griping. No embarrassing urgency. Just Laxettes at night — and tomorrow an easy thorough motion and a happy, healthy child. Only 3/3 at your chemist, in a new pack that protects the chocolate. When Nature forgets — remember Laxettes.

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"He'll not put meat in his mouth. Sure, if it was raining pork chops he'd only use the fat to grease his boots. Forment which, he doesn't smoke. And as for liquor, and this is the quarest of all, he's never had a drink in his life. Leo's a quare fellow, dear, and deep. He never lets his right hand know what his left hand's doing. But you'll soon get to know him," she added slyly, "if you haven't already."

"It does seem to me," I spoke interestedly, anxious to pursue the subject "that my uncle is not very well off."

If I had made the wittiest joke of the century the effect on Mrs. Tobin could not have been more pronounced.

She literally rocked with laughter. When finally she had composed herself she wiped her eyes and said: "What makes you think that, dear?" "Well," I reasoned, reddening with embarrassment, "Uncle doesn't seem to live very well here. I mean, the food isn't too plentiful. And, as a matter of fact, this morning not a single person came to the showroom to buy cloth."

"Oh they'll come, dear, they'll come," she said mildly. "In the afternoon when himself is there. And even if they didn't, what's the odds?"

"The odds, Mrs. Tobin, Annie?"

"That little bit of a shop down there isn't but a fraction of Leo's interests. He has property all over the city. If you'd walked like me up and down the tenements at Anderson Cross collecting his rents you'd know to your sorrow just how much he has. And that's not the big thing."

"What big thing, Annie?" I gasped.

"Whisky!" she proclaimed, enjoying the effect of that omnipotent word. "Whisky in bond. Barrels and barrels of the stuff, all sealed by the revenue, maturin' and maturin' and gettin' dearer and dearer all the time. You'll know about that, too, my lad, when we come to the next bottling day."

I LOOKED at her dazedly, all my notions of Leo whirling around in a haze of amazed uncertainty. What was I to make of this uncle of mine who was so outrageously rich yet starved himself, and me, on pease meal stir-about? I didn't dare pursue the matter for fear of further revelations.

When dinner was over and Mrs. Tobin had refused my subdued offer to help her wash the dishes, I went pensively down to the shop to ensure being there when Leo returned.

He arrived punctually at two, seemed pleased to find me on duty, and even went so far as to congratulate me in restrained terms on the manner in which I had written his letters. He then took off his jacket and put on a waistcoat with black alpaca sleeves, then, still wearing his bowler hat, which indeed he rarely removed, indoors or out, went into his office, where for some time he was busy, alone, working over some stiff-backed ledgers. But these were restored to the safe as his customers began to arrive.

What surprised me was the number of poor women, some even draped in shawls—sure emblem of the alums—who came in looking for what they described as "remnants," and which I soon discovered to be

Continued from page 69

end pieces of the material just short of an adequate length. A few of these were apparently tenants of my uncle, for they addressed him as Leo, but despite this familiarity and the cajoleries, usually prefaced by the exclamation: "Ah, Leo, for the love of heaven . . ." he remained unfailingly polite, merely pointing to one of a number of cards prominently displayed on the trestles and marked "This house does NOT extend credit."

But in the main his customers were cheap, single-handed tailors in a small way of business, some of them foreign, and many of Jewish persuasion. Mr. Morris Shapiro, entrusted with the honor of making my suit, and who came into the

warehouse toward the end of the afternoon, was unquestionably in this category.

When he had measured me he bundled up the material and tucked it under his arm. Then, as he hurried off, he took a cautious side-glance, cupped his head and literally hissed in my ear: "He's been trying for years to get rid of it."

Although Leo could not possibly have heard, I sensed that for some reason unknown to me the incident had upset him. He paced up and down, glancing at me from time to time, as though about to refer to it. But in the end he did not. When I asked if I should light the gas, as it was getting dark, he shook his head. Inspecting his watch, thus

again signalling his immediate departure, he came forward and put his hand on my shoulder.

"You're my nephew, boy, you know I mean to do the right thing by you. You've done well for your first day, and we'll see how you get on. But always remember that money is hard to come by here." He gave me an approving pat. "Now I have to go out to see a man. It's time to close up."

He locked the door with the key from his bunch and went quickly down the stairs while I went slowly up to Mrs. Tobin.

To be continued

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MALAGA
ALL AGLOW
SILVER HEATHER
MISTY COCOA
CANDY ORANGE
HOT PEACH
CHERRY RED
RASPBERRY
VIVID
WINTER ROSE
HONEY TAN
HIGH LIFE
BLONDE



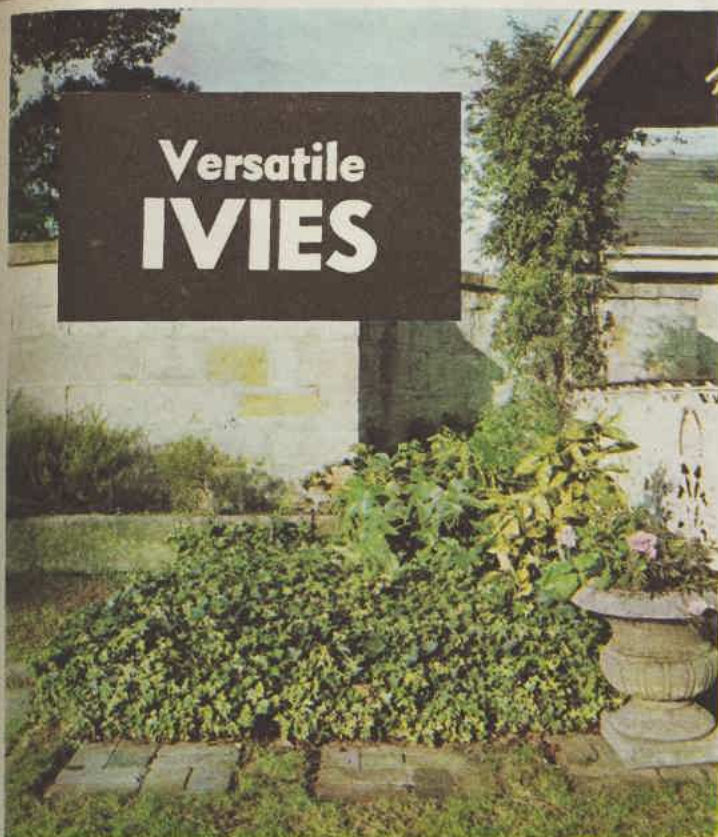
Silver Heather

Two new precious pinks from Michel. Adventurous, priceless pinks to glow and gleam on your lips. Pinks to prize, pinks to treasure, precious pinks—Golden Mist and Silver Heather—fashion new from Michel. And like all Michel lipsticks these two new pinks will keep your lips aglow with beauty for hours and hours on end.



Golden Mist

MICHEL



"LAWN" of ivies, *Hedera helix* (English ivy), *Hedera canariensis* variegata, and a variety called "Pittsburgh," makes a focal point of interest in this Hunter's Hill, N.S.W., garden. The shrubs growing in the "lawn" are *Fatsia japonica* and *Acuba japonica*.

Gardening Book (Vol. 2) — page 79



IVY ARCH is formed of *Hedera canariensis* variegata — one of the most attractive uses of this plant. Ivies like semi-shade, but this variety seems to thrive in sunlight as long as it is kept reasonably moist. Pictures taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Gardening Book (Vol. 2) — page 80

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Ivies, in all their variety, have many pleasant uses in a garden landscape.

THEY are ideal for screening unsightly corners, for covering tree-stumps and other blemishes in the garden, and for growing in crevices in dry walls or on stone paths.

Where a neat serviceable ground cover is required they are unsurpassed. Even on the driest banks their purposeful leaders look for fresh worlds to conquer with satisfying speed.

In shady areas under trees where most grasses tend to become shabby the ivy forms an attractively patterned growth.

In hanging baskets they can be used by themselves or they can enhance the attractiveness of other plants with which they are grown.

Ivies prefer partial shade but do not resent sun in temperate areas. In tropical districts they require almost full shade.

They revel in rich, moist soil but accommodate themselves to poorer, drier sites and can be grown almost anywhere in Australia.

Ivies have become popular as indoor plants. But don't over-pot them. A 3in. container is usually sufficient for several years, ending up in a 5in. pot.

Overwatering should be avoided, and the leaves need regular cleansing.

Ivies are self-clinging, attaching themselves by aerial rootlets, and do little or no harm to walls but probably give some protection.

Of the five or six species, the English ivy (*Hedera helix*) is the one most commonly grown.

It has neat, clean, dark green foliage, the lighter-colored veins producing a marbled effect with an unusual restrained beauty.

Many varieties of the English ivy have been evolved, providing a wide choice for interested growers, as they vary in leaf size, lobing, and coloring. Some have very small leaves, less than 1in. in diameter, others much larger.

"Pittsburgh" is a small-leaved compact variety with green foliage; "Glacier," a moderately growing variety with small green-and-white triangular leaves; "Argentea Variegata" has white variegated leaves.

"Gold Dust" is a small-growing variety with green-and-yellow mottled leaves, suitable for growing in pots, and "Palmata aurea" has triangular deeply lobed leaves and golden variegation.

Larger leaves

The Canary Island or Algerian ivy (*Hedera canariensis*) has large attractive leaves, 4in. to 7in. wide, rounded or broadly egg-shaped, with between three and seven shallow lobes, and spaced rather widely along the stems.

There are several attractive varieties with variegation of green, white, silver, and pale pink; and, like the English ivy, they are useful both inside and outside the house.

Ivies are readily grown from cuttings or by layering and often strike quite easily in water, although the resulting roots tend to be brittle and require careful handling when planting.



ABOVE: *Hedera helix* is used to decorate old stonework and soften the outline of a rockery. Ivy is a wonderful self-clinging vine to cover old walls. BELOW: Banks of *Hedera canariensis* variegata make an ivy "lawn" at Palm Beach, N.S.W., home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Moses.



Gardening Book (Vol. 2) — page 81

NEW

First time in Australia—
WOVEN ALUMINIUM
(patent applied for)

SUNSHADE

Slim, sculptured reeds of aluminium are woven together with tough, durable terylene to form a "skin" of great strength and flexibility which admits pleasant diffused light and cooling breezes while blocking direct heat and glare.



Luxaflex

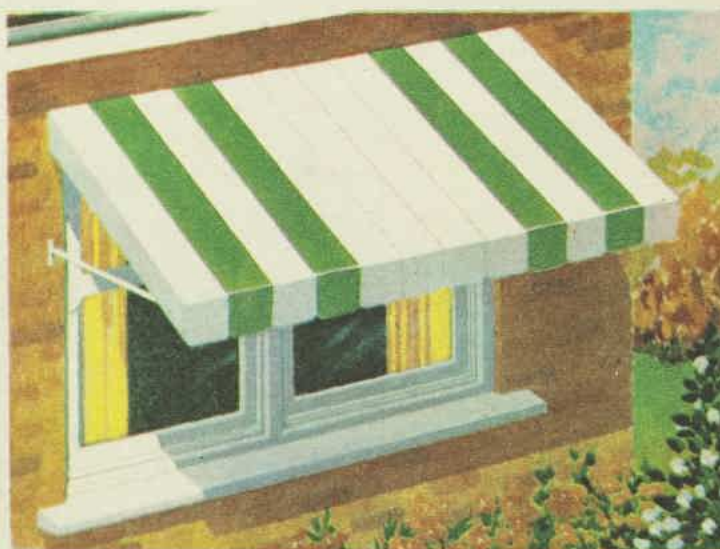
the biggest, most

beautiful

NEW
STRATA

PATIO OR WINDOW AWNING

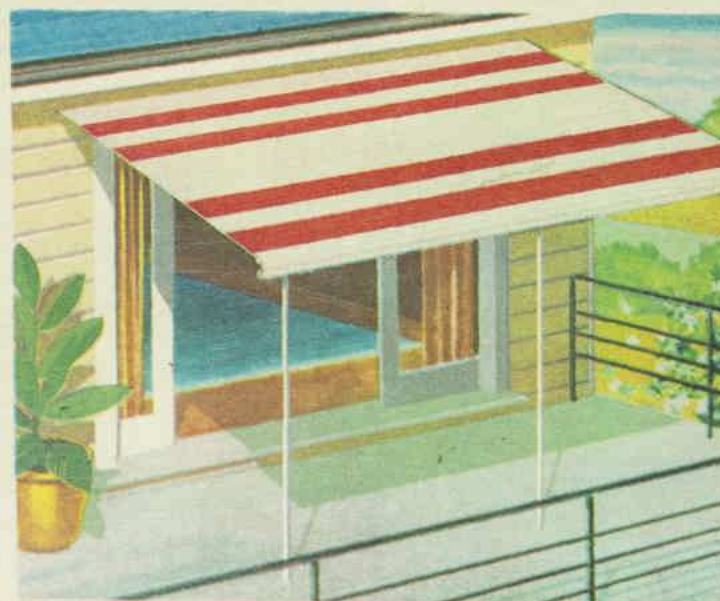
This new rigid awning has flush panels which give it a clean, unbroken line. It is fully waterproof and is ideal for patios, windows and breezeways. No deterioration problems either with Luxaflex aluminium awnings. Even under extremely adverse weather conditions Luxaflex awnings will not become shabby looking—the exclusive Luxaflex finish will not rust, chip, peel or flake.



NEW
RANCHER

RIGID AWNING

The "Rancher" is made from narrow interlocked panels in groups of four. Each group is "stepped down" from rear to front. Result is a light, economical awning that's easy to erect, completely waterproof and practically maintenance free. This good-looking awning with its slim lines and gay colours is perfect for patios, carports.



A PRODUCT OF HUNTER DOUGLAS ALSO TWO-NIGHTER VENETIANS, INSECT SCREENS AND DOORS, DRAPERY TRACK AND FITTINGS



MARCADIA Door Canopy. Year-round protection against sun and rain. Shouts a cheerful "welcome"! Shelters your friends and callers.



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ZENITH. A stylish rigid awning for use over picture windows and verandahs. Provides excellent sun protection. Can be made to "turn-a-corner."



MERIDIAN. An all-purpose rigid awning with a dozen uses—for patios, carports, verandahs, new outdoor living areas.



PANORAMA. A rigid louvred style for northerly aspects. Shields from sun, allows you to see out.

ful range of awnings under the sun!

—there's a practical, beautiful Luxaflex Aluminium Awning to make your rooms up to 20° cooler . . . to give complete weather protection to windows, doors, patios, to add style and colour to your home . . . to increase the value of your property. Magnificent new colour range including 4 exclusive, lustrous iridescents, never before such excitingly unusual colours—these you must see!



CASEMENT. Allows casement windows to be fully opened. Gives full protection.



SONNENBLENDEN. For modern homes with northerly aspects. Shuts out burning summer sun and permits a completely unobstructed view with maximum entry of light.



CORDLESS ROLL-UP. Can be installed for vertical or conventional operation. Goes up and down on two guide bars—with or without arms. Ideal for balconies, sleepouts, where sun control and privacy are essential.



ROLL-UP. Perfect year-round climate control at a touch. Shade when you need it, sun when you want it. Can drop right down to protect easterly and westerly aspects from harsh summer sun, wind and rain.



* **EXCLUSIVE LUXAFLEX CONSULTANT SERVICE**
No worry about fitting! Your Luxaflex awning is measured by a Luxaflex expert so that when it is installed it is exactly right—tailored-to-measure at no extra cost for your house. Your Luxaflex adviser will be happy to recommend the right style, assist in your colour selection and tell you how you can arrange easy terms if required.



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Mount Lawley.

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Her mother scolded her, on her return, as she pulled on Debbie's warm red coat, and took off the soaked slippers. But when the great tree crashed, she pressed the small weeping figure to her, her own face wet with tears. Debbie breathed in the wood-smoky, kitcheny smell of her mother's apron and her tears eased.

She walked outside to the fallen tree and stroked a bare branch, where it gleamed wetly, lit by a pale winter sun. When she turned back, her mother's awkward figure was moving along the straggly track, through tufty dank-straw grass, the half-mile back to the house.

"How's she going?" asked Ben, nodding his head in his sister-in-law's direction.

"Well enough," said Joe. "The

Continued from page 39

doctor thinks she'll carry this one full time."

Debbie knew about the other one. The little sister who had come early was still-born, and the two big men, resting briefly, felt no need to speak in riddles before the child.

"How long now?" asked Ben.

"About ten weeks," said Joe. Debbie turned away. The cutting blows rang out, but she no longer flinched. She knew her tree had to be felled, the deep ditch bridged, the soil-eroded scar made easier for her mother to cross in the time of waiting, and a quick way for her aunt to come hurrying if she were called in sudden emergency.

She put her hands over her ears and stared unseeing at the swift-

flowing river. Other, smaller willows, strung in twos and threes along the riverbank, were not considered strong enough to bridge the twelve-foot gap.

Bought lumber was expensive, hauled from the mill on the other side of town, and the town itself was eighty miles away. So Debbie's tree, both large and handy to the site, was felled and split and dragged along the frost-wet grass.

Long logs were laid across to give initial strength, ends pushed firmly into red earth sides, far enough, deep enough, well back from the crumbling edge. And on the logs were laid and fastened flat slabs of splintered trunk. Handrails were

fashioned crudely, so the bridge was safe as well as strong.

Debbie was there when it was finished. She stood dispiritedly watching the men gather up their tools.

"Debbie," called her uncle, "you must be the first to walk across the bridge."

But Debbie pretended not to have heard.

"She'll get over it," said her father. "Kids don't grieve for long. She'll be back soon, playing around."

But he was wrong. Debbie stayed away. She would not use the short cut to her uncle's farm.

If sent with a message, she took the longer, alternative route. Even when her mother walked

across the willow bridge to visit Ben's wife, Meg, Debbie would not go. She ran the other way, instead.

The spring rains came, gently, softly, muddying the furrows, and stirring to sudden life the sleeping seeds of grain.

Debbie's mother stayed close by the house, even when the sun shone again. She dared not stray farther, and, looking over the changing scene, she felt herself part of the surge of life, this spring which replenished the land.

And Debbie, delighting in her freedom from the confines of the kitchen, ran joyously over unplanted lots, now spread with lush paspalum.

She dreamed of chiming steeple bells, and, lifting up her head, she looked across the fields hearing a sound. She saw her father rushing to the house.

The bell, she thought, the bell! The summoning, warning, frantic, farmstead bell!

Breathless, she burst into the house. Clutching the door-jamb of the bedroom for support, she watched her father help her mother to the bed. He turned his head and spoke.

"Quick, Debbie, get your aunt." Her mother smiled at the breathless child, and calmly spoke.

"The baby's on his way, but he will wait a little while."

She grimaced in a sudden spasm of contracted pain, and Debbie fled.

"Go by the gully," called her father, "across the willow bridge."

And Debbie flew that way, along the once familiar path, through waist-high wheat, and down the river track. But at the bridge she stopped.

The boughs from off the slaughtered tree had come to life. Long graceful fronds sprang from the earth-bound logs and formed a colonnade of leafy whip-thin shoots. Such unexpected beauty filled her eyes with sudden tears.

She crossed the bridge, light-footed, floating on her toes with arms spread wide. But once across she dashed along the track, not looking back, excitement rising in her.

FROM his house, Ben saw Debbie coming, and called his wife.

Meg went to her room, and took a clean starched gown from its hanger, picked up her nurse's emergency kit and went outside. Ben brought the station-wagon to the door, and Debbie, gasping from her run, watched her uncle place a mattress in the back.

"In case of emergency," he said, and smiled at her, not wanting to alarm the child. "But I bet it won't be needed. Your aunt will cope quite well. She always does."

He looked at the trembling hands, the flushed tear-stained childish face, and wide grey eyes gazing past him, looking beyond the paddocks she had crossed.

"Uncle Ben," she asked softly, "Have you seen my bridge?"

He nodded.

Debbie sat beside her uncle as he drove. He patted her small hand where it lay on the knee of his rough working pants, and Debbie smiled up at him. Her aunt sat quietly, hands clasped on the nursing bag, staring through the wind-screen, almost as if she were praying with her eyes open.

But with, or without the prayers, Debbie knew her aunt would cope. Her uncle had said so, and he was always right. He had even been right about her willow tree.

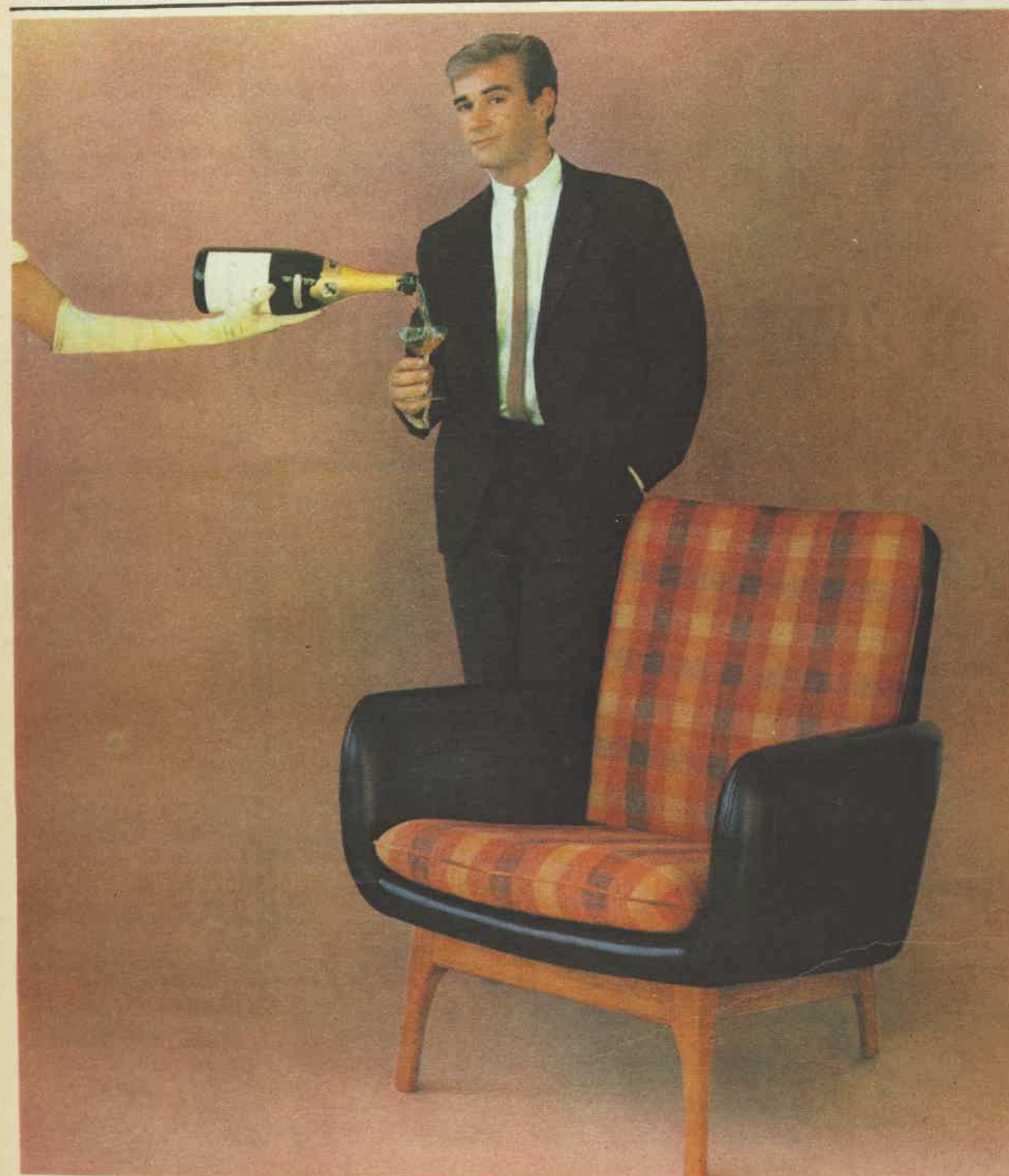
She had not noticed if the stump was sprigged with shoots. Purposely she had avoided looking at it as she ran to get her aunt. But the bridge! The softly swaying splendor of the living, growing bridge! Just thinking of it gave her delight.

The station-wagon bumped across the road, and in between the gateposts of the farm, over the cast-iron cattle grid, and down the rutted drive. Her uncle stopped the car. Her aunt, with calm but hurried steps, strode firmly to the house.

Debbie sat unmoving, wanting to run inside too, but reluctant, a little afraid. Besides, there was so much to think about — the baby who was being born — the glory and the wonder of the bridge.

"I'll remember this day," thought Debbie, "For ever and ever and ever."

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Danish De Luxe launch a new idea in total comfort—viva Ziva!



Excuse the exuberance but we're very proud of this new chair. Eighteen months ago we had a theory . . . about combining total comfort in seating with absolute elegance of appearance. Whoever sees, or sits in, the Ziva Suite can judge how completely this theory came through in practice. Mind you, the credit is not all ours.

Total comfort is a very big claim, but we make it — thanks to Pirelli Suspension. Ziva is sprung with Pirelli Resilient Webbing, which looks deceptively like a strip of rubber. It is, in fact, a flat but powerful spring. It's rubber interlaced with angled textile cords so it "gives", but gracefully.

No sudden sag or hurried let-down. Just comfort, cunningly controlled. Plus Inga Down — than which no cushioning known is softer. Or more welcoming. However you sit, sprawl, lie or lounge in a Ziva chair it's always comfortable.

As for elegance, Ziva has that, too. It is sculpture upholstered with Vynex Dochide, a fabric as supple as a fine kid glove . . . a never-before sort of Vynex, with a softness and warmth that no other Vynex has ever been able to offer . . . colour-matched with cushions of striped, plaid or plain Dana Japara. Ziva awaits you now (with open arms) at good furniture stores.

Danish De Luxe

Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers queries about antiques.

Could you please give me some information about my teapot, cup and saucer, and drinking cup? The cup was brought from Staffordshire in 1862, and the teapot and cup and saucer were sent from Scotland and have been in the family many years. — Alison Jordan, Kiata, Vic.

Your articles (right) are all good pieces. Your teapot and teacup are of the 1780 period. It is perhaps Bristol, but I would have to see it to be sure. Your other piece is a stirrup cup, used by hunters as a prize. It is from Staffordshire, of the period 1850-1860.



● Teaset and stirrup cup.

● English fruit plates.

Could you please tell me the date and origin of my fruit set? The mark 528 is written under one plate. — Mrs. H. J. Eva, East Hagelby, W.A.

These attractive hand-painted plates (above) are English. They were probably made at the Minton factory about 1865.

Could you give me some information about my grandfather clock? It is 7½ ft. high and has the markings "Joseph Jackson, Henley" in the face. — M. Dutton, Dundas, S.S.W.

Your grandfather clock, by Joseph Jackson, of Henley, is probably late 18th century or early 19th century. Unfortunately, Joseph Jackson is not recorded in any of the standard horological dictionaries, but grandfather clocks were not made before 1660. Originally called "long" or "royal" pendulum clocks, they were soon described as long or tall case clocks. The term "grandfather" is Victorian. Christian Huygens, the Dutch astronomer, "inverted" the pendulum in 1657. Pendulum clocks were originally mural timepieces. At the beginning of the Restoration period, the cabinet-makers formed themselves into an organised body. They soon designed a case to enclose the mechanism and the pendulum of the clock.

HOME HINTS

● Readers win £1/1/- for each of these hints.

If a large pumpkin begins to soften before it can be all used, cut it into handy-sized pieces, clean out the middle and any soft spots, then pour boiling water over to scald. When cool, store in refrigerator. It will keep to the last piece. — Mrs. A. Pink, Box 9, Boort, Vic.

To remove brand marks from flour bags, etc., soak in water, rinse thoroughly, wring out, then sprinkle washing-powder on marks or lettering; roll up and leave overnight. The next day put bag in a vessel, cover well with water, boil thoroughly, then rub well and rinse. — Mrs. N. Lyon, Marlee, via Wingham, N.S.W.

Always buy knitting needles of a similar gauge in the same color. For example, buy No. 9 needles in red, No. 10 in yellow, etc. You will then be able to pick out the size you require instantly when looking through your box of needles. — Miss Gladys Ciosmak, 60 Aston St., Rosehill, N.S.W.

To make heavy doorstops, fill attractively shaped glass bottles with shellgrit (this can be bought at hardware stores) and glue the stopper in firmly. Rubbed with furniture polish occasionally, they can look most effective. — Mrs. M. Mohr, P.O., Cabramurra, N.S.W.



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"Greatest advance in washing powders," says Man in White.

Cleanest, whitest wash GUARANTEED!



Even in the hardest water. Super Rinso suds last and last — proof of the staying power and improved cleaning action that guarantees the cleanest, whitest wash — and only Super Rinso can make this remarkable guarantee!

The Man in White has just flown in with the washing news you've been waiting for. News about action. The improved cleaning action in Super Rinso.

Wash Results Guaranteed. Super Rinso guarantees the cleanest whitest wash because it has suds with improved cleaning action — cleaning action that's guaranteed to wash out dirt completely. You'll find Super Rinso has more cleaning action in its suds than any other product. Prove it next time you wash!

SUPER Rinso **GUARANTEES THE CLEANEST, WHITEST WASH**

ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN

Continued from page 31

haphazard and his face, mainly white, had an off-centre smudge of black under the nose, which made him look as if he were wearing a Groucho Marx moustache, which he had failed to adjust correctly. But his ears were frilled with ancient battles. He was, however, remarkable for his tremendous size, his immaculate coat, his cantaloup-colored eyes and his deep-throated purr which accompanied the music like the thrum of a vacuum-cleaner.

I sat by the fire watching him, and when the record was finished I took it off and put on a Chopin polonaise.

The cat stayed where he was for the opening bar or two, then he rose very slowly, put out his front paws, humped his hindquarters and stretched immensely.

Finally he yawned, turned his back on the gramophone and prowled over to the fireplace, where he settled himself comfortably, narrowing his eyes against the glare of the flames.

I looked at him sourly. I suspected that he intended to stay, and the last thing I wanted was a cat, or indeed anyone or anything which would make demands on my depleted emotions.

I tried to nerve myself to pick him up and put him outside, but I could not bring myself to do even that.

For a full hour we sat there, the cat and I, one on either side of the hearth, at I began to feel increasing resentment. He had no right to come strolling into my home as if he owned it.

One thing was definite: was not going to feed him; glared at him and he stared back with great yellow eyes and purred louder than ever.

I decided to pretend I wasn't there and took up my knitting, which I hadn't touched for weeks. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him watching me. Eventually, he got up, rubbed himself briefly against my legs and left the room with the ghost of a miaow.

I FOLLOWED and when I lifted the latch of the front door he walked slowly out into the frosty darkness without a backward glance.

As I lay in bed that night I puzzled about the cat's behaviour. He had made no demands whatever. He had not expected to be stroked, asked for food or shown the slightest interest in my knitting wool.

He had behaved exactly like an old friend dropping in to keep me company. I found it a very strange thought indeed.

Just before I fell asleep I heard a tomcat's serenade from the direction of the farm.

To page 80

***** AS I READ *****

THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 23.

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ Aries folk are inclined to trust more than to suspect. They could get hurt romantically, or by the treachery of a friend. Don't believe any promises 23rd-25th; don't make any.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, rose, gold.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

★ Love, courtship, marriage, all come under weird and unstable influences, 23rd-25th. All the concerns of Cupid must be handled with care. Somebody, too, could be undermining you.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ Usually lightning-quick on the uptake, you could mislead through deceptive influences and get involved. Partnership and marriage fare dubiously. Don't sign contracts, 23rd-25th.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ There are elements of intrigue and false glamor in matters romantic. Scepticism would pay off better than a sentimental approach, 23rd-25th. Also there could be lack of judgment.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, gold, navy.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

★ The planet of love still transits your sign, but this week she could misbehave. So walk warily, especially if betrothed or wedded. You could attend an unusual social function.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, pink, silver.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Neptune is rampaging, and could bring trouble through muddle, deception, and misunderstanding at home. The 24th could bring a mental crisis for some, or a radical change.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, tan, blue.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ You'll need your sense of balance to walk a tight-rope through domestic trouble. It would be good to censor all you write and say, shelve important letters, and be alert travelling.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ If you have been thinking of having a spring cleaning, taking an inventory of yourself, don't act until after the 25th. Watch out for skulduggery. Strange things could happen.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

★ Many could unexpectedly begin a new chapter. This week could mean a parting at the crossroads, a new path to follow — but not without trouble. Sit tight until after the 25th.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ The sign of the mountain goat likes to achieve its objectives patiently and industriously. By gaining of the week could bring mental upset and deception. The 23rd-25th adverse for home.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20-FEB. 18
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, brown, red.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

★ You could be brought into contact with an unusual and possibly unreliable personality. The 23rd-25th demands caution and sense. There could be a setback due to a "friend."
- PISCES**
FEB. 19-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ The 23rd-25th could prove a minor horror-stretch for married folk. There's an atmosphere of strangeness and will-o-the-wisp about events, particularly affecting the sensitive sign of the fish.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



Two ways to join the Jet Set:

You don't need clothes from Givenchy or jewels from Cartier. All you need is a Pan Am ticket... or a pair of sunglasses from the International Collection by Sunoroid.

Along with frames styled for the Jet Set, you get authentic optical glass lenses, guaranteed to last five times as long as plastic lenses. Pan Am round-the-world tickets from £598/10/-. Sunoroid International sunglasses from 39/6. (Wear them in the right places, and you may get clothes from Givenchy and jewels from Cartier.)

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE tumbles through space 100,000 miles from Earth after falling from Qork's hand. He contacts the giant by telepathy and is rescued by the friendly space-traveller. NOW READ ON...



Continued from page 78

which adjoined my garden. I had no doubt who it was. His voice was far from melodious, but it certainly had range.

One might almost describe him as a "coloratura," I thought, and grinned into my pillow for the first time since heaven knows when.

Then I heard the sound of a shot. Foxes about, too. I hoped the cat would be careful.

Although I had no real interest in animals, I found that I kept thinking about the cat throughout the following day.

When evening fell and I drew the curtains, I found myself waiting for him to appear. After a while I put on a record — but not too loudly in case I should miss the rattle of the door.

Then it was past eight, and time for me to get a meal. By ten I knew he would not come, and was absurdly disappointed. Somehow, the cat's defection, as I now saw it, was part of the pattern of my isolation. I put on the "Leonora" and burst into floods of self-pitying tears.

It was then that I heard the door rattle.

That evening, instead of sitting by the gramophone, he jumped on to my knee and sat purring like a dynamo. When I stroked him he arched his neck and bent his wiry whiskers against my hand.

After a while, I stopped crying and he instantly sprang off my lap and took up his station by the hearth. Again I had the feeling that his visit was for my comfort rather than his, and I suddenly felt a great surge of gratitude toward him.

It was important for me to make some reciprocal gesture, and the first thing that came into my mind was food. I fetched a saucer of tinned salmon and another of milk and placed them before him, but he took no notice at all.

"Come along," I said, and then I hesitated. I couldn't say "Puss, puss" to this old prize-fighter with his tattered ears and philandering eye. "I wonder what your name is," I said. "Well, as you can't tell me, I'll have to give you one." Then I remembered the "Leonora Overture." "Come along, Beethoven, have a little refreshment."

He lifted impassive eyes to mine, bent his head slowly and lapped at the milk for a moment or two with the air of someone who sips a thimbleful of sherry, just to prove he's not prejudiced against drink. "What an odd creature you are," I said. "I don't believe you're out for what you can get—which is more than can be said for most."

He began washing himself, and I put my hand on his flank.

"If you won't accept my hospitality, perhaps you'd like your tummy tickled. Roll over, Beethoven," I said—and I giggled. I had actually made a joke.

His joints flexed and turned to cotton-wool as he rolled on to his back.

"Goodness," I said, looking at his dazzling white underside, "you look like an Eskimo in combinations."

After that he came every evening.

It would make a good story if I could say that he could always be conjured up by the sound of a Beethoven record, but it wouldn't be true. I soon discovered that he couldn't tell Beethoven from Mozart. Sometimes he liked music, and when he was in the mood he didn't care what it was.

As the days went by I became increasingly curious about where he lived. His air of well-being was so striking

ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN

that I was certain he must have a devoted owner. Also, he continued to refuse food, so I knew he was well fed.

I began to go into the village more often, ostensibly to do my shopping commissions. In fact, I made more journeys than necessary, for I was beginning to feel the need for human contact again.

I always looked out for Beethoven, but I never saw him. There were, I noticed, quite a number of black-and-white cats of varying ages about, all with a strong family likeness. But none was so splendidly imposing, so battle-scarred, so raffish as the old gentleman himself.

One day I described him to the postmistress and inquired where he belonged.

"Him!" she said, tearing off a strip of stamps with unusual violence. "He don't belong to no one. He's a wild cat. Proper terror he is. Fathered every kitten for miles round. He's put the Jarratts' pedigree white cat in the family way again, and a few nights ago Mrs. Jarratt heard a commotion in the chicken run and looked out of the window, and there he was, climbing over the wire-netting carrying a chicken in his mouth."

"He was gone before Mr. Jarratt could get out of bed and fetch his gun. But he's sworn to get him yet."

"If he's been hanging round your place and making a nuisance of himself you've only to ring Mr. Jarratt and he'll be round and make short work of him."

"No, no," I said hastily. "I saw him just once, and wondered where he belonged."

AS I made more acquaintances in the village, news of Beethoven's misdemeanors reached me from all sides — another batch of villainous black-and-white kittens born, a dustbin deafeningly upturned in the night, a flurry of feathers the only evidence of a hen spirited away.

While I tut-tutted with the rest of them I wondered what they'd say if they knew of my clandestine relationship with the culprit.

Trying to protect him, I made desperate efforts to persuade him to eat with me. But the whiting, herring, haddock, and rock salmon I brought home he sampled merely from politeness.

By now I had begun to build the foundations of a social life. The first time I entertained at home, however, was a nerve-racking experience, because I was in a fever of agitation lest Beethoven should turn up, and literally let the cat out of the bag.

But the odd thing was that he never appeared when I had company, though after they had left he'd often come through my bedroom window and land on the bed with a thump, to spend a couple of hours sleeping at my feet.

Sometimes I'd waken to find him gone and hear the distant echo of his triumphant Romeo cry. Sometimes I'd hear the crack of a shot and then I wouldn't have a second's peace until he arrived the next night, unscathed and unconcerned.

I had known Beethoven almost a year when I noticed he had started to have difficulty in walking. I examined his hind legs carefully, could find no injury, and realised it must be rheumatism.

I made another effort to persuade him toward the domestic life, but I was as unsuccessful as before. As the weeks went by he grew lazier and thinner.

I considered keeping him shut up in the cottage and sending for the vet. But when, one evening, I refused to open

the door, he waited so patiently and so confidently for me to let him out that I gave way at last. To deny him his freedom seemed a betrayal of his friendship.

I opened the door with a heavy heart. He got up with extreme difficulty and lumbered into the dark like an old, old man. I did not expect to see him ever again.

The following night, however, at about nine o'clock, the door rattled and in rushed Beethoven, his tail held high like a spruce tree. There was something strange about him, but I didn't realise what it was until I got into the sitting-room.

He was standing by the fire looking up at me and in his mouth was a very small black-and-white kitten. He put it carefully on the rug, gave it a perfunctory lick, and then retreated to his side of the hearth and gazed into the distance.

"You irresponsible old villain," I exclaimed, "bringing me one of your foundlings. It's far too young to leave its mother, poor little thing."

Beethoven continued to look distant and the kitten began to cry.

I hurried into the kitchen, heated some milk and put it in a saucer. As I feared, the kitten was too young to lap. So I fetched a pen filler and fed it, drop by drop. At last it fell asleep.

We sat there for a while as we always did, and I think I guessed then what was going to happen.

Eventually he got up, now stiff almost beyond endurance, and staggered over to the door to be let out.

When I went upstairs that night I took the kitten with me in a little cardboard box lined with a Shetland scarf, and put it beside my pillow.

The curtains were drawn back and as I lay in bed, sleep far away, I could see the lovely shape of the beech tree outside my window, illuminated by the moonlight.

After a while came the sound I had been waiting for — the long-drawn-out wail of a very old warrior.

But this time it was different, more urgent, more appealing, and it went on and on in desperate cadences, until suddenly there was a shot, followed by silence.

I closed my eyes very tight and buried my face in my pillow. Then I stretched out a hand and touched the kitten's downy fur.

I heard all about it in the post office next day.

The Jarratts had been awakened by the sound of their old enemy. Mr. Jarratt had sprung out of bed, seized his gun and gone to the window, but there had been no sign of an intruder by the chicken run. He'd pulled on his boots and gone out the front way.

And there sitting in the middle of the garden path, proclaiming his presence with ever-increasing defiance, was the defiler of his prize white cat and despoiler of his chicken run.

"Mr. Jarratt says the cat behaved as if it was waiting for him," the postmistress told me. "It just sat there, staring at him with its great yellow eyes and howling its head off. It was so uncanny that, for a moment, he could hardly raise his gun. It was almost as if the varmint was asking to be shot."

For myself, I am convinced that he was — though, this is incapable of proof.

You can come to any conclusion you like and no one will ever be able to confirm or deny it — not even his daughter, whom he left to take his place, and whose name is, of course, Leonora. (Copyright)

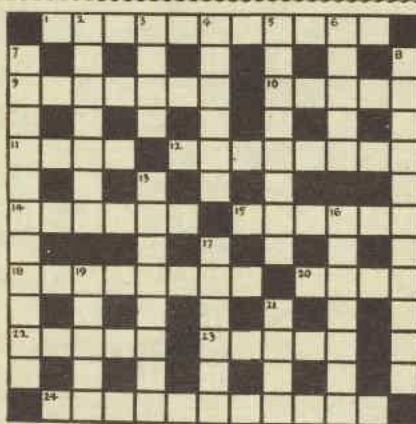
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Girls and boys can be, but not Morello cherries (11).
9. A director is a fellow with disturbed rage (7).
10. The second boat of a man-of-war (5).
11. No small enclosure is exposed (4).
12. Disconnect the drive of a motor-car (8).
14. Comes out (6).
15. Place the money in undergarment (6).
18. Devil with doctrines entreats (8).
20. Fashionable sea-bathing resort in Venice (4).
22. Companion of babies and sick people (5).
23. Poetical lament (5).
24. Turns to devotion (6-5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Twiners (anagr., 7).
3. The sharp side of a connected gear (4).
4. Domestic animals with stockings outside (6).
5. A lamb takes nut in walking about (8).
6. Rat turns to a card game (5).
7. Burdens for school children (11).
8. This flower better not to be touched (3-3, 5).
13. Restoration to health to the very core (8).
16. Produced on the surface of the earth (7).
17. Give back with the end inside (6).
19. More clean, probably because Abraham's birthplace is included (5).
21. Curved structure of the Star Chamber (4).

Food prices 1948—and now

Costs more than three times as much to eat in 1964

● A letter from a reader inspired our Leila Howard Test Kitchen to make a comparison between the prices of food in 1948 and 1964. It shows that food prices have more than trebled in the 16 years.

A weekly food budget for a family of four which totalled £3/10/- in 1948 would cost £10/18/0½ now.

THE reader, Mrs. W. Boa, of Hamilton, N.S.W., wrote that in cleaning out her recipe box she had found a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Book published in 1948. The book contained

menus and recipes from competitors in a £2000 cookery contest which brought in 500,000 entries.

"The book has menus for a family of four, costing from £3/10/- to £4/10/- weekly," Mrs. Boa said, "I'm wondering

how these prices compare with present-day prices."

As a basis for comparison, our Leila Howard Test Kitchen staff took the prizewinning entry in Section 2 of the contest.

This section was for a

food budget and menu plans for a family of two adults and two school-age children, based on an expenditure of £3/10/- per week for food only.

The prizewinning menu is set out below.

Note that it includes packed lunches.

We have estimated 1964 food costs on prices at the beginning of September.

SUNDAY

Breakfast: Oatmeal porridge, poached eggs on toast, orange drink or coffee.

Dinner: Lentil soup, seasoned veal, potatoes, pumpkin, cauliflower, apple pandowdy, custard.

Tea: Macaroni cheese, hot sultana scones, butter, milk or tea.

MONDAY

Breakfast: Cereal, stewed apples, savory tomatoes, toast, marmalade, orange drink or coffee.

Lunch: Packed lunches; wholemeal biscuits, butter, cheese and celery (pieces), sultana scones. For one at home: lentil soup, wheatmeal biscuits, cheese, banana, tea.

Dinner: Creme of celery soup, veal and bacon pie, potatoes, carrots, spinach, queen pudding.

TUESDAY

Breakfast: Oatmeal porridge, tripe fritters, toast, cheese, lemon drink or coffee.

Lunch: Packed lunches; egg sandwiches, raisin sandwiches, banana, apple. For one at home: crumbed or fricassee brains, queen pudding, pears, tea.

Dinner: Tomato soup, grilled steak, onions, potatoes, pumpkin, spinach, rhubarb jelly, junket.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast: Cereal, rhubarb, eggs, bacon, toast, vegetable extract, orange drink or coffee.

Lunch: Packed lunches; tomato-and-lettuce sandwiches, peanut butter sandwiches, cake, apple. For

one at home: vegetable broth, tomato and lettuce salad, wheatmeal biscuits, tea.

Dinner: Vegetable soup, baked seasoned rabbit, jacket potatoes, carrots, brussels sprouts, fruit mince pie, custard.

THURSDAY

Breakfast: Oatmeal porridge, savory mince on toast, lemon drink or coffee.

Lunch: Packed lunches; minced rabbit sandwiches, small fruit mince pies, banana, apple. For one at home: rabbit salad, small fruit mince pies, banana, tea.

Dinner: Julienne soup, corned breast rolls, carrots, potatoes, pumpkin, beans, onion sauce, steamed chocolate pudding, custard.

FRIDAY

Breakfast: Cereal, apricots, vegetable au gratin, toast, marmalade, orange drink or coffee.

Lunch: Packed lunches; egg and lettuce sandwiches, raisin sandwiches, pear, apple. For one at home: tomato omelet, raisin sandwiches, banana, tea.

Dinner: Mulligatawny soup, fish clementine, potato crisps, lemon delicious pudding.

SATURDAY

Breakfast: Grapefruit, sausage-and-potato rissoles, toast, peanut butter, milk or coffee.

Dinner: Irish stew, pumpkin, cabbage, apricots, caramel custard.

Tea: Mock snapper soup, lemon pancakes, banana, milk or tea.

Price comparison

IN 1948 . . . 1964

£ s. d. £ s. d.

MILK
Four pints daily (plus delivery charge) 10 8 . . . 1 8 0

MEAT
3½lb. shoulder veal . . . 3 5 . . . 13 6
1lb. tripe . . . 7½ . . . 2 0
1 set brains . . . 5 . . . 1 0
1½lb. sirloin steak . . . 2 6 . . . 9 0
1 neck mutton . . . 5 . . . 2 0
2 small rabbits . . . 2 6 . . . 13 6
1lb. mince steak . . . 11 . . . 3 2
2 corned breasts
lamb . . . 1 2 . . . 2 6
1lb. sausage mince . . . 8½ . . . 1 9
1½lb. lamb neck
chops . . . 1 2½ . . . 4 2

TOTAL . . . 13 10½ . . . 2 12 7

FISH
1½lb. leatherjacket . . . 2 0 . . . 7 6

FRUIT
2 grapefruit . . . 6 . . . 2 0
10 lemons . . . 10 . . . 5 0
12 oranges . . . 1 0 . . . 4 0
6 pears . . . 9 . . . 2 6
10 apples (eating) . . . 1 3 . . . 5 0
6 apples (cooking) . . . 9 . . . 2 6
10 bananas . . . 1 0 . . . 3 4
½ bunch rhubarb . . . 4½ . . . 11
1lb. tomatoes . . . 1 7 . . . 2 3
2lb. frying tomatoes . . . 1 6 . . . 2 0

TOTAL . . . 9 6½ . . . 1 9 6

VEGETABLES

7lb. potatoes . . . 1 0 . . . 7 0
2lb. carrots . . . 6 . . . 2 6
½lb. parsnips . . . 1½ . . . 1 0
½lb. swedes . . . 1½ . . . 6
2lb. onions . . . 8 . . . 2 0
2lb. pumpkin . . . 8 . . . 1 9
½ cauliflower . . . 10 . . . 1 9
1 bunch spinach . . . 5 . . . 1 6
1 bunch celery . . . 10 . . . 4 0
½lb. brussels sprouts . . . 8 . . . 9
1lb. beans . . . 1 0 . . . 2 3
3 small lettuce . . . 1 0 . . . 3 9

TOTAL . . . 7 10 . . . 1 8 9

BREAD

One loaf daily (bought over counter) . . . 3 9½ . . . 10 6

GROCERIES

2lb. plain flour . . . 6½ . . . 1 7
2lb. white sugar . . . 9 . . . 2 0
1lb. brown sugar . . . 6 . . . 1 1
1½lb. butter . . . 3 3 . . . 7 4½
1lb. margarine . . . 1 7 . . . 2 8
24 eggs . . . 5 3 . . . 12 6
½lb. oatmeal . . . 3 . . . 9
1 packet cereal biscuits . . . 7½ . . . 2 9
½lb. dried apricots . . . 8½ . . . 1 7½
1lb. bacon rashers . . . 2 4 . . . 7 6
½lb. coffee . . . 9½ . . . 2 7½
½lb. tea . . . 8½ . . . 1 7
½lb. lentils . . . 2 . . . 1 2
½lb. pearl barley . . . 1 . . . 2½
½lb. currants . . . 3½ . . . 10
½lb. sultanas . . . 4 . . . 11
2oz. raisins . . . 2½ . . . 4½
½lb. mild cheese . . . 1 0 . . . 2 0
½lb. grating cheese . . . 6 . . . 9
½lb. wheatmeal biscuits . . . 7½ . . . 1 5
Bacon bones . . . 2 . . . 2 0

TOTAL . . . 1 0 8 . . . 2 13 8½

STOCK REPLACEMENTS (for one week)

Salt, pepper, curry, herbs, vegetable extract, cornflour, vinegar, junket tablets, jelly crystals, baking powder, dripping, cocoa . . . 1 7½ . . . 7 6

COSTS OF MENU FOODS FOR ONE WEEK:

● Below is a summary of the weekly costs for 1948 and 1964 of the food items in the prizewinning menus.

FOOD ITEMS	1948			1964		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Milk	10	8		1	8	0
Meat	13	10½		2	12	7
Fish	2	0		7	6	
Fruit	9	6½		1	9	6
Vegetables	7	10		1	8	9
Bread	3	9½		10	6	
Groceries	1	0	8	2	13	8½
Replacements	1	7½		7	6	
TOTAL	3	10	0	10	18	0½



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'Crimplene'

A lovely new idea for summer frocks. Now the cool, light fashions you like for summer have an elegant 'knitted look'. A special look. But they don't need pampering—they're machine washable! And never lose their shape. Fashion is news when it's 'Crimplene'.

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INVESTMENT GUIDE

This Week: A FALLING MARKET

By MARY BROKER

All who by now are avid followers of share prices, and followers of the stock market in general, will have noticed a rather marked weakness in the market lately.

THIS, of course, is rather worrying, and many comments on the financial pages have not been much

is only natural that when X, who owns a few shares, realises his holdings are going down and reads depressing remarks on the part of the market, he wonders what will happen

Actually, the market has been extremely weak lately, but we must remember that it had previously been extremely high.

In one day recently the "Ordinaries" index — the index of prices of a number of representative shares, which is a quick guide to the condition of the market — fell by 3.55 points, the lowest since the Cuban crisis in November, 1962.

On the same day, falls followed rises by 114 stocks, the biggest margin since the market squeeze of 1960.

In fact, B.H.P., which has been regarded as Australia's major growth stock, fell to equal its low point for the year.

However alarming as this weakness is, I feel it is easily obtainable mainly for the reason already mentioned — the market was just too high.

This is easily demonstrated by the extraordinary drops in some share prices following the release of absolutely excellent results.

Investors had been expecting the impossible in some cases, and when the impossible did not take place they lost interest or decided to take the profit they had already made on an inflated market.

"Shockers"

Another reason closely connected with this one is that most of the good results are now out. You will nearly always notice that companies find it easier to add up good results than bad ones, so the good results appear first.

Anyway, the fact is that the market now only has the "shockers" to look forward to (with the exception of certain companies such as Myers' retailing giant) and there is therefore no buying interest to hold share prices up.

There are several other factors also helping to weaken the market in general.

The plans of many companies to expand. A great number of companies, for example, G. E. Crane,

Western Mining Corporation, Protector Safety Industries, and so on, have announced new issues to shareholders to help in the cost of expansion.

The result is a great deal of money, which would otherwise have been put into the market, has been put away to pay for the new shares or to buy the rights.

It also results in a number of smaller people selling a proportion of their shares to take advantage of low-cost issues.

Costs rise

Over the past six months there have been numerous complaints by industry of increased costs.

The prime example of this was the tremendous profit slump announced by International Resistance, the electronics manufacturer.

The market had been given warning of this in the interim report, but the fall from around £300,000 to £211,000 was just not expected.

The large rise in the basic wage is, of course, a contributing factor here, especially in the labor intensive industries, i.e., those who use a lot of employees in relation to equipment and are opposed to the capital intensive industries, where few men are needed to run machines.

Imports are rising to rather alarming levels — £119 million in July, the highest level ever.

Since there is just that little bit extra in the pay packets, and since companies are all deciding to expand at once, there is within Australia at present a pattern of steeply rising demand for goods and services.

It is now getting to the stage that this demand cannot be satisfied internally, and is, in fact, creating a great strain on certain vital sectors of the economy.

And, of course, if demand cannot be met internally, we must satisfy it from other sources and import from other countries.

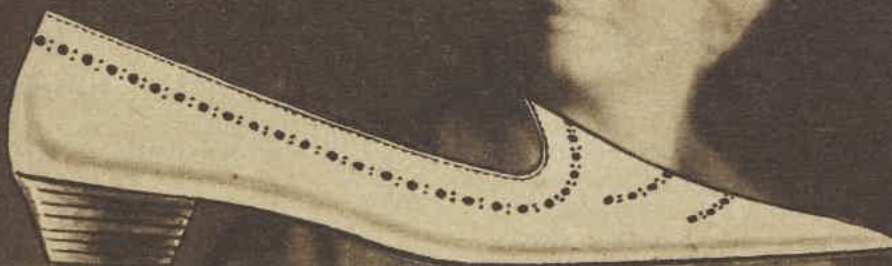
This is causing a decrease in profit margins in some sectors where, even though costs are rising, prices must be kept in line in order to compete with overseas products.

The above are only what I feel to be the main factors affecting the market. There are, of course, numerous secondary factors.

At this stage, therefore, share prices must be watched closely, and we should all take an increasing interest in Government moves.

"Tiara Topaz." Flattering punched comfort casual in wide variety of colours, with 1 1/8" stacked leather Cowboy heel. Village Last. Fractional fittings A-C.

Only 89/11



"Tiara Heaven." Interlaced apron vamp, hidden gusset court. White or poodle, with 1 1/2" stacked leather square back heel. Modella last. Fractional fittings AA-C.

Only 89/11



"Tiara Cupid." Open-waisted pattern-punched court in white or poodle, with 1 3/8" stacked leather tapered heel. Sleek Last. Fractional fittings A-C.

Only 89/11



Tiara...by Hall

Stacked-heel fashion casuals for the mature foot

At last... fractional fittings in a fashion casual at the price you like to pay.

Tiara, by Hall, is what the mature fashion-conscious woman has been waiting for. Spring/Summer courts and walkabout comfort-casuals

with the bold-punched look and the new rage stacked heels. Choose from a wide variety of sling-backed, open-waisted and latticed courts, or gusseted, plain, and the two-hole tie comfort casuals. Popular tonings include white or poodle (bone).

Available in fractional fittings at all leading stores from only 89/11.

The swing is to stacked heels!

RH11/144/1

THEY FURNISHED A FLAT FOR £450

● By doing all the work themselves and splurging only on long-term items, a young married couple, Barbara and Ian Butchart, furnished and decorated their one-bedroom flat for £450. Below Barbara tells how they did it.



MY husband, Ian, and I were both working when we moved into our first home—a flat surrounded by gum trees and overlooking the beach at Newport, N.S.W.

We wanted to make it easy to look after and fun for entertaining our friends at weekends.

We also wanted to decorate as economically as possible, saving what money we could for our own home later on.

This we managed to do by investing in low-cost materials for non-permanent items for the flat, by doing all the work ourselves and splurging only on things we could take with us.

Our first job was to paint the sandbagged brick walls all white. White, we decided, would be an ideal background to the brilliant colors we planned for furnishings.

The next step was to lay black and white vinyl floor tiles in the kitchen. Ian saved us quite a bit by doing this job himself; it cost about £7 altogether.

Then, as I didn't want to spend my weekends polishing floors, we had to look round for an inexpensive floor-covering for the remainder of the flat.

We finally chose natural seagrass matting—for its reasonable price, attractive texture, and easy-care qualities.

The matting was 9ft. wide. We bought it by the yard, then cut and sewed it to fit the shape of the rooms, binding loose edges with hessian, string, using a curved carpet-sewing needle.

Total cost of the matting was approximately £35. Later on, when we build our own home, we will be able to recut it to fit a sunroom.

To give us more floor space in the living-room, we hung bookshelves on the wall.

These we made with keyhole metal stripping supports (the kind used by many retail stores) and timber boards cut to size. The supports are screwed on to the wall and all the shelves are adjustable. We used the same type of shelving in the kitchen. The staggered shelves in the living area cost about

£9, the kitchen shelves about £2.

Our three splurges, which cost approximately £300 altogether,

were a lounge suite, a refrigerator, and a double bed.

The lounge suite is a traditional wing-style, chosen for its comfort (it's so nice to have somewhere to rest your head), and timelessness.

We had it upholstered as far as the lining, for which we requested mattress ticking instead of calico. The ticking makes a good, temporary cover, because it has a slightly shiny surface, to some extent soil-resistant, and later we will add corduroy velvet slip-covers.

For living-room curtains we wanted a plain but coarsely woven fabric, so we had some hessian dyed olive-green and I made them myself. The curtains cost about £8, fittings £5.

Because of the layout of the flat, it was awkward to place a full-sized dining-table.

We settled for two card tables, with permanent, floor-length cloths, on either side of the half wall dividing the living area from the kitchen.

The piece-de-resistance of our tiny dining area is my tree mural. The trunk, branches, and leaves I cut from self-adhesive plastic; oranges and lemons are of felt.

Gay kitchen blinds of sailcloth lined with holland and trimmed with cotton cost me about £5 to make.

Our bed is the divan type, and we built the head on to the wall.

A simple throwover bedspread, home-made in furnishing cotton, cost about £3.

Nearly everything else in the flat was found in junkshops.

A little green-stained coffee table cost us £3/10/-, and the two-drawer sofa table, which we sandpapered and covered with a clear, eggshell lacquer, was £2 at a sale.

Light fittings are the same throughout the flat—white plastic bubbles which cost 19/11 each.

Working at weekends, it took us about a year, and just under £450, to get the flat looking the way we wanted it. But what we learnt about furnishing and decorating can't be measured in time or money.

By
BARBARA BUTCHART

KEYHOLE metal stripping shelves (above right) cost about £9 to install. Small hallway leads to bedroom and bathroom. Parisian scenes, some bought, others gifts, were unified with orange-painted frames and grouped together on wall.

WHITE SHEETING cafe curtains in bedroom (right) cost about £4 to make. Simple throwover bedspread has a matching wag bedhead, held by brass curtain tie-backs. The chair was bought at a city sale for £7.





£1 SCREEN (above) partly shuts off kitchen for entertaining. Louvered doors beneath the sink were bought for 3/- each at railway demolishing yards in Sydney, remodelled, and built on to the cupboards. Tiny dining area is highlighted by tree mural, which cost about 10/- for materials. Chairs were junkshop finds at 15/- each.

LIVING AREA (below) shows one of the Butcharts' splurges—the lounge suite covered with mattress ticking. Curtains are dyed hessian, floor covering is seagrass matting. Barbara painted the picture over the fireplace (her first) for about 15/-, because she couldn't buy one in these colors. Pictures by Keith Barlow.





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A HAIR-RAISING experience? Not for Felicity Rowntree, who owns the grand champion of a recent show.

A MOUSE—even if he's a pure-bred albino—is still a mouse, and reporter Kerry Yates dislikes them.

REPORTER
Kerry
Yates
HAD A
'NARROW
SQUEAK'
AS...



Girls said 'rats!' to fear of mice!

• All girls are scared of mice—at least, that's what I thought. But two teenagers, Wendy Holland and Helen Bright, love them!

WENDY is even president and Helen secretary of their own mouse club.

"We've got other members who love mice, too—and all but two are girls," said Wendy, 17, who goes to school in Sydney and is "boss" of The Illawarra, N.S.W., Mouse Club. "Boys are too scared to join—it's not the mice, it's all the girls, I think."

"Mouse clubs are very popular in England and America—there are dozens there," she said. "We thought we had the only one in Australia, but we discovered recently that there's a big one in Melbourne and a smaller one—all boys—in Sydney."

"We have a great time," said Helen, 17, secretary of the club since it was formed last November. "Specially at mouse shows, which we're pretty sure are the first in Australia."

The club held its first show a few months ago and it was such a success they invited me along to their second show at a King's Cross, Sydney, pet shop recently.

"Each mouse has its own personality," Wendy said, introducing me to two prize members of her 50-odd multicolored mouse collection. "I always know Tiddlewinks from Moonshine!"

"Extraordinary"

I looked closely but couldn't see the difference. Tiddlewinks and Moonshine, glamorous in full-length black and white spotted fur coats, looked to me like most of the 58 other mice groomed to face the judge.

"And ours are not just ordinary mice—they're well-bred fancy mice," she added. "We never, never let them mix with wild house mice."

The mice certainly seemed special. Sitting up in their elegant glass showcases, with shiny, smooth coats of chocolate, champagne, silver, gold,



HELEN BRIGHT, secretary of the club, and friends.

and white fur, they were really glamor descendants of the common grey field or house mouse.

"And they're so sweet and loving if you handle them correctly," Helen said. "You pick them up at the base of their tail and promptly place them in your other hand—here, why don't you hold a couple?"

I tried, but I just couldn't bring myself to touch them. They looked very cute—but they were still mice!

"Many people don't believe mice are very clean and ideal pets," she said. "They only cost a few pence a day to feed on canary or parakeet seed, or dandelion leaves and flowers. And OUR mice never eat cheese or bacon—it makes them too fat."

"Mice are so unpredictable—look, Wildfire is sleeping again, and just when the judge is ready to examine him," said another club member, Frances Cumming, 16.

"We register the names of all the mice we breed with the club and sell them to pet shops or advertise them in

WENDY HOLLAND, club president, and Helen Bright admire two entries.

At the mouse show there were ten classes for the judging—nine different color classes and a tail-less section—and place certificates were awarded to the prizewinning mice who qualified for the grand champion cup.

"I judge the mice on the official overseas qualifications," said Mr. Tony Allan, owner of the pet shop where the show was held.

Tails count

"There are points awarded for color, coat, shape, carriage, ears, eyes, legs, feet, shape of face, and, of course, any prize mouse must have a tail as long as its body, with no kink at all."

The judging was conducted in a very serious, efficient manner and the 20-odd members exhibiting their prize mice were quiet as Mr. Allan announced the grand champion mouse.

As tipped (by a confidential whisper behind me), Pipstrello, a charming cinnamon fox mouse belonging to Felicity Rowntree, 17, took the honors of the day.

"Pipstrello will be delighted," cried Felicity, "she's such a beautiful mouse."



A casual wardrobe
to "cotton" on to . . .

DASH TO SPARE IN NEW STRIPES

• Any one of these stripy, cotton-knit fashions could be the backbone of a young and casual wardrobe starting about now and going right through the summer. All are from the range of a Sydney store, are budget-priced, and feature pull-over-the-head styling.



COOL in every way cotton-knit sweater makes news at the top with contrast-stripe inset, goes along equally well with slacks, shorts.

DRESSING the part is really half the fun; if you want to cut a dash have a striped tank-shirt with elbow-sleeves, wear it belted or falling straight.



COPIED from a jazzy American design, this attention-getting parka-sweater with attached self-hood is a casual winner. The hood is a wonderful coverup for waterlogged hair. The drawstring waist is readily raised and dropped.



COUNT on knocking everyone's eyes out in this gaulbird-stripe shift, simple to the point of no sleeves or collar, casual and snappy as all get out.



SLIP of a sweater (right), skinny and simple with vented sides, eases its way down over the hips, comes through strong on the short cotton-knit wave-length.

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR YOU TO WIN TWO CARS

● Here's your chance if you haven't yet entered (or want to enter again) our road safety contest, offering as prizes two brand-new Volkswagen sedans — one each (worth £1125) for the winning boy and girl.

READ the rules shown below and, if you are eligible, sit down with a pencil and several sheets of paper.

Read the 30 suggestions for improved road safety carefully and then work out in which order of importance you think they should go.

For instance, if you think the compulsory wearing of seat belts would do more than any of the others to cut the road toll, then that is your number one choice. You might think that more road safety instruction in schools is the next most important. Then that would be number two. And so on.

When you are sure of your selection cut out the entry form and number the suggestions in order of importance, from one to 30, in the squares provided. You must place a number in each square.

You can put in as many entries as you like—as long as each entry is on our entry form.

Before you post your entry (all must be received in Sydney on or before October 6, 1964) read the rules again and check that your entry is correct and that you haven't forgotten to include your name, age, and address. It would be a pity if your otherwise good entry were disqualified for an oversight.

Don't forget, either, to complete the sentence "I resolve . . ." (in no more than 12 words altogether). In case there are two or more winners with otherwise identical entries, the best personal resolution would provide a winner.

The best order of suggestions submitted by a boy will win him a car, and the best order submitted by a girl will win her a car.

A panel of experts from the Australian Road Safety Council will be the judges.

CONTEST RULES

1. **WHAT TO DO.** On the entry form (below) indicate, in your opinion, in order of importance the 30 suggestions for improved road safety. In the event of a tie between two or more boys or of a tie between two or more girls the prize will go to the entry including the best resolution for road safety expressed in no more than 12 words (the total to include the words "I resolve"). Send as many entries as you like, but each entry must be on a published entry form.

2. **CLOSING DATE.** Contest closes on October 6, 1964.

3. **WHO CAN ENTER.** This contest is open to males and females who have not turned 25 on or before October 6, 1964, and who, on or before October 6, are old enough to hold car drivers' licences in the State in which they live.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., its associated companies, the Commonwealth Department of Shipping and Transport, and members and staff of the Australian Road Safety Council and the State and Territorial Road Safety Councils are not eligible to enter this contest, nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

● This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of September 9.

YOUR ENTRY FORM

Read the rules carefully — then number the 30 suggestions for improved road safety in the order which you consider most important. (You must place a number in each square.) Complete the personal road safety resolution.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Establishment of more training centres for learner drivers. | <input type="checkbox"/> Maximum 60 m.p.h. speed limit for the open road. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stricter control of pedestrians. | <input type="checkbox"/> Ban regrooved motor vehicle tyres. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> All vehicles to stop before moving on to a level crossing. | <input type="checkbox"/> Compulsory suspension of licences of drivers repeatedly convicted of moving-traffic offences. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Greater use of "horror" in road safety education campaigns. | <input type="checkbox"/> Compulsory wearing of seat belts by drivers and passengers. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> More built-in safety features in new cars, such as padded dashboards, safer door locks, and collapsible steering columns. | <input type="checkbox"/> Increase minimum age for driving licences. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Uniform road signs and markings throughout Australia. | <input type="checkbox"/> Stiffer practical tests for driving licence applicants. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> More road safety instruction in schools. | <input type="checkbox"/> Stricter enforcement of traffic laws. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cancel licences for serious offences such as drunken driving, excessive speed, and dangerous driving. | <input type="checkbox"/> More commercial and community support for road safety. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Probationary licences for new drivers. | <input type="checkbox"/> More divided highways with controlled access from side roads. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Uniform, easy-to-understand traffic laws. | <input type="checkbox"/> Failure to wear seat belts to be deemed contributory negligence in legal action. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> All new cars to be fitted with seat belts. | <input type="checkbox"/> Compulsory safety helmets for motor cyclists, scooter riders, and their passengers. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Maximum speed limit of 40 m.p.h. for newly licensed drivers (for first year). | <input type="checkbox"/> Compulsory attendances at lectures and films by drivers convicted of traffic offences. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> More traffic police. | <input type="checkbox"/> Compulsory chemical tests for drivers and pedestrians suspected of intoxication. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Compulsory annual inspection of all motor vehicles at Government testing stations. | <input type="checkbox"/> Better street lighting. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Greater use of Press, radio and TV for road safety education for young people. | <input type="checkbox"/> Organise road-accident-prevention courses for youth organisations. |

NAME (MR./MRS./MISS)

ADDRESS

DATE OF BIRTH

STATE

I RESOLVE

Mail Your Entry to "ROAD SAFETY CONTEST," BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY

CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 6, 1964

Letters

Give the adults a fair go

EVERY second letter I read is filled with woeful tales of how sensible, intellectual, individual, well-informed we are, and how able to intelligently discuss world affairs, opera, and sex. Yet, for all this, how misunderstood and unappreciated we are.

Outside school hours I live in an almost entirely adult world and can honestly say that teachers, parents, grandmothers, and adults in general are not the cold, hard, unjust individuals writers of T.W. letters make them out to be.

The general attitude of teenagers today seems to be that you are burdened down with numerous problems that nobody but yourselves can understand. You therefore feel that you should be given special consideration and sympathy.

What you don't seem to realise is that your problems are negligible compared to those of most adults and if any sympathy should be given it should be to them.

If you act like a child you will be treated like one, and it is acting like a child to need pampering and to think that the world owes you something.

In short, you are well on the way to adulthood when you stop saying "It got lost" and start saying "I lost it." —E. Campbell, Belmont, N.S.W.

Go-kart fun

SINCE I joined a go-kart club I have had some of the best times of my life.

Many people I talk to seem to have the impression that go-karting is a sport for the youngsters and are very surprised when they find out that these little midgets actually clock fast times.

In America they have endurance races of 100 miles on a course which is 1.9 miles long, and they average high speeds.

So next time you are passing a go-kart track and there is a meeting on, go and see for yourself how much fun there is in this racing sport. —Richard J. Henley, Strathallin, S.A.

Ring custom

WHEN my elder sister became engaged to a German boy she surprised everyone by arriving home with a beautiful wedding ring on the third finger of her left hand, instead of a diamond ring.

At her wedding she transferred the same ring from her left hand to the third finger of her right hand. It appears that this is the custom in my brother-in-law's country. I don't see it becoming popular here, do you? —"Ringo," Brisbane.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Cut out hobby

HAS anyone else come up with this terrific hobby? You cut out pictures of babies, models, animals, etc. Cut off their heads and add heads of Ringo, Paul, George, John, Little Pattie, Elvis, Cilla Black, and any others. Then you paste them in a scrap-book.

It's amazing how many bursts of laughter will come from your friends, who, looking through it, suddenly see baby Elvis, President Ringo, or Gerry Martian. There's always something new to add. —Lee-Anne Webster, Coogee, N.S.W.

Her hero

DO other teenagers admire some person for the work that he has done for mankind? The person that I admire most is the late Dr. Thomas A. Dooley.

He helped the people of Laos greatly before the Communists invaded that country, but he died of cancer in 1961. He was the driving force behind Medico Inc., which has people working for it in S.E. Asia and Eastern Africa.

I'm sure that other readers must admire some person, man or woman, as I admire Dr. Dooley. —Julie Tonkin, Denman, N.S.W.

NEXT WEEK:

● See color pictures and news about Johnny Chester's new TV show, "Teen Scene."

● Also in color are the winning entries in a national art contest. There are stories about the young artists who created them, too.

Gran's with it

SHE likes Elvis, Cliff, Buddy Holly, Little Pattie. She does not like The Beatles. She wears latest fashions such as two-way stretch purple slacks, purple sloppy joe, and blue stomp shoes. She dyes her hair about every month. Who is she? She's my mother, and is grandmother to nine children. —Young, Collie, W.A.

Voluntary aid

I WOULD like to tell you of a rewarding and charitable occupation which 16-year-old girls and over would find most interesting. During the holidays I worked as a nursing aid in one of Sydney's hospitals.

We wore attractive uniforms which, we were told, brightened the wards. The tasks we were given were simple but helpful — rolling bandages, serving tea, and many other jobs of that sort.

The voluntary nursing aids can go to the hospital on any day of the week at any time between the hours of 9 a.m. and 9 p.m., and while there are provided with their meals. The voluntary nursing aids are equivalent to the "candy stripes" of America. —Susan Cooke, Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

Youth camps

I THINK that more youth camps should be arranged for Australia's growing-up citizens. In the May holidays I attended a youth camp, and this will remain a memorable experience in my life.

I feel that it taught me (a shy type) to mix with other boys and girls of my own age, and I made many new friends. As this was a church camp, a small amount of religion was brought into our everyday life.

We also went for hikes, saw films, had debates, heard lectures on vocations and careers, and had a wonderful time. I do not think I have enjoyed five days in my life as much as those at that camp. —"Camper," Hobart, Tas.

Good thought

RELAXING, and browsing through a book of Blake's poetry, I found these lines, which made me sit up and think:

"... A truth that's told with bad intent

Beats all the lies you can invent . . ."

I would like to pass this thought on, as I feel that if more people would follow Blake's words there would be less nastiness in this world and life would be more worth while. —Trudy Thomster, Hawthorn, Vic.



"He's been down in the dumps all day, man. Never found a thing."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1964

Teens going, going, going



GONK!

● Beware and be warned, for we may soon be invaded by THE GONKS!

A GONK is the strange little creature (pictured above) who stormed Britain last year and now looks like capturing America.

He is a three-dimensional cartoon toy who has started

a whole Gonk trend. In fact, a new teenage mode of Gonkness has come into existence.

Gonk girls aim for the home-made look, redecorate their rooms with jazzed-up junk, don't smoke, wear lipstick outlined in a darker color, and green false eyelashes, and give come-as-you-like parties.

Typical Gonk expressions are "You must be joking" (which isn't new), "You're wild!" and "It's not on the schedule," plus saying the first thing that comes into your head at any time.

The start of the Gonk trend in America is attributed to a New York disc jockey who was given a Gonk doll as a bon-voyage present by Ringo Starr — a genuine Gonkite.

Big time American businessmen, always quick off the mark when a new gimmick looks like being a winner, are planning Gonk fashions, a hip Gonk philosophy to spread the word, and a new Gonk dance. And naturally enough the recording industry is crashing the scene with Gonk records.

"The Gonk Song" as sung by The Gonks looks like being first on the market, and "Cashbox," with tongue in cheek, predicts this will be followed by "Gonk Strikes Back," "The Son of Gonk," and, finally, "How I Made £1,000,000 in Gonks."

SUE LIKES RAY

FIRST thing Sue "Lolita" Lyon did when she hit Sydney recently was to go and see Ray Charles at the Stadium.

Sue, who visited Australia to promote "Night of The Iguana," said she and her husband, Hampton Fancher III, really dig "The Genius."

THE CLASSICS

SCHUBERT: String quartets

THREE separate times Schubert borrowed one of his own numerous songs and employed it in a large-scale instrumental work; and in each case the resultant composition is numbered among his best-known works.

The three works are the dramatic "Wanderer" Fantasia for piano, the tuneful "Trout" Quintet, and the "Death and the Maiden" Quartet; of the three the last is the greatest.

This string quartet has been recorded in a fine performance by the Vienna Philharmonic Quartet, together with a charming quartet in E-flat, which Schubert wrote at the age of 16. (It is a Decca release.)

Schubert took from his song "Death and the Maiden" the music belonging to the words spoken by Death and used it as the theme for the variations, which form the slow movement of the D Minor Quartet, but it is not too fanciful to suggest that the idea of death is present in other parts of the quartet (though it is certainly not a gloomy work).

The brusque opening sounds like a fateful summons, and in the headlong rush of the last movement there is a phrase that seems to quote from another Schubert song about death, "The Erl King." — MARTIN LONG.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1964

The stars' STARS — and you

By MAURICE WOODRUFF



"STONES" TO GROW STRONGER

MARK my words: It's Brian Jones of The Rolling Stones who — like most people born under Pisces — really stands out in this group. It's not that he bosses anyone around.

No, Brian has that wonderfully sensible approach of the Piscean that makes people co-operate.

It isn't surprising, when you hear their storming sound, that The Rolling Stones' private life should be a little stormy. Just look at the clashes in their birth signs . . .

Their stars indicate that Charlie Watts has the down-to-earth qualities of a Gemini. And Geminians do not

always get on with Sagittarians (Keith Richards' group), who are often inclined to be dreamers.

And astrologically speaking it is a fact that Bill Wyman cannot always agree with Brian. Bill's sign of Scorpio comes in conflict with Brian's Pisces.

Luckily, Mick Jagger's sign of Cancer goes well with Brian's Pisces and Bill's Scorpio.

I PREDICT that The Rolling Stones will give the lie to rumors of difficulties and go on from strength to strength.

I PREDICT that before the year's end there will be a marriage that they all will celebrate.

Pisces like Brian? This is for YOU . . .

I find that when you are born under Pisces you are among the kindest of people . . . extremely receptive to others and an excellent friend.

But you are apt to worry, aren't you? — and I ought to tell you that sometimes you worry for nothing. I think that this is because some people can too easily take advantage of your kindness.

Their concern for others makes Pisceans good teachers, caterers, and nurses.

I PREDICT that you could achieve a personal ambition and please others close to you.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 to Mar. 20)
is the sign of
BRIAN JONES,
born Feb. 28, 1944.



"TWIST" TRAINS

I WONDER if this idea would appeal to Australian railways?

The Bonn Government in Western Germany is combating juvenile delinquency by running summer "Twist" trains. The trains, made up of about 20 carriages, run over scenic routes between main German cities.

Each carriage has a dance area and pop music is piped over the public-address system. A snack bar provides refreshments for the travelling twisters and a little more profit for the railways.

Soon they plan to divide the trains into sections — one for pop fans, another for

Bandstand

Latin American aficionados, and one for the classically inclined.

The government is now urging the steamship companies to start a similar idea with riverboat shuffles up the Rhine.

NEW GROUP

THE KINKS are another new English group who jumped into the English charts with their first disc, "You Really Got Me." They began three years ago as The Ravens when they first played professionally at a deb party which set them on the champagne circuit and eventually led to cutting their first disc.

DARWIN DRIVE

DIGGER REVELL heads a tour through Queensland as far as Darwin, leaving September 28. The Denvermen, Lee Sellers, Roland Storm, and Rod Dunbar will also be on the trip. They are driving, and with 23 one-night stands ahead of them, it won't be an easy drive.

— Brian Henderson

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday from TCN9 (Sydney); QTQ9 (Brisbane); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); TNT9 (Launceston); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday from GTV9 (Melbourne); NWS9 (Adelaide).

Bake-off Princess is a light eater

● Pretty 16-year-old Nerida Johnson, of Lakemba, N.S.W., is National Princess in the National Bake-off Contest.

FOR her recipe of a chocolate coconut cake with chocolate icing Nerida won £50 as State Princess in N.S.W. As National Princess she won a radiogram, LP records, and a two-day trip to Melbourne, where she appeared at the senior National Bake-off finals.

For the Princess Baking Competition, which was open to all schoolgirls under the age of 18, contestants submitted recipes. There was no bake-off.

The recipe Nerida used for the chocolate coconut cake has been handed down in her family for several generations.

Nerida found the recipe for chocolate frosting in a magazine.

"Usually if I bake the cake for the family I never see it — my two brothers love it," she said.

However, Nerida really doesn't mind. "After cooking, usually I don't feel like eating. Cooking for me is just a hobby and a form of relaxation," she said.

Although Nerida learnt cooking as a subject for one year at school, her mother really taught her.

Nerida is in her final year at high school and will sit for her Leaving Certificate in November. She hopes to be a teacher.

Nerida's prize-winning recipe is:

Chocolate Coconut Cake
Ingredients: 4oz. margarine,



NERIDA JOHNSON

inc. ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 5oz. self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 tablespoons coconut, ½ cup warm water.

Method: Cream margarine, sugar. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add combined flour, cocoa, and coconut alternately with water. Blend thoroughly. Pour into greased slab-tin and bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 35 minutes. Cool and spread with chocolate frosting.

Chocolate Frosting

Ingredients: 2oz. margarine, 6oz. icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 dessertspoon milk or sherry, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Method: Soften margarine without melting. Mix in sifted icing-sugar and cocoa. Add milk or sherry with vanilla. Blend thoroughly.

ROUND
ROBIN

CLICK GO THE CHOPSTICKS

● On a hot time in the old Chinatown tonight one would hear some strange (to Western ears) songs.

THE recently announced Chinese top 26 "pop" songs clearly indicate this.

The top pops include: "Proletarians of the World, Unite," "Sing a Folk Song to the Party," "Always in the Foreground in Building Socialism," "Hold Aloft the Banner of Revolution," and "We Are the Successors to Communism."

A bit different from the songs that hit the parades Occidentally (and often, I'm sure, accidentally)?

No one should scoff at the tongue-twisting titles, of course. We, too, seem to have a yen for mouthful-names, such as "He's My Blond-Headed, Stompie-Wompie, Real Gone Surfer Boy."

For all the apparent differences, actually many Western and Chinese pops (past and present) seem to have quite a lot in common.

Surely people like Peter, Paul, and Mary and our own Gary Shearston are quite able to Sing a Folk Song to a Party?

The Chinese could, in turn, adapt a famous American musical comedy and produce "Damn Yangtze."

They would also find appropriate the old song "Frankie and Johnny." You know, the part that goes "he was her man but he was doing her Wong . . ."

And what about "Wait Till the Sun Yat Sen Shines, Nellie?"

With all the famous dynasties finished, what could be a more appropriate Chinese song than "Tang's for the Memory?"

A visit to China by polished professional Tin Pan Alley artists would probably completely Westernise Chinese pops.

I mean, as the old song goes: "How're ya gonna keep 'em down on the collective farm — after they've seen Rob E. G.?"

— Robin Adair

NEVADA DAZE, DELIGHT!



SHOWS are watched by 16,000 fans in traditional ecstasy.



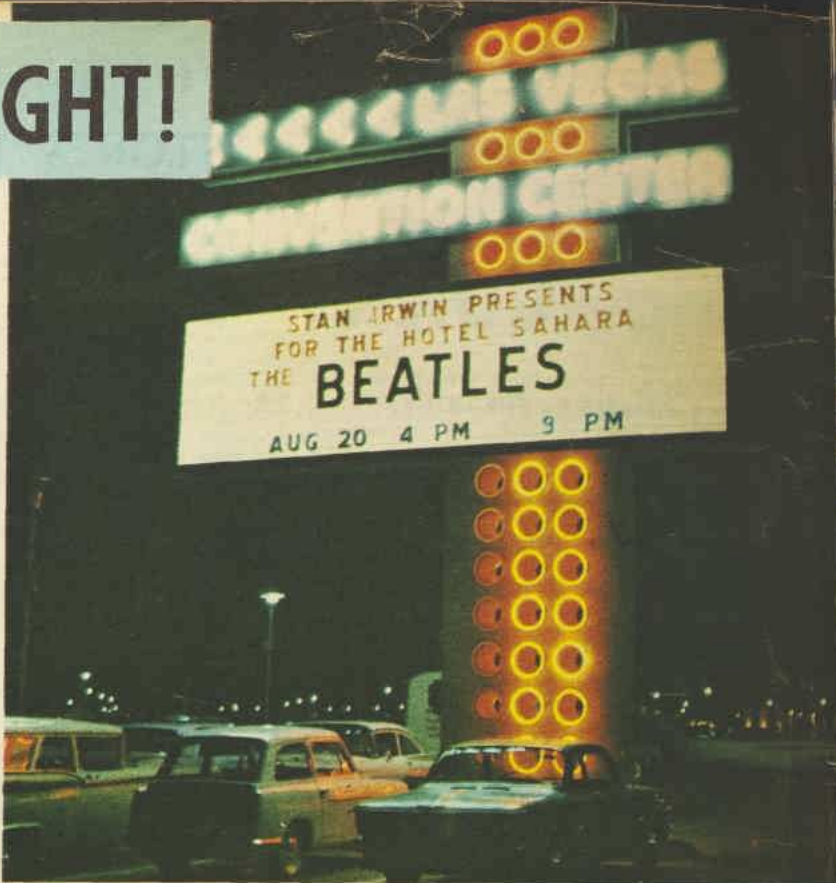
THE BOYS clown for fans.



RINGO relaxes in a jazzy shirt.



PRESS CONFERENCE tells old, old story—noise, confusion, and guards.



LAS VEGAS Convention Centre sign for Beatle shows lights desert night.

● Las Vegas, Nevada, recently stopped gambling to watch The Beatles gambolling through a two-show visit. Most teenagers had to attend the early show; Las Vegas has a 10 p.m. curfew for under-18-year-olds.



HERE'S YOUR ANSWER by LOUISE HUNTER

• "I have been going steady with a boy for six months. Recently he told me he was going to Surfers' Paradise for a holiday. As I object to him going, do I have any authority to say so?" — "Helen," Vic.

If you don't, and I suggest you curb this possessive streak in your nature or you find yourself without a friend at all.

★ ★ ★
T a sound lounge recently I met a boy who goes to school and I am absolutely about him. He asked me a dance once and I didn't know how to let him know I had him so I telephoned

him and told him. Now this boy doesn't wave or say hello to me when he sees me at school and he has never asked me to dance again. Do you think he is trying to tease me? What can I do to make him like me? Do you think I should apologise to him about the phone call? Please don't tell me to forget him as I can't."

"Unhappy," Qld.

I feel you have frightened this boy off with your telephone call—most boys like to feel they are the chasers instead of the chased.

I don't think there is anything you CAN do to make him like you. Just hope he forgets about the phone call one day and does ask you to dance again.

If he doesn't, you will have to forget him—but don't forget the hard lesson you have learned with other boys you want to impress.

★ ★ ★

"FOR the past eight months

I have been dating one particular girl. I like to be with her and I love her very much, but at 18 how can you be sure that what you feel for a person is true love?"

"Casanova," N.S.W.

You can't. Love and infatuation are next-door neighbors, and in youth they are very difficult to tell apart.

If in a year or two you still feel the same way about this girl and if her welfare and care means more to you than anything else, then you may begin to think that it is true love.

★ ★ ★

"I AM 17 and when I first met the boy I am going out with two years ago I hated him. I was extremely shy, but he persisted in spite of my lack of interest, and now I go out with him quite regularly. He has some weird ideas and notions about things and I feel now he caught me at a time when I was just beginning to stretch my wings and didn't know what was what. I try to get out a little without him, but only after continued arguments, and he always checks up on me. I sometimes feel that I have been cheated out of the freedom that most young girls enjoy. My parents have nothing against him, but they don't really know what he is like. I can't imagine myself ever being free of him and, anyway, I am frightened to administer the final blow as he is the only boy that I have ever met that I had any feeling for at all."

"Trapped," Vic.

You must muster your courage and make the break from this boy—you are only trapped by your own indecision.

At 17 you have many more years ahead to find someone else who won't dominate you as this boy appears to be doing.

★ ★ ★

"WE are two 17-year-old schoolgirls who share the same embarrassing problem. We are fully developed, yet our mothers (who are good friends) will not let us wear brassieres and we are made fun of at sport and at other times. We have become the laughing stock of the school, but what can we do because we have no allowance and no way of getting bras?"

"Embarrassed," Vic.

Would you be too shy to have a talk to your headmistress about this problem?

I'm sure she would be sympathetic toward you, and she might drop your mothers a note telling them of your embarrassment at school.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

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3011



3079



3077

3011.—Sleeveless overblouse with middy braid trim, slim-darted skirt. Pattern includes long pants for sportswear with blouse. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/9 includes postage.

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3077.—The newest in swim-suits, blouson overblouse with contrast briefs. Pattern also provides hooded beach coat. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.



3093



3078



2959

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3078.—Popular two-piece bathing suit with fitted bra, and pretty beach cover-up. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

2959.—Little girl's A-line sailor dress with centre-front and centre-back pleats. Self-dicky at neckline, contrast tie, and middy braid trim. Sizes 1 to 6 (20, 21, 22, 23, 24in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

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